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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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ISLAND HOLIDAY

Pages 37, 38, 39

**SPECIAL FICTION ISSUE**



# THINK TWICE!

BEFORE YOU STOP  
THAT HEADACHE

PROTECT  
YOUR HEART  
AND YOUR STOMACH



Nowadays, amid the fast pace of living, people seem in ever-increasing need of treatment for headaches and pains, and anyone is ill-advised to take treatment that involves the slightest risk. A sure way to avoid risk is to take 'ASPRO'.

'ASPRO' does not harm the heart or stomach! There is no need to include in 'ASPRO' ingredients liable to harm the heart; 'ASPRO' gives swift and certain action without them, as experiences of millions have proved. 'ASPRO' too, protects you against upsetting or irritating effects on the stomach from free salicylic acid (an ever-present possibility with cheap or impure substitutes).

#### THE PURITY of 'ASPRO'.

The purity of 'ASPRO' conforms to the standard laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia — the guiding authority of the Medical Profession.

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DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH

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NO AFTER EFFECTS with 'ASPRO' —  
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Nicholas Pty. Ltd.

Dear Sirs,—The constant rush and attention to detail one meets with as a ladies' hairdresser often becomes a strain on the nerves and brings on headaches. It is then that 'Aspro' helps me out. 'Aspro', I find, is the one thing that stops the headache and doesn't slow me up, and this is important to me because hairdressing is the kind of business where you must keep going.

Yours sincerely, (Sgd.) EVA JOHNSTON.





# MISTER MILLION

By HANNIBAL COONS

FEDERAL PICTURES  
Hollywood, California

January 10, 1950  
Air Mail

From Richard L. Reed  
Director of Publicity

Mr. George Seibert  
Special Representative, Federal Pictures  
Hotel St. Charles  
New Orleans, La.

Dear George:

George, I've got a little job for you. This one's hardly a job at all. It's really just a little thing to fill in till I can think of something for you to do.

A small item in this morning's paper has given me an idea so simple and foolproof that it startles even me. I know how Edison felt the morning the light globe worked.

But to business.

It seems that the good people of lovely Palm Isle, Florida, are shortly expecting their millionth postwar visitor, and are planning all sorts of nation-wide hoopla in his or her honor. Well, George, for years I have been trying to think of a way to get in on one of these millionth visitor things. All that wonderful publicity just going to waste. Plus the humanitarian angle.

The poor person they put the arm on is always some startled housewife or a fun-loving undertaker. I have suffered through countless newsreels with these stammering unfortunates, feeling great pity not only for them but for the poor publicity men involved.

And I have often thought what a dandy surprise it would be for all if one of these millionth visitors could just turn out to be maybe a film star.

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ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE





**H**ere is good taste, good fashion. Here is Restell's answer to Summer smartness for every type of figure, from the small to the not-so-sleander. Now on display at your favourite store.

YOU LOOK SO WELL IN  
**Restell**  
MADE FROM **"Joyous"**  
BY THE MAKERS OF "SPARVA"  
UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED.



**I**f anybody would just take the trouble to run over and find out how the count was going, do a bit of simple arithmetic, and then just shoot the film star down the gangplank at the proper moment—Eureka! If she really were the millionth visitor, what else could they do but publicise her with great vigor, and even gratitude?

At the moment I am thinking not of Hollywood's better known actresses, however—since they no longer need any of this sort of aid—but of one of our own employees, Miss Linda Riley.

Miss Riley is from Florida; she spent many happy childhood vacations at Palm Isle. Also, she has just finished her first picture—so what could be more natural than for us to give her a small paid vacation at lovely Palm Isle, scene of her youth.

And if by sheer happenstance she should turn out to be their Millionth Visitor, wouldn't she look nice in the newscasts leading the parade in her bathing-suit?

George, this one's a cinch. All you have to do is hop over to Palm Isle, skulk around till you pick up the count, and then shoot me a wire as to when to put Linda on a plane.

Since I don't want to spoil her air of pretty surprise, she will know nothing whatever about what is going on. But we will, won't we? Hit it, boy. Let's help those folks with their festival.

As ever,  
**DICK.**

Richard L. Reed  
Federal Pictures Hollywood Calif.

Dick, these split-second deals never work. Somebody's watch is always slow.

**GEORGE.**

George Seibert  
Hotel St. Charles New Orleans La

No watch necessary. Just count up to six. One two three four five six. Then down the gangplank. Got it? If you have to count above six, use the fingers of your other hand.

**DICK.**

Richard L. Reed  
Federal Pictures Hollywood Calif.

Okay funnyman but don't say I didn't warn you. Feel this will be worst nautical disaster since Lusitania.

**GEORGE.**

**HOTEL FLAGLER**  
Palm Isle, Florida  
January 13, 1950  
Air Mail Special.

Mr. Richard L. Reed,  
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures,  
Hollywood, California.

Dear Dick:

Well, I am here, and so far I must admit the thing looks like a breeze.

Getting the information we needed was surprisingly simple. It always astounds me what you can get in this world just by asking for it. No trouble and skulduggery.

I merely called up a member of the committee, informed him that I was Mr. Jonathan Green from Mason City, Iowa, and that we were planning a similar celebration at our next year's Corn Festival. Just how did you go about choosing a millionth visitor?

Why, it's simple, Mr. Green, he said—glad to have you with us. All you usually do, if no exact records have been kept, is just to estimate it. Some communities, just for luck, add seventeen and multiply by two. In any case, and a thing you may not have thought of, you have to set some definite time for the arrival of your millionth visitor, so that the reporters and newscast men can be on hand.

In our celebration here, for instance, we have decided that our Millionth Visitor will be the tenth person off the noon boat on the 16th.

So that's the deal. Get Linda on the 7.00 a.m. plane from Los Angeles on the morning of the 15th. That'll put her into Miami at 11.40 p.m. the night before the festivities, and leave enough leeway to take care of possible delays. I'll meet her at the airport, bed her down in Miami overnight, and have her positively tenth in line on the noon boat over to lovely Palm Isle.

I hate to admit it, but you have finally thought up one that can't miss.

Your reluctant admirer,  
**GEORGE.**

George Seibert,  
Hotel Flagler, Palm Isle, Fla.

Linda left this morning. Could that guy you talked to have been kidding? I detect you getting over-confident again, which always makes me shudder. When you get happy I get miserable. If you mess this one up I will have you drawn and dined. Drawing and quartering would be too good for you.

**DICK.**

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.

As usual you underestimate me. Other members of committee received subsequent calls from a Mr. Henry Humber, of Klamath Falls,

*Lots of times you have to pretend to join a parade in which you're not interested, in order to get where you're going.*

—Christopher Morley,  
"Kitty Foyle."

Cy Breedlove, from Oklahoma City, and Wally Washburn, from Walla Walla. All told me exactly same story. No chance of upset. Will wire the minute we land.

**GEORGE.**

Richard L. Reed,  
Federal Pictures, Hollywood, Calif.

Man the lifeboats. There has been a nasty accident. Don't open to-morrow's papers without first taking strong sedative. Believe me it was not my fault. Air-mail letter follows explaining all.

**GEORGE.**

George Seibert,  
Hotel Flagler, Palm Isle, Fla.

You knucklehead. You have undoubtedly clattered best idea I've had in thirty years. What went wrong this time?

**DICK.**

**HOTEL FLAGLER**  
Palm Isle, Florida  
January 16, 1950  
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed,  
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures

Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Now, Dick, try to take this calmly. All I can say is that at 11.59 we were three feet from fame, and at 11.59½ we were dead.

The only possible thing that could have gone wrong went. Linda got in on schedule, I got her to bed and up on schedule, I got her breakfasted and on the noon boat on schedule, and started her down the gangplank exactly tenth in line. At this point the odds were at least a million to one that there was no way in this world for Miss Linda Riley to avoid being Palm Isle's Millionth Visitor.

There was no chance of anything going wrong except what did.

Just ahead of her going down the gangplank was a prim old boy in a Milan straw hat, a rolled umbrella, and a straw suitcase. As we neared the end of the gangplank he stumbled slightly, looked back, saw Linda, and before I could move a muscle he had stepped politely aside, ushered her off ahead of him, and stepped ashore himself into the arms of 10,000 flash-bulbs.

Buried under Linda's infernal luggage there was absolutely nothing I could do to prevent it. Linda is enjoying just what she expected—a quiet vacation, and Palm Isle is going nuts over their Millionth Visitor, who has turned out to be a Mr. A. C. Glendenning from New London, Connecticut.

But all is possibly not lost. As soon as I get this communique off, I will rush out of this hotel and somehow work Linda back into this festival. They certainly need something to balance Joy Boy.

And maybe I've got it! One of the events later this afternoon is to be a beauty contest to choose a Festival Queen to reign with Mister Million during this time of frivolity. Perhaps I can purchase Linda a skimpy bathing-suit, and induce her to enter.

More later. And keep cool.  
**GEORGE.**

George Seibert  
Hotel Flagler Palm Isle Fla

Do not bother to beat a dead horse. Just take your medicine. Commit suicide.

**DICK.**

Richard L. Reed  
Federal Pictures Hollywood Calif.

Come come. Perk up. We're back in business. Linda Palm Isle Festival Queen and so lovely beside old sparrows that all publicity play going to her. This afternoon she was in more newscasts than Boulder Dam. Also terrific play all papers. Maybe whole thing lucky development.

**GEORGE.**

George Seibert  
Hotel Flagler Palm Isle Fla

Linda indeed in all papers and newscasts. Identified as Miss Genevieve Smythe, psychology major from Vassar. Have you gone completely nuts?

**DICK.**

**HOTEL FLAGLER**  
Palm Isle, Florida  
January 18, 1950  
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed,  
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures

Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, here's what happened. I mean, why Linda had to temporarily become Miss Genevieve Smythe. After I tell you, you'll thank me.

When I decided to enter Linda in the beauty contest I knew that drastic measures would be necessary, as there are literally thousands of good-looking girls walking around this place in bathing suits that would be tight on a mosquito. So I went to the bathing-suit store and told the clerk that an eccentric niece of mine was going to the French Riviera, and did they have anything in beach togs that might gain her a little attention over there?

I finally chose a small white number that would have been inadequate on a girl of five. You could have pasted the entire suit on a letter and mailed it, and they would have delivered it without question, thinking it was a stamp. But Linda looked just lovely in it, being a great girl for fresh air.

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# A TOWN LIKE ALICE

By

NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
DALGLEISH

JOE HARMAN was in a position of some difficulty as his plane drew near to Cairns. For six years he had carried the image of this girl in his heart; but, in sober fact, he didn't in the least know what she looked like.

The girl that he remembered had long black hair done in a pigtail down her back with the end tied up with a bit of string, like a Chinese woman. She was a very sunburnt girl, almost as brown as a Malay.

She wore a tattered, faded, blouse-like top part with a cheap cotton sarong underneath; she walked on bare feet which were very brown and usually dirty, and she habitually carried a baby on her hip. He did not really think that she would look like that at Cairns, and he was troubled and distressed by the fact that he probably wouldn't be able to recognise her again.

It was unfortunate that the inner light in her, the quality that made her what he called a bonza girl, didn't show on the surface.

Something of his difficulty was apparent to Jean; she had wondered if he would know her while she was making herself pretty for him in her room, and had decided that he probably wouldn't. She stood waiting for him by the white rails bounding the tarmac as the plane taxied in in the hot sun.

She recognised him as he came out of the machine, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and broad-shouldered. He was looking anxiously about; his gaze fell on her, rested a minute, and passed on. Then he started to walk towards the airline office with his curious, stiff gait.

A little shaft of pain struck her; that was Kuantan, and it had left its mark on him. With her intellect she had known that this must be so, but seeing it for the first time was painful, all the same.

She left the rails and walked quickly across the tarmac to him and said, "Joe!"

He stopped and stared at her incredulously. He had been looking for a stranger, but it was unbelievable to him that this smart, pretty girl in a light summer frock was the tragic, ragged figure that he had last seen on the road in Malaya, sunburnt, dirty, bullied by the Japanese soldiers, with blood upon her face where they had hit her, with blood upon her feet.

Then he saw a characteristic turn of her head and memories came flooding back on him; it was Mrs. Boong again, the Mrs. Boong he had remembered all those years.

It was not in him to be able to express what he was feeling. He grinned a little sheepishly, and said, "Hullo, Miss Paget."

She took his hand impulsively and said, "Oh, Joe!"

He pressed her hand and looked down into her eyes. There was much here that he did not understand, but first things came first. "Wait while I get my luggage," he said. "We can drive in together."

"I've got a taxi waiting," she said. "Don't let's go in the bus."

In the taxi as they drove in to the town she asked him, "How was Mr. Strachan, Joe?"

"He was fine," he said. "I stayed with him quite a long time in his flat."

"Did you?" She had not known that part of it because I had not told her; I had told her the bare minimum about him since it was obvious that they were going to meet. "How long were you in England, Joe?"

"About three weeks."

She did not ask him why he went because she knew that already, and it was hardly a matter to be entered on behind the taxi-driver. He forestalled her, however, by asking, "What have you been doing in Australia, Miss Paget?"

She temporised. "Didn't you know I was here?"

He shook his head. "All I knew was that Mr. Strachan said that you were travelling in the East. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I got your letter at Brisbane. Tell me, what are you doing in Cairns?"



A little smile played around her mouth. "What were you doing in England?"

He was silent, not knowing what to say to that. He had no lie ready. They were running through the outskirts of the town, past the churches. "We've got a good bit of explaining to do, Joe," she said. "Let's leave it till you've got your room at the hotel, and then we'll find somewhere to talk."

They sat in silence till they got to the hotel. Jean had a bedroom opening on to a verandah that looked out over the sea to the wild, jungle-covered hills behind Cape Grafton. They arranged to meet there when he had had a wash. She knew something of Australian habits by that time.

"What about a beer or two?" she asked. He grinned. "Good-oh."

She asked Doris, the waitress, to get four beers, three for Joe and one for her; large quantities of cold liquid were necessary in that torrid place. It was symbolic of Australia, she felt, that they should hold their first sentimental conversation with the assistance of four bottles of beer.

She dragged two deck-chairs into a patch of shade outside her room; the beer and Joe arrived about the same time. When the waitress had gone and they were alone she said quietly: "Let me have a good look at you, Joe."

He stood before her, examining her beauty; he had not dreamed when he had met her in Malaya that she was a girl like this. "You've not changed," she said. "Does the back trouble you?"

"Not much," he said. "It doesn't bother me at all when I'm riding, but I can't lift heavy weights. They told me in the hospital I won't ever be able to lift heavy weights again, and I'd better not try."

She nodded, and took one of his hands in hers. He stood beside her while she turned it over in her own, and looked at the great scars upon the palm and on the back. "What about these, Joe?"

"They're all right," he said. "I can grip anything—start up a truck, or anything."

She turned to the table. "Have a beer," she handed him a glass. "You must be thirsty. Three of these are for you."

"Good-oh." He took a glass and sank half of it. They sat down together in the deck-chairs. "Tell me what happened to you," he said. "I know you said not to talk about Malaya. I don't want to remember about it any more. But I do want to know what happened to you—after Kuantan."

She told him about their later adventures and working in the paddy fields.

"You mean, paddling about in the water, planting the rice, like the Malaya?" he asked.

"That's right," she said. "It wasn't a bad life. I'd rather have been there than in a camp, I think—once we got settled down. We were all fairly healthy when the war ended, and we were able to make a little school and teach the children something. We taught some of the Malay children, too."

"I did hear a bit about that," he said thoughtfully. "I heard from a pilot on the airline, down at Julia Creek."

She stared at him. "How did he know about us?"

"He was the pilot of the aeroplane that flew you out in 1945," he replied. "He's working now on the route from Townsville to Mount Isa. That goes through Julia Creek. I met him there this last May, when I was down there putting stock on to the train."

"What did he tell you, Joe?"

"He said he'd flown you down to Singapore."

"What did he tell you about me?" She looked at him, and there was laughter in her eyes.

He grinned sheepishly and said nothing. "Come on, Joe," she said. "Have another beer, and let's get this straight."

"All right," he said. He took a glass and held it in his hand, but did not drink.

"He said you were a single woman, Mrs. Boong. I always thought the lot of you was married."

"They all were except me. Is that why you went rushing off to England?"

He met her eyes. "That's right."

"Oh, Joe! What a waste of money when here we are in Cairns!"

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"What a dear little thing, Joe," Jean said, smiling down at the wallaby.



# Romantic



*She was far more decorative than the filing cabinet,*



# FAVOR

By ELIZABETH STOWE

**B**RIAN CALKINS co-operated on the Tuesday before pay day by being just a little less wary than usual when he returned from lunch. Good-looking and so eligible that Patricia's heart leaped an inch, he strode into the office of the chief of the personnel division, bureau of procurement and procedure, Washington, D.C., at precisely 1.05 p.m.

Instead of peering through Patricia to the filing cabinet beyond and inquiring in a voice about as tender as her typewriter's clack, "Any calls?" he flashed a grin.

"Well, how's the Arlington Dorms picture these days, Miss Fair?"

Arlington Dorms was the hostel where Patricia and innumerable other department employees lived.

For a brief moment Patricia was tempted to paint him an honest picture. Countless heads scalped with bobby pins bending over letters from home, night after dreary night. But on second thoughts it seemed inadvisable to give him the true picture.

So instead she said airily, "The Arlington Dorms picture is all Chopin and caviare as usual, Mr. Calkins. Government girls lead very glamorous lives."

The grey eyes of Brian Calkins looked at her closely.

"I'm sure you do, Miss Fair," he said. "Hunt up that Goodell report, will you, please?"

She stood up, a rather tall girl of 22, with loose fair hair, clear blue eyes, and all the slim and rounded equipment her half-paid-for tan slanting dress could possibly demand. Plucking the Goodell report from the filing cabinet, she took a deep breath and decided to take the plunge. Her plan was well rehearsed.

"Mr. Calkins," she began, "I know I've no right to ask you, but I'm in an awful jam and a sorry plight."

It was certainly his unwary day. He smiled sympathetically. "I bet you've bought something you can't pay for and want a loan until pay day."

"It's not a financial jam," she said. "It's more—well—a sort of social situation."

"Let's have the sordid facts," he grinned.

"It's my boy friend. That is, he used to be my boy friend. Back at home, in Waterloo, Iowa. Before he met a very unscrupulous female—a sultry brunette."

Patricia bowed her head and staged a stifled sob, and Brian Calkins said sympathetically, "Take it easy."

"Now he's in town," Patricia resumed mournfully. "And I'd do anything to show him I'm all right without him. And so I thought, if you would, that maybe you could take me to the Staton for dinner to-night. Maybe if I could flout you—"

Brian Calkins chuckled suddenly. "Miss Fair, I'd love to be flouted."

"You would?" she cried, scarcely daring to believe it.

"You see," he confided, "I haven't been out with a girl since I've been in Washington. When I came to this office the odds were too stiff. Forty marriage-crazy females to one man. It made me wary. Why, believe it or not, I've even been wary of you."

"Of me!" Patricia said demurely. "Oh, Mr. Calkins!"

At 5.30 she put on her two-thirds-paid-for blue dress with the uncensored neckline. Then she reached for the bottle of heady perfume.

Her friend, Cleo Burke, lounged on the floor in dungarees, scepticism etched on her rangy young face.

"You don't think much of what I'm doing, do you, Cleo?" Patricia asked.

"You'll pay for it when he finds out."

"But," Patricia objected, "he won't find out."

Cleo's laugh was disconcerting.

Brian Calkins managed a table by the dance floor. He said to her, "She must have been quite a lovely brunette."

She thought she knew what he meant but she asked, "Why?" and he said, "You know why."

There was a brief, wonderful moment in which their eyes met, then he spoiled it by glancing out into the room and asking, "See him yet?"

"Oh, him," she said, and looked about nervously. "He's here, all right. Over there." She nodded.

Brian looked. "Well, I'll be hanged!"

She was delighted with the effect. "Are you surprised?"

"Well," he said, "I did expect something more on film-star lines."

She turned her head again for a more careful study of her choice. He seemed to be tall enough and lean enough. In other categories he was more than enough. Gleaming dark hair, small moustache, a handsome, intense face, eyes which she was sure would smoulder at closer range.

"He looks rather too old for you," Brian said. "Didn't they have anybody your age back at home?"

"Not like him," Patricia said.

"What's he doing with that blonde?" he asked. "I thought he threw you over for a brunette."

"I suppose he got tired of her, too."

Brian laughed shortly. "Quite a boy." He stood up. "Well, shall we flout me?"

"Why don't we just stay here and ignore him?"

"We can ignore him better up close."

She couldn't think of an answer, so she stepped into his arms and tried to divert him with a few comments about the orchestra. He was not to be diverted. He began to manoeuvre a path across the floor.

"You're not," she said, "going right up to his table?"

"Certainly we are," said Brian. "You can't ignore somebody who doesn't even see you." Then they were there, directly in front of the dark stranger's table.

"Don't keep staring at him," Patricia begged. "He—he'll think I care." She tried to set a good example by looking away, but her eyes wouldn't stay put. They kept wandering back.

"We've got his eye now," said Brian.

Patricia felt a little sick as she noticed that the dark man's first puzzled expression had deepened into a cold frown.

The music stopped and the dancers began to leave the floor, but not Brian. He stood there, flicking the dark man and the blonde with his eyes. The dark man accepted the challenge. He rose slowly and spoke in a heavily accented voice.

"You, perhaps, know my companion?"



*Cleo, watching Patricia dress for the party, expressed doubt for the success of her scheming.*

Brian folded his arms. "Now, surely you can come up with something funnier than that phony accent."

The dark man's lips tightened. "You are a stranger to me. Your companion is a stranger to me. Now please go away."

Brian's face darkened. "It's a pleasure." He turned on his heel.

When they were at their table again Brian said grimly, "Well, he's about the coldest fish I ever saw. The blank look he gave you—and that corny accent! Where did he get that?"

The accent was something Patricia hadn't counted on. She smiled sadly. "He's French."

When the music commenced again she shook her head. "Please, let's stay here. I just can't take any more."

He patted her hand. "Don't worry."

A waiter brought the steaks they had ordered. Then Brian said, "Look who's flaunting who!"

Patricia looked up. The dark man and the blonde were thumping by. For a moment she thought Brian's scowl might go unnoticed, but the dark man's glance clashed with Brian's. His eyes were volcanic—and about to erupt.

He stopped dancing, approached. "You want something, perhaps?" he inquired.

Brian said, "I think you've done enough damage without cluttering up the view around here. Why don't you go back where you came from?"

"You insist upon trouble, eh? What is your name?"

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ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

*and she determined that the boss should notice it.*



# Lady with a Scarf

By ADRIAN ALINGTON

FROM outside, the house appeared not to have changed at all. Shabbier perhaps than it had formerly been, for Father had insisted on its being repainted at regular intervals, but its main features were unaltered—the area railings and curtained basement windows, behind which in the old days the servants had had their being, the broad front steps, damp from one of April's brief showers, the porch with its rounded stone pillars, the balcony, and, leading on to it, the long windows of the room that had been the drawing-room.

She passed through the locked front door and came into the hall. It was bare now except for a narrow table on which lay a few unopened circulars. Under the table a big black cat lay curled. Scentsing her presence, he crouched back anxiously, his yellow eyes wide with distrust of the unseen.

The pictures that this hall, so familiar, yet so unfamiliar, called up! Herself and her elder sister Emma returning from a walk with Nurse, moving so quietly lest Father should be in his study and be disturbed. Later pictures, herself and Emma dressed for school, hurrying out with their satchels, or, later still, going decorously to a party or "calling" with

Mother. But there was nothing here to tell her what had drawn her back to the old house to-night.

She passed through a door on the right into the room that had been the dining-room. It was unrecognisable. Instead of the long table, at which Father had sat majestically to carve, at which she and Emma had sat with their books, taking their earliest lessons from a governess; instead of the regular array of dining-room chairs, there was strange steel furniture and a divan heaped with cushions, on which sat a girl in evening dress, smoking a cigarette.

A stoutish man in a dinner jacket stood with his back to the fireplace. There were bottles on the table and they were drinking.

"Better get cracking, darling," said the man. "Another little drink first," the girl answered. "The festive spirit takes a lot of working up in me nowadays."

The man laughed and went to the table to fill up their glasses. She knew that this girl was sad at heart and that the sadness was connected with the boy whose photograph in uniform stood on the mantelpiece amid a jumble of ash-trays and magazines. But the girl's sadness was not hers. It gave her no answer to the question of why she had come.

The smaller room adjoining, that had been Father's study, that fearsome, almost sacred apartment, was now a feminine bedroom. Pale primrose walls, mirror, dressing-table, jars and bottles, an evening cloak laid out beside flimsy light blue pyjamas on the eiderdown. All this elaborate daintiness in the very room where Father had smoked his cigars and dictated to his little world!

It was within these four walls that John had asked Father's permission to marry her, an interview from which he had marched out (according to the version of Alice, the parlormaid, who had been summoned to show him out) looking like a man who was ready to do murder.

"I have told that young man," Father had afterwards fulminated, "that he is not to see you or communicate with you again." And in answer to her protest: "Silence, Miss. Your mother and I do not consider him desirable. That is enough."

Poor little timid, harassed Mother could do nothing but bend to Father's will, and urge her to forget this undesirable young man, whom, after all, they had known for such a short while.

"Don't be impatient, Mary," that was the refrain of all her talk. "Wait until Mr. Right really comes along. Then you'll understand and be grateful to your father."

She did not argue; to have done so would have been pointless. As though Father, by merely issuing a command, could keep John and her apart! . . .

The girl in the evening dress came into the room, switched on a light over the dressing-table, began to flick at her face with a powder-puff. Then she picked up the cloak from the bed and went out.

She went with the couple out into the hall, where the cat once again showed uneasiness at her presence.

"What is the matter with Toodles?" said the girl. "He looks as though he were seeing something."

"Feeling spring in the air, I expect," the man laughed. "Keep your cloak well round you, though. It seems cold to-night, even though it's April."

A breath of chill air blew in as he opened the street door. Perhaps she would find her answer elsewhere in the house.

At the top of the staircase someone had fitted a door, shutting in the upper floor. She passed through it, and came on to the

landing, which was now used as a small hall; there was a coat-rack with coats and hats hanging and a boy's bicycle. From the direction of the old drawing-room came the sound of talk and laughter.

She went in. Here in the wide, lofty room a family party was gathered about a dinner-table. There seemed to be three generations, ranging from an elderly couple to a boy about twelve. Dinner was over, and they were chatting over old times. They all laughed as the elderly man retold some little family anecdote they all knew but never tired of hearing again.

The room was gay with vases of spring flowers. She realised it was the boy's birthday, and a pile of his presents stood on a table in the far corner of the room. The sight of them made her recall birthdays when she and Emma had been children; the ceremonial giving of presents and Father's rather awful commemorative benevolence.

A small coal-fire was burning. The fireplace, she saw, was unchanged, and so was the elaborate overmantel on which formerly had reposed the Venetian glass, bought by Father on his honeymoon, together with other ornaments suitable to the period.

It was in the shadow of this burdened overmantel that Mother had sat on her Sunday afternoons, dispensing tea from the silver teapot, while masculine guests made themselves useful handing cups and the tiered cake-stand.

She recalled so clearly the Sunday afternoon when John came to the house for the first time. John, ludicrously out of place in a frock coat, balancing a tea-cup and curled bread and butter. She had been hardly able to exchange a word with him that afternoon, certainly not about anything that mattered, but more than once a look had passed between them, a secret, intimate look that was better than any amount of words.

What would Mother and her Sunday afternoon guests have said had they known that already John had kissed her, as a man kisses only the girl whom he has sworn to make his wife?

John always maintained that he had made up his mind to marry her the very first time he saw her, that day in the train. She, Mother, and Emma were on their way to Eastleigh-on-Sea for their summer holidays. (Father always declined to accompany them, preferring his own masculine recreations.)

They had shared a second-class compartment that memorable day with a young man in a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, who, from the paraphernalia he deposited on the rack above his head, appeared to be an artist. He was an extremely nice-looking young man with untidy dark hair, and eyes, which—in her view, at any rate—seemed to be regarding the universe in general as a perpetual private joke.

"Have I your permission to smoke?" he asked very politely of Mother.

Although it was not a smoking carriage, Mother graciously accorded him permission, and he lit a cigarette. And that—odd to think of it!—was the very first time she ever heard John's voice.

In the few desultory and purely formal snatches of conversation which followed, they learned that he was going to Birdling Cove, just outside Eastleigh, to paint. He was, indeed, an artist by profession.

When they reached Eastleigh he became very polite and helpful, seeing to their luggage and securing a porter for them. Then he took off his cap, wished them a pleasant holiday, and said he hoped he would have the pleasure of seeing them.

"A very helpful young man," Mother summed him up, as they sat in the four-wheeler which trundled them up towards their lodgings. "And really he has very nice manners for an artist."

Eastleigh-on-Sea was not what was called "a popular watering-place." It was enormously select and respectable. No trippers defiled its serenity, no niggers sang their way along its shores. Mixed bathing was not permitted; carefully segregated from the opposite sex, bathers were borne down to the sea in their machines to enjoy their modest inundations.



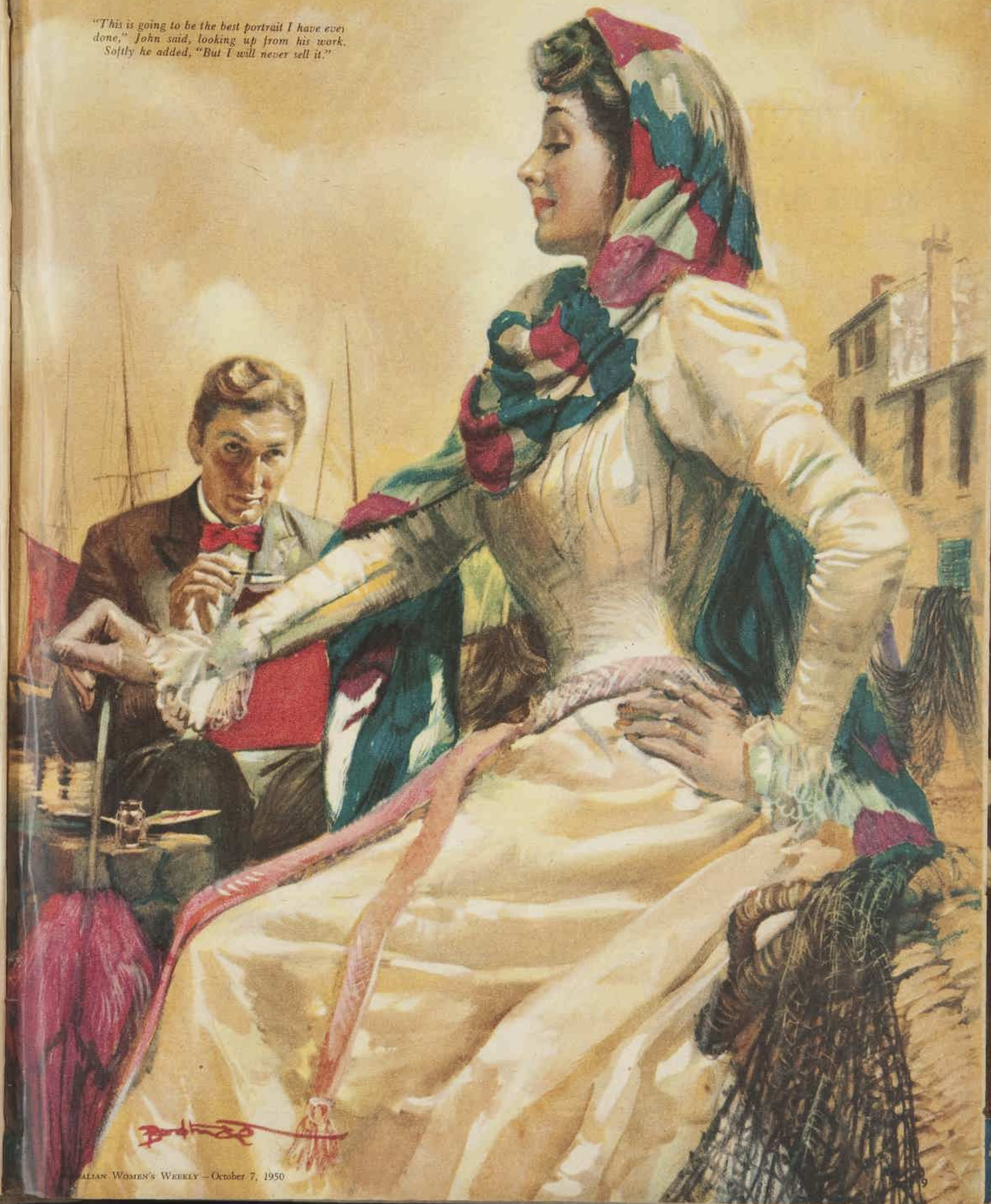
ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1950



"This is going to be the best portrait I have ever done," John said, looking up from his work.  
Softly he added, "But I will never tell it."





# Question OF OWNERSHIP

By IAN BAKER

**T**HE woman and her husband Seng Houn had tilled only four acres in a mountain valley forty miles north of Taejon in Southern Korea ever since they had married forty years before. Their little mud hut had only one room, but the walls inside were well covered with oiled paper and there were several thicknesses of the paper on the floor.

Under the floor, in the cellar, they had a good stove with an open top on which they heaped the wood logs in winter so that the flames licked up to the underside of the mud floor and made it almost red-hot.

They slept on the floor summer and winter, and when the fire was very fierce it was almost unbearable, but served to drive from their minds the thought of the bitter winter outside.

The woman was poor. She had been poor all her life, but she had always managed to have rice three times a day and not the millet that the poorest of Korean peasants had to make do with. The first meal of the day was always gruel, and at midday the rice was fried in vegetable oil.

At night, when they went to bed, there was rice and vegetables or sometimes, on festive occasions, some of the succulent sea snails which the fishermen caught around the coasts.

But now the woman was alone.

Seng Houn, out in the fields only three days before, had been struck down by a stray shot when the Communists and the Southern armies clashed about their fields. The woman had buried him herself in a shallow grave behind the hut. She had been the only mourner.

It was quiet in the mud hut to-night, she thought. For days past the noise of battle had rolled around the mountains, the dull thud of the field guns and the savage crump of their shells as they landed, and the sharp crack of rifles and the thin whine of their bullets.

She was squatting on her heels in the centre of the room, heating a bundle of white cloth on a flat board. The stick she held was the only iron she had ever known and there was really no need now for her to keep her clothes so neat and white for there was no Seng Houn to admire her and tell her how beautiful she was. She gulped back a sob as she thought of that.

They had been so happy even if the gods had not blessed them with children who had lived. She had a sudden thought that, perhaps, it was all for the best, for her boys would now be away fighting.

She heard the furtive footsteps outside when they were some distance from the house. It was still light although the night was not far off. She got up from the ironing-board and went to the door. A soldier in a stained uniform stood there, his rifle held at the ready and a wild look in his eye.

"Come in, my son, and eat," the woman invited, true to the Korean custom of open-door to every traveller.

The soldier came forward more swiftly now and entered the hut. "Have you seen anything of these devils from the north?" he asked.

"Not since the sun rose this morning. They came past this way and went off towards the mountain yonder," she told him.

"Hmm. They are trying to outflank the Americans. We are outnumbered, mother, and it is hellish to fight when the enemy is ten to one against you. But we shall win because right is on our side."

"You are only a boy," the woman murmured as she produced some rice and fruit. "What have you to do with fighting?"

"I am nineteen," he said proudly. "And I have property. I am a landlord." He looked round the bare walls of the hut and smiled.

"You have a farm?" she said excitedly. "That must be wonderful. And you so young. I have been a farmer all my life and I have never owned anything. But they say the government is giving land to the peasants."

"That is true. The Americans are arranging it all, mother. But I shall take over my own farm when the time comes and be a farmer like you. You will agree that that is only fair?"

The woman nodded but she did not speak. She saw him studying the room and presently he went again to the



window and looked out over the fields. There came to her the vision of herself as owner of this fine farm of four acres in front of her house. With four acres and no rent one could live like a queen, she thought.

The soldier came back from the window. "Now we are being driven back no one knows when we shall have peace again. It will be a long time before I can take over my farm," he said sadly.

"You are alone here?" she asked him.

"I have been separated from my company. We—retreated this morning and I hid in a ditch when the tanks came at me. I—I was frightened. When they had gone it was too late for me to follow my friends, so I have been hiding all day and I am hungry."

The woman was silent as he ate the food she had brought him. He went on at last, "I had a father and brother but they went away to Pyongyang when the Japanese were here and they did not come back. I heard that my father is dead and my brother has not returned. That is why I am now a landlord."

She was about to speak again when her sharp ears caught the soft sound of footsteps outside. "There is someone coming," she said, and the boy sprang up in a flash and was at the small window.

"It is a northern soldier," he said. "I could kill him from here but it would only bring his friends around me. What shall I do, mother?"

## A moving story of war-ravaged Korea

She motioned with her hand. "Get down into the cellar, my boy. I will give him some food and when he is gone you can get on your way." The young southerner went down through the hole in the corner which led to the cellar and the woman squatted in front of the food dish from which he had been eating. When she looked up there was another young man standing in the doorway.

"Hallo, mother," he said. "I am lost and I am hungry."

"Come in, my son, and eat, then," she invited.

More rice and more fruit were brought out and the northern soldier squatted down on the floor to eat.

"This is a good farm you have here," he said. "It is not your own?"

"It is not my own yet. We pay rent for it to a landlord who lived in Seoul. But it will be my own soon."

He laughed sourly. "In the north every peasant has his own farm. The landlords have been swept away overnight."

"What happened to them?"

"Who cares? They were only landlords. But I shall have my own farm soon. It was my father's once, but he is dead and I have come back to claim it."

"So you too are a landlord now," she murmured.

"I found it lying in the field and brought it in for safety," the old woman said calmly.

"Oh yes, of course, and I shall save my money and maybe one day I will have two farms and be rich."

The woman nodded her agreement and was thinking of just one more question to put to him when she saw with a start of horror that his eyes were fixed on something in the corner of the room. When she looked in that direction her heart missed a beat, for the southern soldier's rifle was leaning against the wall there.

The northerner got up slowly, went across the room to the other weapon, picked it up, and examined it.

"American," he said curtly. "You have one of these men hidden here. Where is he, woman, if you don't want to feel a bullet yourself?"

"There is no one here," she stammered.

He sneered. "You keep this rifle for protection no doubt?"

"I—I found it lying in the field and brought it in for safety."

"You are lying. It is clean and well oiled. Where is he? I will give you another five seconds to tell me."

The lad in the cellar relieved her of any need to lie again. In one wild dash he came out of the cellar and tried to reach his gun. But as his hand closed over it the northerner shot him through the head from only four feet away. He went down on his face, and the blood ran in a slow stream over the oiled paper of the floor.

"So you harbor one of our enemies," said the North Korean boy. "Are you also a tool of the American, mother?"

"I am only an old woman," she reminded him.

"And this" (he glanced at the body) "was a young man who could not see the truth. We Koreans are all brothers under the skin, mother, and it is wrong that we should fight. If the southerners would only realise that our way of life is the best all would be well."

He turned the dead boy over carefully with his foot and she saw the horror that came into his eyes.

"What is it?" she quavered.

"It is my brother," he said slowly, and then went down on one knee beside the body. His rifle clattered to the floor beside him and he did not look up as he said, "This was our farm, woman. I came back here to-day to see how it was faring after all these years."

And the woman, as she watched him, thought of his sorrow and of Seng Houn, but mostly of Seng Houn.

She picked up the rifle and shot him as he knelt there on the floor.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 7, 1950





*It's Caught on!*

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# NEW YORK to Sydney

This was the contract,  
but the temperamental  
prima donna had her  
own ideas.





IMAGINE a hot summer morning in New York. On Fifty-second Street the crowds gave a wide berth to a man who was frying eggs on the sizzling sidewalk.

"Lookit!" he told everyone. "Fifty-second eggs!"

"A nut?" a fat man walking beside him asked Jim Staner.

"A gag writer," Jim explained gently. "Heat-happy."

"Oh," said the fat man, shaking his head. "Poor guy."

Along with a million other people, Jim soon turned his back on the street heat, plunged into a steel and concrete shelter, and was whizzed by fast elevator to higher altitudes.

At the fourteenth floor Jim left the car and entered the offices of the A. K. Hammer Agency, where his secretary, a decorative brunette, sometimes called Miss Smith, greeted him with a white carnation and a blue nod.

In return, Jim gave her the most cheerful smile his rugged features could manage. Looking down from his even six feet to her five feet and six inches, he rumbled, "Good morning, Smithy," in a baritone that had been trained for, but had never quite achieved, the volumes of grand opera.

Smithy was not impressed. "A.K. left this for you," she said, and began to fix the carnation in Jim's buttonhole. "Can you imagine A.K. giving anything away, even a carnation? It's weird, the things heat does to people."

"Now, Smithy. Mustn't be bitter," Jim told her.

Smithy's laugh was brief. "Susan Smith is definitely bitter," she declared. "When are you going to hear me sing, Jim Staner? If ever?"

Jim clutched his brow. He smote his forehead once or twice with the palm of his hand.

"Can you afford to do that?" Smithy asked impolitely. "It might shake something loose . . ."

"Last night!" Jim exclaimed. "I'm sorry, Smithy! I really am. But you know how it is? I was tied up."

"Again," Smithy nodded. "Yes, I know how it is. That man, A.K."

*"My Mimi, you have come back to me," exclaimed Pierre. Jim and Susan could only stare in astonishment.*

"Next time," Jim promised, with the very best of those excellent intentions that pave the road to warmer places than New York in midsummer.

"And to think," Smithy sighed dramatically, "that I once had the quaint idea that a secretarial billet in a talent mill would help to speed up my dainty feet on to the boards at The Met! Poor, lost illusion!"

Jim patted her shoulder for two seconds longer than a father or brother would have. "Patience, Smithy! . . ."

"Is a lack of virtue I share with A.K.," Smithy broke in. "Which reminds me that he wanted to see you right away. He seemed cheerful enough. Maybe it's sunstroke? Maybe he'll give you that salary rise?"

"Could be," Jim said gaily. "There isn't a more deserving guy."

And that was broadly true, Jim thought as he went towards A.K.'s office. Having arrived in New York from Australia only to learn the hard way that grand opera was not for him, Jim Staner had decided to do what seemed the next best thing.

Now, after two years with the redoubtable A.K., he had begun to feel that New York was his home, his oyster. At the same time, with the affinity that exists between former small-town people in a big city, he was fond of Smithy. While not yet certain whether she had the voice, or merely the hope they all have, he was all for Smithy in her attempt to make good where he had failed.

She was a good kid, he thought. And she was not much more than a kid, really, for all that veneer of worldly cynicism. Jim was twenty-seven. Smithy was a mere twenty-three. Then there was A.K. He was somewhere between fifty and two hundred, a lovable old man with all the endearing charms of a cash register.

Jim touched the knot of his tie, flicked a speck of dust from the sleeve of his coat, and went through the secretary's office to the inner room.

"And it's about time. About time," said A.K. in his dry, rusty, nasal voice. "Sit down, m'boy. Pull up a chair. I have news for you. News . . ." The voice trailed off, and A.K. fiddled with some papers on his desk while Jim drew up the chair and sat down.

A.K. was strictly a character from stock, a lingering survival of an age of stock characters who have since been mostly replaced by smoother men. A.K. had a cigar, a strong, square jaw, a monumental nose, a large area of forehead and a small area of hair, and bushy eyebrows above thick lenses that magnified his blue eyes and at the same time robbed them of any human expression.

Now he glanced at Jim, and said, "Take a good grip on your seat, m'boy. Ever heard of Mimi Bois?"

Jim nodded immediately. "She's a coloratura. New one. She wowed 'em at Paris Opera last week. What of her?"

"Well . . . she's ours," A.K. said grandly.

"No!" Jim exclaimed.

"Yes," said A.K., firing it at him. "Vanderdeen signed her for me, three days back, in Paris. Then went out and got drunk on the strength of it, I guess. I had his first cable this morning. She's on her way over, due to-day!"

Jim wondered if A.K. had lost his reason. "But at this time of the year . . ." he began to say.

*Please turn to page 80*

By  
**FRANK  
SARAO**

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**FISCHER**





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**AIR-GROUND CO-OPERATION.** Hazardously working within a few hundred yards of enemy forces in Korea, members of this jeep crew, in radio communication with plane above, direct it where to attack.

## Dorothy Drain flies over Korean battlefield

One afternoon in Korea I flew in a spotter plane over almost the entire front that U.N. forces were then holding against strong attacks by North Koreans.

I saw Australian Mustangs swoop on targets concealed in a village, which, I learned later, changed hands twice that day.

I SAW, too, U.S. Fifth Air Force fighters and Navy planes attacking targets. I saw the explosion of bombs, the flashes and flame as fighters made a strike, and smoke rising from burning villages that had concealed enemy command posts.

Over the intercom, I could hear all the accents of the United States from Brooklyn to the South mingling with familiar Australian accents as spotter planes and radio jeeps directed fighters to enemy targets close to the lines held by U.N. ground troops.

The plane I was in was one of the two-seater trainer planes used by the U.S. Fifth Air Force in its Tactical Control Squadron. I had been introduced to the Control Squadron boys by an Australian Mustang pilot.

Earlier I had met fliers of the Australian Squadron at an advanced airstrip in Korea. They were waiting in the fighter pilots' rest tent for briefing on their next strikes. The 77 Squadron men, who are based on Japan, refuel at this strip. Sometimes they stay there one or two nights, making strikes each day before returning to base.

Resting in the tent, reading, talking, or snatching a brief sleep, were Australian and American fighter-pilots including a Negro captain.

Among the R.A.A.F. boys was Flying-Officer Ken McLeod, of Melbourne. He was about to fly back to Japan after three days in which he had been on a mission escorting B29's, had made five other strikes, and covered enemy territory north of Seoul.

Another was Flight-Lieut. Ross Coburn, of Newcastle, N.S.W., who soon after had to bail out over Japan when his engine caught fire. He got back safely to base.

It was only on the day before that pilot W. P. Harrop had crash-landed behind enemy lines.

Others in the tent studying maps and talking over the day's work included: Flight-Lieut. John Murray, of Grenfell, N.S.W., Flying-Officer Tom McCrohan, of Melbourne, Andrew Hankinson, of Sydney, Flight-Lieut. Tom Murphy, Pilot Ray Trebilco, both of Melbourne, and Flight-Lieut. Gordon Harvey, of Wollongong, N.S.W.

"The Aussie boys do a grand job," said Lieut. George Mattes, of the U.S. Fifth Air Force, who later took me up in a spotter plane. "They're real workers the way they get in and hit the target and hit and hit."

The spotter planes, carrying a pilot and an observer, co-operate with army radio jeeps on the ground. Between them they locate targets hidden in haystacks, tunnels, deserted villages, or camouflaged with trees.

"The ground forces tell us what's bothering them and we go out and have a closer look," was the way an American Tech-Sergeant, an observer, put it. "For the first time in the history of air warfare it's possible to give close air support within less than 100 yards of our own troops."

One important reason for the spotter planes' success is that there has been no air opposition in this war. As it is, flying low as they do, planes are sometimes attacked by anti-aircraft guns. North Korean

ground troops, however, think twice about attacking a spotter plane because it gives away their position to the fighter planes.

The spotter plane I flew in was the control ship. The pilot's job was to act as liaison between the spotter planes assigned to various areas, and to relay messages if there were radio difficulties.

"These things ought to be called flying bird-dogs," said Lieut. Mattes as I climbed in. "That's what they are, really."

### Burning targets

We flew at about 8000 feet most of the time, sometimes coming down lower for a closer look.

I could see the pattern of eroded hills and rice pads, that resembled Japan from the air, see camps of refugees in dry river beds, and as we flew along the front the planes swooping down to attack below us, spotter craft circling, and flames leaping from burning targets.

Here a cross on the ground marked a "friendly" hill, there a splash of yellow on the ground was a parachute that had dropped supplies.

I listened on the intercom, to the voices of radio jeep observers talking with spotter planes and with fighters.

"Just stand by, I think I have some troops for you." "Roger. Do you have the location of these troops?" "Roger. South along the rice padi, a little bit east." "Roger. I have a tank I want to show you. . . ." and, "See those people in the river bed wearing white clothes? They are not refugees. They are enemy troops. Go in and get them."

And, suddenly, an Australian voice coming in as we flew into another



**OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT**, columnist Dorothy Drain, waits beside spotter plane in which she flew over the Korean battlefield to observe bomb attacks on Red ground forces.



**AUSTRALIAN PILOTS** outside rest-tent. From left, at back: Flight-Lieut. John Murray, Grenfell, N.S.W.; Pilot Andrew Hankinson, Sydney; Flying-Officer Ken McLeod, Melbourne. In front: Flight-Lieut. Ross Coburn, Newcastle; Flight-Lieut. Gordon Harvey, Wollongong.

area: "Is that the place just underneath me now?" and the spotter's answer, "Yes, a shell just burst right over it."

We had been flying for nearly three hours when I heard: "There's a C51 pilot down. He's 15 miles south of here and he's in the drink."

He was an American pilot. The rest of his story came through at intervals: "Some fishermen are just picking up that pilot." "What kind of fishermen? Are they friendly?" "He waves as if they're friendly like."

The plane I was in flew over to the coast. We heard directions being given to another spotter plane, a description of the bay and the village. We circled round. You could see on the ground a patch of white, thought to be the parachute. A helicopter was being called. Our plane took over from the first spotter, circled, and, running low on fuel, handed over to another.

We landed at a lonely airstrip to refuel.

By the time we reached the strip from where, four and a half hours before, we had taken off, I heard that a helicopter had picked up the American pilot.

When he returned to his base there was a message waiting for him. It was to say that that day his wife in Japan had presented him with a son.



**PILOT** of spotter plane in which Dorothy Drain flew over battle zone: First Lieut. George Mattes, of U.S. 5th Air Force.



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# Parents of Quads prepare for city holiday



NEW HOUSEKEEPER at Sara home, Mrs. Lena Allan, shows Quads' father, Percy Sara, her references. Besides being a good plain cook, Mrs. Allan specialises in cake making. Mr. Allan works on a farm, daughter Rita is a waitress in a Bellingen cafe.

## Children will stay at Bellingen with their nurse and housekeeper

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

The Sara Quadruplets are smiling on the world. Fair-skinned, good-looking Judith was the first to smile for her parents. Brother Phillip followed her lead next day.

Alison, the showman, waited until the whole household was in the nursery as an audience for her first smile, but Mark kept his for his mother.

THE Quads will soon have to do without their parents, Percy and Betty Sara, for a fortnight. The Saras are going for a holiday to Sydney. They will leave the babies with Sister Rita Glyde, who helped at their birth.

Alison is now mainly on artificial food. Neither Mrs. Sara nor her doctor believes she will be able to continue feeding Mark much longer.

Percy and Betty are looking forward to their holiday, although Betty says she does not need it as much as Percy.

"I shall be ringing home every day, but I won't worry too much because Sister Glyde gives the children all care," she said.

The Saras, who like visiting Sydney but prefer country life, although both are city bred, are looking forward to the "shows at night, and anything else that will be a change from our life in Bellingen."

Betty is disappointed at missing fellow Englishman Arthur Askey's show, which finished in Sydney recently. She hopes they will be in time to see Joe E. Brown in "Harvey."

"I also hope there will be an open-air orchestral concert while we are there," she said.

"I love concerts and used to go to as many as I could in London, but I have never been to an open-air one."

Letters from her parents in England have praised "The Third Man" film so much that she is determined to see it "even if I have to drag Percy to the outermost suburb to catch it."

Shopping does not interest Mrs. Sara unless it is necessary. She will not be buying anything for the Quads. At present she is busy sorting gifts sent from all over Australia. Clothes not needed by the Quads will be sent to a mother of triplets who wrote to Mrs. Sara.

The Saras, who have been lent a car, will drive down the Pacific Highway to Sydney, calling on friends along the route. Percy intends to spend all his time with his wife, except for a visit to Bondi to see former life-saving colleagues.

Son Geoffrey Sara is staying with his grandmother at Bondi. He has been promised a trip to the Zoo with his parents before he returns to Bellingen with them.

Although his mother is missing him, Geoffrey seems to be perfectly happy in Sydney and shows no sign of homesickness.

"You fret about children, but fortunately they don't seem to worry when they are away from you," his mother told me.

"Geoffrey even seems to be happier away from home."

Betty, who was on a salt-free diet before the babies were born and had little appetite for the last weeks of her pregnancy, is now eating well. Her usual weight is eight stone ten pounds, but she is now nine stone four.

"I don't think the Quads have anything to do with my extra

weight," she said. "Women can't use childbirth any more as an excuse for extra poundage. I'm only five feet two, and can't afford to be more than nine stone."

"Anyway, I'm not having any difficulty getting into last summer's frocks."

Betty has been watching the newspapers for news of the London Quads.

"I'm interested to know how they are getting on," she said. "I had two pairs, but Mrs. Coles got four of a kind."

Domestic side of the Sara house is being run by Mrs. Lena Allan, wife for a former Bonalbo farmer.

"I took the job because I like children," Mrs. Allan said.

Mrs. Allan, who rooms with her

daughter in Bellingen, is "having a sort of a holiday."

"There is only my husband, daughter, and myself," she said. "When we sold our farm as a going concern we decided the best way to solve the housing problem was to split up in different jobs for a while."

"I have an interest in a farm out of Kyogle and I like farm life better than town life, but this job is pleasant."

"I'm not afraid of work, especially if kindness is involved, and I have a feeling Geoffrey and I should hit it off well."

Mrs. Allen has done her cooking in the past on fuel stoves and she expects to make mistakes at first on the Saras' electric stove.



SARA PARENTS give Alison and Judith a short "outing" in small grounds of their home. They take no risks with children and follow carefully instructions of Bellingen doctors who attended Quads' birth.

## London's four will be crowded in tiny flat

Joe Coles, father of the London Quads, is looking for a home for his large family. The Coles Quads were born prematurely to Joe's 27-year-old wife, Mary, at Westminster Hospital, London, on the night of September 12-13.



MRS. MARY COLES, Quads' mother.

THEY were not expected until November. Mr. and Mrs. Coles have received congratulatory messages from all over the world. One of the first to arrive was cabled by Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sara.

The Coles children, all girls, were born within an hour. The first arrived at 11.34 p.m., the second at 11.48 p.m., the third at 12.17 a.m., and the fourth at 12.20 a.m.

They have been called Marie, Frances, Edna, and Patricia. When they are old enough the

Quads will go to live with their parents in a two-bedroom flat up 72 stone steps in Kent House, Aylesford Street, London, for which the Coles' pay 14/2 a week rent.

"Finding a new home won't be all that difficult," said Mr. Coles. "Too many people look on the birth of our Quads as a tragedy. Well, it isn't. We are delighted. We'll bring our little girls up with plenty of love and kindness, even if there won't be much else."

Neighbors have scrubbed and polished out the Coles' flat to make it ready for the Quads' arrival.

From ANNE MATHESON, in London

Four cradles are going into the Coles' bedroom. Mr. and Mrs. Coles will have their five-year-old son David's room. David will have a daybed in the sitting-room.

The Coles Quads are making good progress. They are on a special diet prepared by Westminster Hospital obstetrician Mr. W. N. Searle and child expert Dr. Ian Anderson. The babies are being fed at three-hourly intervals on this special food.

Their birth weights compare favorably with the Sara children's.

Marie Coles, the first-born, weighed 3lb. 5oz., Frances 3lb. 15oz., Edna 3lb. 4oz., and Patricia 3lb. 4oz. Alison, the first of the Sara arrivals, was 3lb. 9½oz., Phillip 5lb. 11oz., Judith 5lb., and Mark 3lb. 11oz.



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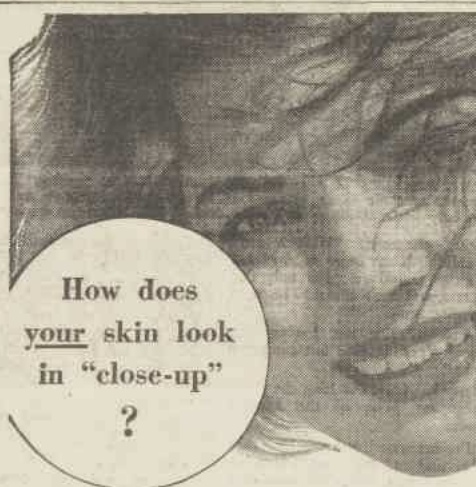
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## BOOK REVIEW

BY AINSLIE BAKER

HOW TO  
AVOID WORK

Most fascinating title found in the bookshops this week was "How to Avoid Work."

The book is written by an American, William J. Reilly, Ph. D., Career Consultant and Director of the Institute for Straight Thinking.

THE dust jacket adds that Mr. Reilly has served on research staffs at the Carnegie Institute of Technology and the Universities of Chicago and Texas.

Mr. Reilly dedicates his book With Affection and Deep Respect To All Those Who Hate Work, then plunges at once into his theme.

"Most people have the ridiculous notion that anything they do which produces an income is work—and that anything they do outside 'working' hours is play. There is no logic to that."

Work, provided it absorbs all a person's skill and enthusiasm, is very often real "play." Conversely, some so-called play (the author suggests bridge with congenial people) can be hard work.

At that point the career consultant in Mr. Reilly takes over. What he has been saying is only a preamble to this advice: Your life is too short and too valuable to fritter away in work. So if your job's work, change it to one that gives you pleasure.

There's no such thing as a one-and-only career for anyone. Find out what you DO want to do—and then set about doing it.

Imagine yourself financially independent, and perfectly free to do anything you wanted to.

What you think of yourself doing is the thing you should do. You'll find that your natural abilities point in the same direction as your likes and dislikes—that, in short, you have the basic abilities to do the kind of job you'd like.

Ask yourself these questions:

1. What experience have I in my chosen field?
2. What formal education training have I had along these lines?
3. In the light of whatever experience or training I have had, what kind of job have I the ability to fill right now, and what kind of a study programme should I undertake to improve myself further?

If you've tried a job once and presumably failed, don't be discouraged, Mr. Reilly counsels. You might, he says, be misinterpreting past experience.

A one-time door-to-door household appliance salesman told him:

"I'd like to go into selling, but I know I can't sell."

Reilly (he doesn't say whether in the role of Career Consultant or Director of Straight Thinking) found that the man hadn't any faith in the article he was selling, had been given no systematic training, and had been told by the district supervisor he "didn't have the gift of the gab."

After a few years of intelligent training on the sales staff of a firm manufacturing a different article, the same man is to-day a district sales manager himself.

The author says he is convinced that no matter how high a person aims, he can always start with whatever level of job fits his present education and experience, and then, through study and application, keep qualifying for the next job ahead, until the ultimate goal is reached.

In a chapter called "Watch Your Human Relationships," Mr. Reilly advises:

"Don't go over the boss' head. Don't step on other people's ideas. Admit, don't defend, your mistakes. Watch your promises."

Mistakes in human relations, or failure to observe these points, is the most important reason why many competent people are dismissed or passed over for promotion.

For those who are making a change, the first objective in their new career should be to build what Mr. Reilly calls a saleable background.

The actual amount of money made to begin with isn't as important as gaining saleable training and experience. Two years with a company of no importance is considerably less saleable than two with a company of repute.

Mr. Reilly, I'm sure, sees himself (and doubtless rightly) as a dynamic man, who's got ahead by putting his own theories into practice. He claims, in short, that "the life of Reilly" suits him.

It's a pity that he somehow leaves the impression that it would be agony to sit next to him at a dinner party.

"How To Avoid Work," by William J. Reilly, is published by The World's Work, Surrey. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

## Editorial

OCTOBER 7, 1950

### FIGHTING FOR PEACE

NEXT year the Commonwealth of Australia will celebrate the completion of 50 years as a nation.

In 1901 it seemed that the infant Commonwealth would tread a peaceful road to nationhood although Great Britain was engaged in the Boer War, and an Australian contingent was fighting in South Africa.

Instead, the country, with other dominions of the British Commonwealth, has fought through two world wars.

After 50 years Australia has won a proud place in the world.

Now, side by side with jubilee celebrations planning, a mighty defence programme is going forward.

The Prime Minister has warned the nation to prepare for the possibility of a third world war.

There would be no cause for celebrations in 1951 if all Australians were not willing to prove for the third time that they are prepared to sacrifice life itself in defence of their freedom.

A small but gallant section of the armed forces has given fighting proof of this spirit in Korea.

But there would be the greatest cause for jubilation if by the end of 1951 the threat of a third world war is further removed, and Australia, by contributing her share of armed strength to the forces of democratic nations, has fought a battle for peace.

### PERSONALITY QUIZ: — ARE YOU A BORE?

Answer "yes" or "no" to each of these 10 questions and you find out to what extent you bore the people you mix with.

Ten satisfactory answers (see page 22) mean that you probably never bash an ear.

Only seven answers right would suggest that you need to watch yourself. If you answer less than five correctly the position is almost hopeless for you—and your friends.

1—Do you discount the opinions of people in age groups younger or older than yourself?

2—Would you sometimes make time for reading a good book, even if there were socks to be darned or a lawn to mow?

3—Have you ever seen people edging away when you were talking?

4—Do you at times get madly enthusiastic about one particular thing (maybe swing, drama, food, James Joyce, or skiing) and talk about nothing else?

5—If an acquaintance asks how you are, do you merely say (a) "Very well, thank you" (b) or tell him?

6—Has your family ever interrupted you when you were telling visitors about that funny bloke in your wartime unit?

7—Do you always go to the same place for your annual holiday?

8—Do you show strangers your snapshots, such as holiday pictures, the children, or your dog?

9—Do you often start to tell the latest joke, then find you've forgotten the point half way through?

10—Would you like to be known as "The life of the party?"





**TWOSOME.** Embroidered white organdie over lemon faille frock worn by Frances Horton Browne, of "Werrina," Young, when she dances with Michael Davidson, "Yarran," Young.



**AND ALL'S WELL** at 7 a.m. Des Maroney, of "Lower Coolegon," Young, is first to line up for welcome meal of bacon, eggs, and coffee at shearer's stove. Chef is attractive Mrs. Bill Horton, "Elton," Young.



**RURAL QUEEN** candidate for Young Spring Carnival, Mrs. Hector McFarlane (right), and her husband (left), of "Milly Milly," Young, with Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Horsley, who travel 70 miles from Gundagai to attend woolshed ball at "Orizaba," Young.

## Gaiety at YOUNG



**HAPPY QUARTET.** Gillian Davidson, "Verana," Young (left), and Brian McNitt, who motors 70 miles from Yass for ball, with newly engaged Jane Smith, elder daughter of the Roy Smiths, "Brooklands," Yass, and fiancé Peter Barnes, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Barnes, of Vaucluse. Peter is working Barnes' property, "Suffolk Vale," Boorowa. Couple plan marriage "next year when we find a house."



**DIVERSION.** Tommy Carter, "Narra Allen," Boorowa (left), and Beryl Bernard, Mosman, try their luck on the chocolate wheel with Bill Tulloch, of Elizabeth Bay, and Molly Emery, Wollongong.



**MIDNIGHT SNACK.** Honeymooners Mr. and Mrs. David Edmondson (right), of Coorparoo, Brisbane, who spend week-end with Lloyd Edmondsons, of Young, have supper with Mrs. Alyce Edmonds and Bob Bennett, of Young, in marquee adjoining shearers' kitchen.

**RAFTERS** of "Orizaba" woolshed, Young, ring with merriment for 12 solid hours when guests for miles around attend all-night party there.

Function aids candidature of popular country hostess Mrs. Hector McFarlane, of "Milly Milly," Young, who is Rural Queen in Young's Queen of Spring contest, which ends a carnival week with crowning on October 20. Proceeds go to improvement of Young town and district.

Occasion revives Nine-to-Nine Club, whose parties, from 9 p.m. to 9 a.m., at "Orizaba," property of Mrs. M. E. Parkman, are always welcomed by womenfolk, as men do all the organising.

**ENORMOUS** woolpress in centre of shed is masked in new dress of gum-tree branches, streamers, and balloons. Back portion of shed is turned into a bar, benches come from Young Town Hall, and a piano arrives on a truck from "Milly Milly."

**MEN** wished shearing at "Orizaba" had begun before instead of just after party, when wool grease would have given super-slippery finish to floor, and saved much lavishing of kerosene, sawdust, boracic acid, and elbow grease.

**AFTERNOON** of party is quietest in Young for many a day, when guests try to snatch forty winks before all-night vigil. Cocktail parties before the party are declared black, but the Pat McFarlanes, not to be outdone, give small dinner-party at "Glen Lodge" for the Allan Shannons, "Ardnaree," Bill Hortons, "Elton," and Young residents Isabel Hanbrahan and Mrs. Florence Payne. Shannons leave their two sets of twins, John and Jenele, Michael and David, and daughter Gai with governess.

**WEATHER** is on its best behaviour, and on party night hundreds of cars stream along ten-mile straight from Young to "Orizaba" in the moonlight.

Among first to arrive is "Queen" herself, in rustling frock of mint-green-and-white-striped taffeta with white lilac trimming the skirt and a golden-fringed stole.

**BROTHER-AND-SISTER** couples arriving include Geoff and Gillian Davidson, of "Verana," Young; Des and Marigold Maroney, "Lower Coolegon," and Steele and Janet Caldwell, "Katrine Bank," Young. Girls don't trust floor-length gowns on woolshed floor despite assurances of tender massage it has received from committee, and compromise with shot-taffeta ballerina frocks and pretty gilt sandals.



**READY FOR FUN.** Gathering together before the night begins are president of committee, David Marina, "Wonga" (left), Jane Browne, "Uplands," and fiancé Edmund Playfair, Bethunga.



**DANCING** and indoor games keep crowd gay and sharpen the appetite for supper, which is "from 10.30 until." Strong masculine influence on menu, which Committee secretary Ron Garnsey says is "plain, solid, and plenty of it—no fancy stuff." Food is served in marquee adjoining shearers' quarters and includes 76 chickens, 12 dozen apple pies, 60 dozen meat pies, a side of lamb from vice-president Bayley Payten's property, "Burramunda," and silver-side of beef from "Milly Milly."

**COME AND GET IT!** Knives and forks could not be found, but it took more than that to stop energetic organisers Ron and Edith Garnsey (centre), Gordon and Gwen Beaumont from lining up for Sunday breakfast.

**MANLY** house-guests for committee treasurer Ern Gribble and his wife, of Young, are Mr. and Mrs. S. Hammond and Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Simpson.

**CONGA** around the floor at 4 a.m. chases the yawns away—leader is Paul Cunningham, of "Surrey Park," Young—but in no time a pinky-grey dawn breaks over the Black Range. With nary a sign of flagging spirits, younger set organise 100 yards sprint across frosty grass from shed to marquee, and by 7 a.m. there is queue at shearers' stove for bacon, eggs, and coffee, with Mrs. Bill Horton, of "Elton," Young, at the helm. Indefatigable orchestra, "Gloomchasers," from Young, give out with "Come to the Cookhouse Door, Boys!"

**NOT** to be outdone, rival candidate, Town Queen Phyll Carey, daughter of local police sergeant F. A. Carey and Mrs. Carey, holds ball in Reg. Phillips' woolshed on their property, "Sunnyside," this Saturday, and gymkhana at Burrenong Race-course in the afternoon.





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**The Commonwealth Public Service offers a wide variety of administrative and professional careers and special advantages for young men and women who pass final secondary school examinations.**

What kind of career do you favour? One that provides opportunity for rapid advancement? A career with security of employment? Or do you believe that interesting work is the most important factor? A career in the Third Division of the Commonwealth Public Service offers all these advantages—and more! Permanent appointment to the Third Division is the first step on the path that leads to the highest administrative and professional positions in the Commonwealth Public Service. Here are some facts about the wealth of opportunity that the Third Division of the Commonwealth Public Service offers your son or daughter.

**Variety:** The twenty-two major departments administering the business of the Commonwealth provide for both girls and boys who enter the Third Division a variety of careers unrivalled elsewhere. So great is the variety that there is full scope for all kinds of special talents and interests.

**Advancement** is dependent on capability. Promotions are based on efficiency, not seniority. The highest positions in the Service are open to every member.

**Generous Salaries:** Commencing salary for both boys and girls under 17 years of age is £3/15/11 per week. Ambitious officers can quickly win promotion to positions carrying salaries far higher than the nominal rate for their ages.

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benefits and long-service leave are some of the attractive conditions and assurances of a secure future. Girls leaving to be married after five years' service receive a special allowance.

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In New South Wales, Leaving Certificate or Matriculation; in Victoria, Leaving Certificate or Matriculation (including Class "A" Certificate); in Queensland, Senior Public; in South Australia, Leaving or Leaving Honours; in West Australia, Leaving or Matriculation; in Tasmania, Schools' Board or Matriculation.

Applications may be made now or after the examination. However, it is better to be early. Full details and application forms are available from the Commonwealth Public Service Inspector in your State (see addresses below) or send the coupon.

**Professional Cadetships:** Professional cadetships are also available in the Third Division. Applications close 31st December, 1950. Details available on request.

**The Commonwealth Public Service offers this helpful pamphlet Free and Post Free.**

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The Commonwealth Public Service Inspector, 119 Phillip Street, Sydney; 287 Collins Street, Melbourne; Commonwealth Offices, Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 23 King William Street, Adelaide; Commonwealth Bank Building, Forrest Place, Perth; Customs House, Davey Street, Hobart.

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Please send me the "Career Guide" pamphlet with full details of how to apply for appointment to the Third Division.

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## CRICKETING STARS



LANCASHIRE'S 24-year-old left-hand bowler, Bob Berry, and his wife, Eileen, examining the score-card after Bob took five wickets for 63 runs in the first innings of the first Test with the West Indies at Old Trafford, Manchester.



SKIPPER of England's team, easy-mannered Freddie Brown is a hard hitter, good leg-break bowler, and brilliant field.



IDOL of the British cricket public, dark-haired and handsome Denis Compton recently ended brilliant football career.



RELEASED from National Service to come to Australia, 19-year-old Signalman Brian Close is jaywalked by his adjutant as he leaves camp. Brian will resume his Army service when he returns home.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 7, 1950



# Visiting English team are all-round athletes

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Though England's Test team is not the most formidable she has sent, the men who belong to it are a fine and impressive bunch of fellows.

The English cricketers will play their first match in Australia against the West Australian Country team at Northam, Western Australia, on October 13.

MORE than half the Englishmen are stars in at least one other sport.

The captain, Freddie Brown, a fair-haired giant and a mighty hitter, is a hockey blue, a crack at tennis, squash, and golf.

Two years ago Freddie Brown was a Saturday afternoon cricketer with Surrey, basking in the afterglow of a distinguished cricketing career.

When he moved to Northamptonshire to take over the job of welfare officer with a big industrial firm, he became captain of the county. His ripe skill and bluff leadership raised a seedy side from last in the county championships table to sixth from the top.

It was this spectacular rise, plus a remarkable innings at Lord's, which put him suddenly in the running for England's captaincy.

Brown (who is an old Cambridge man) learned cricket in family games at home. So did his sister Alina. She was a member of the English team of women cricketers which toured Australia in 1948.

Just after the war Brown married Marjorie Palmer, a dark-haired lovely heiress to a biscuit fortune, granddaughter of Lord Palmer. They live at Drayton Manor, Daventry, have two fine boys.

Freddie Brown, with a great sense of the occasion, has taken a special necktie to Australia. Its motif is gambling rabbits on a green background, and it is exclusive to three cricketers — Tate, Duckworth, and Brown.

"When we three went to Australia 18 years ago as members of Jardine's team we did not play in a single Test," Brown told me, grinning. "We just sat in the stand and watched every game. We called ourselves The Rabbits' Club, and had the tie designed for it."

Heading the other all-round sportsmen is Trevor Bailey, England's fast bowler from Essex.

Bailey, 26, slim, curly-haired, and shy, is one of the most remarkable athletes turned out by a great Eng-

lish public school, Dulwich, famed for versatile athletes.

In addition to captaining its cricket eleven—he won his colors when only 14—he was in the Rugger XV, was captain of the squash team, and Victor-Lindorum at athletics. He went on to get his Soccer blue at Cambridge, then became a leading league player. He plays excellent tennis. But Bailey is not robust.

Bailey suffers from the same trouble with his cricket boots as did the great Harold Larwood, who sometimes used to wear out a pair of boots in the middle of a match.

"I run through my boots so quickly I have them made of canvas instead of expensive hide," Bailey said.

Dogged left-handed batsman J. Dewes also fits into the pattern of the all-round sportsman, coached at a public school and rising brilliantly to first-class cricket at Cambridge.

His first contact with Australia's Keith Miller had a sting to it. They met in the Victory Test at Lord's after the war. Fast balls from Miller hit Dewes repeatedly.

## Blue with bruises

"I WAS black and blue," he said.

"I've never had such bruises. He skittled me out in both innings, too—with ' Yorkers.' Next time, in the last Australian Test tour, I wound several towels around myself under my flannels before facing Keith."

But it is debonair, handsome Denis Compton who has won the greenest sporting laurels. Supreme idol of English cricket to-day, he was also, until his recent retirement, star player for the Arsenal Football Club.

Compton came near to ruining his career by playing too much sport. His knee threatened to go permanently stiff. Until a tricky operation removed the danger, English cricket fans were worried that he might not be able to make the trip.

The team's baby, 19-year-old Brian Close, yet another all-round sportsman, is the youngest English cricketer to tour Australia.



STYLISH BAT and dashing fieldsmen, 21-year-old Cambridge student David Sheppard was selected at the last minute to represent England.

Brian speaks broad Yorkshire and comes from Yeading, the village that produced the celebrated Hedley Verity. Not only were Brian's father and grandfather cricketers, but his mother helped at practice too.

"Mum used to bowl to me in our backyard," he said, and grinned shyly. "She had a pretty good leg-break, I can tell you."

"I practised so often on the local cricket ground that I became a nuisance, and old George Firth, the secretary, often had to chase me off the ground because the pitch was too wet."

Almost as big a cricket sensation as young Brian Close is Welsh batsman Gilbert Parkhouse, 24, one of the most outstanding fieldsmen in England.

Quiet, modest, and typically Welsh, with black hair, sharp-cut features, and slight build, Parkhouse is a church sidesman, a Rugby player, and has taken up hockey with such success that a Welsh cap is predicted for him.

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Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!



SAYING GOOD-BYE. Reg Simpson and his wife, Joan, in their London flat just before England's Test side boarded Stratford for Australia. Of all the newcomers in the team, highest hopes are held for Simpson as an opening bat. Simpson also excels at Rugby and hockey, recently took up golf.



# Mister Million

Continued from page 4

Hotel Flagler,  
Palm Isle, Florida,  
January 19, 1950.

Mr. Richard L. Reed,  
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures,  
Hollywood, California.  
Dear Dick:

What's the matter? Did you faint right away? However, as usual, our seeming catastrophe is turning out to be just as lucky a thing as ever happened to us.

You know, Richard, the more you study the lives of great men the more you learn two things. First, they're lucky. An ordinary man goes out to plant a geranium—he digs a hole, plants the geranium, shovels the dirt back in, and that's that. He's got himself a geranium. A great man goes out to plant a geranium—he digs a hole, and strikes oil.

Also, great men don't seek jobs; jobs seek them. They go in and sit down to listen to the ball game, and all of a sudden there are all sorts of people stamping round the front porch demanding that they run for governor.

That's the way it's always been with me. I came over here to get Linda little publicity, and a problem that's plagued the whole movie industry for twenty years is dumped in my lap. I never have any trouble with the job I'm supposed to do; it's these infernal executive duties that crowd in.

Getting Linda publicity right this minute is no problem. All I'd have to do is to unmask her, hit the drum once, and we would have publicity by the barrel. But if I did that, the only way we would ever get another picture into certain Eastern States would be to paint a mousethatch on it. Every time I turn around here, old Clendenning unthreads my needle.

So I guess the only thing to do is first take care of Clendenning. Nobody else has been able to convince him that he's an old idiot, so I guess I'll have to.

Giving Mr. Clendenning his hypodermic will of course not be easy. I have seldom seen a man with less talent for relaxation. When he isn't

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

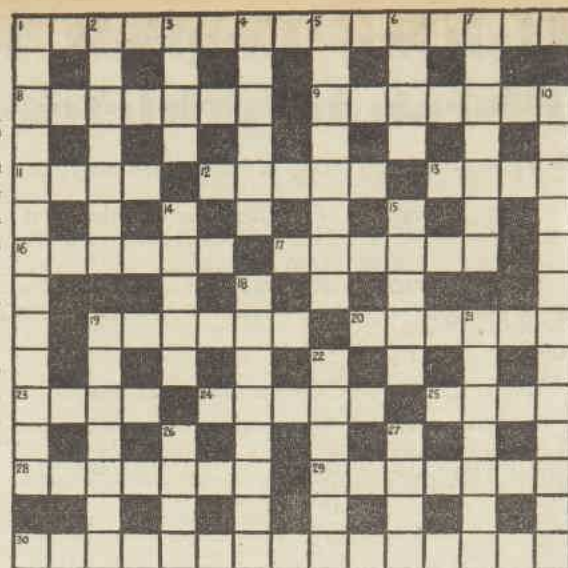
### ACROSS

1. Eke the whole tilt (anagr. 2, 3, 4, 1).
2. Make restitution concerning provision (7).
3. Surrenders about marks (7).
4. Be between spectacles and fifty old Greek silver coin (4).
5. Pardon the back of which may regulate clocks (5).
6. The French mother to a Buddhist priest from Tibet (4).
7. The second half of the Shepherd Kings must be in distress (8).
8. Quick Edward had no food (6).
9. Lag sin mixed is noteworthy (6).
10. Annual concerning the sound of a bell (6).
11. Common metal (4).
12. It's portable but it's frozen (5).
13. Gambling card game (4).
14. Children's horse in strong winds speaks like a goose (7).
15. Per being frugal take a bookie and a ring (8).
16. Went quietly and steadily on and must have been the owner of a boarding-house where a smooth singer was living (4, 2, 4, 8).

Solution to last week's crossword.

```

A N E W L E A S E O F L I F E
D M O B D O S N
D I P L O M A U N I C O R N
R E P A N C L L L D
E A R L A D D E R L A M B
S O S O P T L
S R I P E N I A N E L E
T U B E R O P E T E R P
A R E A S E R
J V A N I S L O O A B L E
R I T S R M R O V
E C L I P S E P R O D U C E
M L R E T O N N
E N E M Y I N O U R M I D S T
    
```



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. Firm of a male and a jewel is somewhat deaf (4, 2, 7).
2. Tea, you and I, and a short stocking make a dump of grass (7).
3. A school which turns to a note (4).
4. Proverbially, eggs must be broken to make a (8).
5. Train line (anagr. 8).
6. Beer has the making of the Gaelic (4).
7. This country is in the French secondary cell on surface of plants structure (7).
8. Dealer in opprobrium? (7, 6).
9. Clever expedient is a well-known motor car (5).
10. The metallic symbol of hardness is a body fish (8).
11. Clear S.O.B. (anagr. 8).
12. Stifle a pass as a temporary substitute (7).
13. To get exultation cat him mixed (7).
14. Pseudonym of A. Belkirk (6).
15. Mediterranean island with a competent turning (4).
16. The French saint is coming at the end (4).

And that is why Miss Genevieve Smythe is suddenly famous all over the land.

But don't worry. I'll work it out. As ever,

GEORGE.

### PERSONALITY QUIZ

Answers: 1, No. 2, Yes. 3, No. 4, No. 5 (a), Yes. (b), No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No.

## ENTER THE RINSO / LIFEBOUY

**£6,000**  
**Big Spring Double**



**3**  
**BIG FIRST PRIZES**  
OF A 12 H.P.  
VAUXHALL SEDAN

See how the prizes double up!

- 3 VAUXHALL 12 H.P. SEDANS
  - 6 MALVERN STAR REFRIGERATORS
  - 12 SIMPSON WASHING MACHINES
  - 24 HOTPOINT VACUUM CLEANERS
  - 48 SUNBEAM MIXMASTERS
  - 96 HAWKINS PRESSURE COOKERS
  - 192 HOTPOINT ELECTRIC IRONS
- 381 PRIZES IN ALL**

Free entry.... Easy to win  
**HERE'S ALL YOU DO!**

1. Get a free entry form from your usual chemist or store. It contains the rules which govern this contest, but you have, in this advertisement, all the information you need to get started!
2. Study the six facts about Rinso listed in this advertisement and ask yourself which fact appeals to you most. Put the figure 1 in the square beside it. Place the figure 2 against the fact which appeals to you next, and so on, down the whole list of Rinso points until you have placed them all in what you consider their correct order of importance from 1 to 6. Then do exactly the same for the facts about Lifebuoy, putting them in what you consider their correct order of importance from 1 to 6.
3. Complete the sentence about Lifebuoy using no more than an additional 12 words.

DO NOT SEND IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT, but use the official entry form obtainable from your chemist or store and post to "Rinso/Lifebuoy Spring Double Contest," Box 4984, G.P.O., Sydney.

CORRECT ORDER OF PLACING AND MAJOR PRIZE-WINNERS WILL BE ANNOUNCED ON "AUSTRALIA'S AMATEUR HOUR" NOVEMBER 16.

### THE RINSO FORM GUIDE

- ☐ Rinso saves work in the kitchen as well as in the laundry.
- ☐ Rinso has magic in its thicker, richer suds.
- ☐ Rinso is used by more women than any other washday soap in the world.
- ☐ Rinso gets greasy dishes sparkling in a jiffy.
- ☐ Rinso washes whiter and brighter than brand-new.
- ☐ Rinso is best for everything.

### THE LIFEBOUY FORM GUIDE

- ☐ Lifebuoy's rich, creamy lather contains a special health ingredient.
- ☐ Lifebuoy protects kiddies from the dangers in dirt.
- ☐ Lifebuoy has a new, refreshing fragrance.
- ☐ Lifebuoy stops "B.O." before it starts.
- ☐ Lifebuoy helps you make friends.
- ☐ Lifebuoy gives all-over protection that lasts all day.

I always use New Refined Lifebuoy because.....  
(complete this sentence in no more than 12 words)

GET FREE ENTRY FORM FROM YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE

Contest closes  
October 19th 1950



ZW.I.WWAS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 7, 1950



# HUNDREDS ENTER OUR HOME CONTEST

All plans must be in by November 10

Our offices in all States are receiving letters and telephone calls from readers about our £4000 Plan-A-Home Contest.

Closing date of the contest is November 10. Entries should be sent as early as possible so that preliminary judging can begin at once.

ENTRIES have proved that most people's castles-in-Spain are liveable three-bedroom houses or cottages furnished for comfort and family life.

The Lady Mayoress of Sydney, Mrs. E. G. O'Dea, has complimented The Australian Women's Weekly on the contest.

Mrs. O'Dea said: "Housewives and housewives-to-be will find deep interest in The Australian Women's Weekly Plan-a-Home Competition. 'As women spend more time in the home than anyone else, they are best fitted to make a layout which uses available space to the best advantage.'"

"The competition will, I feel, make a great contribution to the planning of the ideal home," was the comment of Mr. Wallace G. Pooley, who is general secretary of the Association of Co-operative Building Societies Ltd.

"By stimulating practical planning it will produce ways of using every square foot of a building. Homemakers face an expenditure of £300 a square for brick houses in New South Wales. That means every square foot costs £3.

"Any planning that will eliminate waste will be an advance."

The president of the Victorian Institute of Architects, Mr. Keith Mackay, said the competition should produce interesting and unusual suggestions.

"The home is an essentially personal thing," he said. "In view of its responsibilities to the community and environment it should not be made the medium for expressing undisciplined bad taste."

## RULES ARE SIMPLE

YOUR entry must consist of:

1. A plan of a three-bedroom house situated in the suburbs or in the country.
2. A brief explanation of the plan and a description of color scheme and furnishings.

### Plan:

A ground plan with the sizes of the rooms indicated and positions of doors and windows marked. If you propose to build in some of the furniture, show where this would be done.

The house may be up to 14 squares (1400 sq. ft.) in size, excluding verandahs or terraces.

Site for the house is a block of land 50ft. in frontage. Frontage to road faces south. Most pleasant views are to north.

### Explanation:

Say in your own words why you arranged the rooms as you did and add a description of the way you would furnish it, giving colors and the type of furniture.

## Readers' Quiz

Here are answers to readers' questions about the Plan-A-Home Contest.

THE answers will help readers who want the same points cleared up.

Q.—Should a car entrance be provided?

A.—This is left to the competitor, as the type of plan submitted will vary greatly.

Q.—Is a garage to be included?

A.—No, the plan called for is of the house only.

Q.—How close to the side fences can the house be placed?

A.—Three feet is the minimum. Most building regulations enforce this.

Q.—Would a plan for a house on a corner block be acceptable?

A.—No. The house must be planned for a block with a 50ft. frontage and houses on either side.

Q.—Will plans for two-story homes be accepted?

A.—Yes, competitors may enter two-story homes plans.

Q.—Are draughtsmen, other than architectural draughtsmen, eligible to compete?

A.—Yes. Skill in drawing does not count, and draughtsmen such as mechanical draughtsmen would not have any advantages over other competitors.

Q.—Are students of architecture, architectural design, or interior decorating eligible to compete, as they have not yet earned a living by these means?

A.—No. Students in these subjects have access to so much material that would be helpful that it has been decided they would have too much of an advantage over an ordinary competitor. They may not compete.

Q.—Is there any rule governing the choice of materials?

A.—No. The house may be built of any material nominated by the planner.

Q.—Is the 14-square limit applicable to external or internal dimensions of the house?

A.—There is no need to take wall thickness into consideration when computing area. Inaccuracy in calculation of a few square feet will not disqualify a plan.

Q.—Is there any limit to the scale of the plan of the house?

A.—No, but it is suggested that a scale of two-fifths of an inch to one foot be adopted, and that ruled paper be used.

Q.—Is there any limit to the anticipated cost of the structure?

A.—No, competitors are not asked to compute the cost.

Q.—Is it necessary to show the suggested location of the house on the block?

A.—No. Building lines vary in suburbs and even in streets. Where distance from the road has a special bearing on the plan it should be stated.

Q.—Is there any limit to the number of entries submitted?

A.—No, there is no limit. Competitors are advised to send in their entries as quickly as possible, so that judging may begin soon.

Q.—In detailing color scheme and furnishings, would description of main items suffice?

A.—Yes. If you are describing a lounge-room, give the colors of the walls, colors and materials of the curtains, and the type of furniture—patterned or plain armchairs, etc.

Following is the full prize-list in our Plan-A-Home Contest:

**First Prize  
£2000**

**Second Prize  
£1000**

**Third Prize  
£500**

**Ten Consolation  
Prizes of £50**

"Architects are delighted with this contest because many people will begin to think soundly about what small homes architecture means in Australia."

"Some will get out of their systems a confused jumble of pet ideas culled from magazines and other people's homes."

"Others will begin to appreciate why a skilled architect spends so many years preparing to be one."

Well-known Melbourne interior decorator Reg Riddell said that the contest gave the amateur an opportunity to state his views to the professional people engaged in home building and decorating.

It followed the ideal course of planning a home complete with furnishings and color scheme.

### Conditions:

No person who earns a living, or has ever earned a living, as, or is training to be an architect, architectural designer, architectural draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator may enter this competition.

Finalists will be required to sign a declaration that their plan is their own unaided work and that they have not had advice or help from any architect, architectural designer, architectural draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator.

No member of the staff or relative of a member of the staff of Consolidated Press Ltd. may enter this contest.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received. The decision of the judges will be final and each competitor will enter the competition on that basis.

Copyright on all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd.

Write clearly and on one side of the paper only.

Address your entries to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. The envelope should be marked—Plan-A-Home Contest.

Take the drudgery out of washday for only

**£41.10** (or from 7/6 a week)

WITH A

**HOOVER ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE**

AT LAST, the washing machine you've been waiting for, and you couldn't buy better, no matter how much you pay! Just look at that name on the side of it! Yes, it's a Hoover, and there could be no finer recommendation than that. Only Hoover could offer you this millionaire washing machine at such a down-to-earth price!



Look at the PLUS that Hoover gives you!

1. Does ALL the wash for a big family.
2. Cuts out soaking, rubbing, boiling.
3. Washes whites in 4 minutes; rayons in 1 minute.
4. Washes cleaner than you can by hand.
5. So gentle because the exclusive Hoover Pulsator doesn't yank and stretch the clothes but pulsates the water through the wash.
6. Tucks away in less than 3 feet of space... gives you more elbow room in the laundry.

... AND IT'S **HOOVER** MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S BEST CLEANER

**FREE!** How to have spare time on washdays: I am interested in the Hoover plan for easier washdays. Please send me details of the Hoover Washing Machine, without obligation. Post to Hoover (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Box 3761, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., in unsolicited envelope bearing T.J.d. stamp.

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ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

T/10/50. HW.2A.VVW142



**T**HERE is hardly any chance at all that we will drown him; the only hazard is that Linda will tow him up on to the sand at such a rate of speed that he will scratch his elbows.

At any rate, once ashore, all Mr. Clendenning can possibly say is, my goodness, these new bathing-suits do give a rescuer wonderful freedom of the arms, don't they? Another ounce of wool on that dear girl and I would have drowned like a gopher. Oh, what a fool I have been!

By this time I will have paddled brokenly to shore, and I will step up and divulge Linda's real identity, with the camera shutters snapping like popcorn.

We will then shake hands all round, Mr. Clendenning will go back East and okay all our pictures, and we will all live happily ever after. What's the matter with that plan? No other publicity man in Hollywood would even have thought of it.

As ever,  
GEORGE.

George Seibert  
Hotel Flagler Palm Isle Fla

If you so much as say hello to Clendenning I'll have you dragged through the streets of that place behind a used car. Distribution end of this firm needs no help from you. Cancel the whole ridiculous plan at once and leave Clendenning strictly alone and get Linda out of there. Immediately.

RICHARD L. REED.

Richard L. Reed  
Federal Pictures Hollywood  
Calif

Too late to flee. Local newspaperman has recognised Linda and is threatening to blow whistle on us. Maintains we have deeply wronged local beauties. Imperative carry out boating excursion immediately. We embark at ten this morning. Will wire you by noon with glad tidings or my obituary.

GEORGE.

## Mister Million *Continued from page 22*

Chief of Police  
Palm Isle Fla

One of our most valued employees, a Mr. George Seibert, registered Flagler Hotel your city, has suffered complete mental collapse. Seize and hold him for further instructions. And watch out. He's tricky.

Richard L. Reed  
Director of Publicity  
Federal Pictures, Inc.  
City Jail

Palm Isle, Florida  
January 21, 1950

Mr. Richard L. Reed  
Director of Publicity, Federal  
Pictures

Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Reed, Sir:

Well, of all the ungrateful things! How about getting me out of here?

Actually, it isn't too uncomfortable. I have been giving the boys a little help with the publicity plans for their annual Policeman's Ball, and they have just moved me to the bridal suite with the ocean view. But for some reason they refuse to let me out till they hear from you. So let them hear, Richard, let them hear.

But perhaps you would first like a few details about this morning's busy goings on. By now you have no doubt seen the papers, but there often are a few things the reporters don't get quite right.

In the first place, it was not my fault that things didn't work out quite as I'd originally planned. Everything went strictly according to the original script at first. I got the boat, sawed the hole, got Linda, got Clendenning—she introduced me as her Uncle George from Kalama-zoo—and we took off.

As we cleared the breakwater I first thought that maybe I'd overdone it slightly. The broken concrete I had piled in the bait tank was making us ride a little low in the

water. However, I didn't let it bother me. There was seepage through the crack I'd sawed, but I thought we'd stay afloat long enough for the plan to work.

We were hardly a mile offshore when tragedy struck. I turned to smile back at Linda, and discovered that she was rapidly turning as green as her beautiful taut slacks.

"I think maybe I'm getting sick," she said.

"You can't!" I cried, and, jumping up to aid her, I stepped on the place I'd sawed in the boat and stuck my leg into the Atlantic Ocean up to the hip. In so doing I somehow managed to hit my head on the side of the boat, and passed out colder than a trout.

When I opened my eyes, revived by the water, Mr. Clendenning was swimming about as briskly as a goldfish, holding Linda up with one hand and slapping me in the face with the other. The man swims like a barracuda. I noticed that he had even removed his tie and shoes.

"Pardon me," he said, "but it's an emergency."

"It's quite all right," I said. "I think I can get in all right now," shucking off my own clothes down to my swimming-trunks, "and if you'll strip some of that chartruese foliage off Linda, you can probably tow her in all right."

"Linda?" he said.

"I'll tell you later," I said.

"Do you think we should?" he said.

"Sure," I said, "it's an emergency. And besides, she probably has her bathing-suit on under it."

"All right," he said. And, treading water, he peeled off Linda's water-soaked clothing like a man repairing an atomic bomb. Under her

slacks and sweater she did have on her bathing-suit, such as it was. During the disrobing she didn't let out a peep, incidentally, being at the moment a very ill girl.

When we finally got to the beach, I was too weary to be of any help whatever, and Mr. Clendenning, his eyes round as buggy wheels, gathered Linda up in his arms and carried her up on to the dry sand.

Then we all sank down exhausted, and suddenly there were about five million people milling around us, the lifeguards wrapping us in blankets, photographers taking pictures, doctors arriving, the jealous newspaper guy jumping up and down denouncing Linda as a ring-in. Then Mr. Clendenning, who is really a pretty fine old boy, took a deep breath and faced the newspaper guy.

"Whatever this young woman has done," he said, "she has just very nearly drowned, and for the moment I would suggest that you keep a civil tongue in your head."

At that I revived rapidly, and told Mr. Clendenning and the reporters that all Linda had been trying to do was have a small incognito vacation; I had been sent along to see that she wasn't bothered by autograph seekers, and we had certainly meant no harm to anyone.

"Exactly!" said Mr. Clendenning. "No one knows better than I how difficult it is for a person of prominence in this world to enjoy any privacy, even on a vacation. May I assist you to your hotel, Miss Riley?"

Clendenning calmly took Linda's arm and escorted her with great dignity across the strand to the hotel. No man can save the life of a girl like Linda, and hold her, however ill, in his arms, and ever be quite the same man again. Particularly if he is not used to that sort of thing.

**Y**OU see, Dick, that's where the luck I was talking about comes in. Last night before all this happened, as I was sawing the hole in the boat, I chanced to see Mr. Clendenning, in a bathing suit straight out of a Mack Sennett comedy, creep down to the shore, plunge in, and take off like a man equipped with an outboard motor. Amazed, I finished my work, and then hastened up and had a short talk with one of the more ancient desk clerks.

"Why, yes," he said, "Mr. Clendenning is an excellent swimmer. But, like many of our older guests, he prefers a somewhat outmoded suit, and therefore swims at night, thus avoiding ridicule."

Well! And that's when I switched the plot. Because if there's one thing that gives a man a greater sense of gratitude than saving his own life, it's giving him the privilege of saving your life, particularly if you are a girl like Linda. And that is why I slipped Linda the small mickie in her breakfast orange juice.

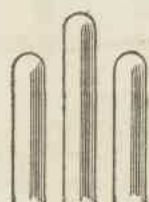
And for all this my reward is to get clapped in the squeezer. Truly it does not pay in this world to have unusual ability.

What did I do when your gentlemen seized me? What could I do? I called my attorney, Clendenning. He is even now preparing a suit that will curl your hair—I believe he mentioned false imprisonment and defamation of character.

Actually, of course, I haven't called him at all, but I might if you don't get a key and a bonus over here with great speed. These concrete floors could give a man arthritis.

As ever,  
GEORGE.

(Copyright)



### ROUND-ENDED

### BRISTLES



## ENABLE YOU TO BRUSH GUMS AS WELL AS TEETH



Old, ordinary knife-end bristles



New, round-ended Wisdom bristles

We all know we should brush our gums! But have you ever tortured yourself with an ordinary toothbrush . . . drawn blood when you tried to brush-stimulate your gums?

With a Wisdom tooth-and-gum brush you can brush your gums with comfort! Because each bristle on every Wisdom toothbrush has a specially rounded end.

Rounded ends are smooth against your gums. Try a Wisdom straight away. Tone up the tissues. Feel how your gums become firm.

Wisdom's arrangement of the bristles also ensures the most thorough cleansing of your teeth.

**WISDOM GIVES YOU ROUNDED ENDS**

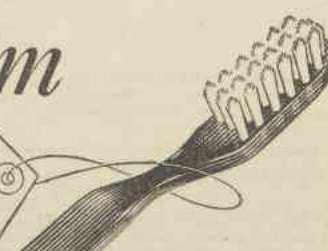
BRUSH . . . UP . . . YOUR . . . SMILE . . .



WITH THE BRUSH FOR TEETH AND GUMS

# Wisdom

NATURAL BRISTLE 2/3  
NYLON BRISTLE 1/3







"Beautiful, ain't it? I can hardly wait 'til somebody buys it an' leaves it parked in th' street."

# It seems to me . . .

**A**USTRALIAN troops who are training in Japan for Korea had a quick introduction to war-time conditions when the edge of a typhoon struck the area in which they were training.

Heavy wind and rain followed by intense heat during a four-day tactical training exercise in rough country brought back memories of the last war to those of the men who enlisted a few weeks ago after some years in civilian life. The country the troops train in bears some resemblance to Korea, with rough hills and valleys filled with rice fields and narrow roads.



Dorothy Drain

in Japan

**T**HERE are doubtless many people who think that Australia has taken rather a long time to send its troops into action.

But it would have been useless to send in a battalion until supply arrangements were complete and until reinforcements had had training with the men already here. Those who, from armchairs at home, talk of delays would doubtless have been the first to criticise if our men had gone into Korea before they were ready.

The Australian battalion has trained with American hoochies as well as with its own weapons, and signallers learned to use American and Australian signals equipment. They will have American rations, as do the British troops already fighting in Korea.

**C**ONSTANT possibility of typhoons and earthquakes in Japan is a reminder that nature can still cause nearly as much misery as mankind can.

As typhoon "Kezia" approached Japan, the damage done by typhoon "Jane" less than a fortnight before was still being reported in the papers. The typhoons are given female names, though whether this is because the meteorologist who names them doesn't like women, I can't say.

**A**ROUND Kure, typhoon "Kezia" reached what is officially called "phase two."

"Phase two" meant a night and day of high wind and heavy rain with flooding in some places.

A few Japanese houses were washed away, and one Japanese servant announced to her employers when she arrived in the morning, "House finish."

The danger point is "phase three," when service personnel are confined to their unit lines. I imagine that another way of putting "phase three" is "hell let loose."

The overriding thought in Japan is what bad weather means to aircraft over Korea. You wonder what the weather's like there, and how the plane crews are faring. Bad weather there, by limiting air activity, throws the advantage into enemy hands.

I remembered a night in Taegu when a violent thunderstorm broke and lightning struck the telephone of the house where I was staying. (The American Army mechanic who came to repair the telephone next day remarked that sabotage as well as weather was a frequent cause of phone breakdowns.)

The storm abated, leaving an aftermath of heavy cloud and drizzling rain—and silence instead of the sound of friendly aircraft. With a roof over your head and a bed to sleep in, you thought of the troops out in the lines, with the discomfort of rain added to the menace of an enemy for whom night at any time is an ally and a cover.

**B**UTCH troops had then not been long in Korea. They had come from New Territories on the mainland near Hongkong. They had been living in tents, and weren't strangers to hardship.

A British Air Force officer told me a story about an Army officer whom he had met in Hongkong shortly after a typhoon had struck the area where these British regiments were then stationed.

Tents had to be pulled down before the wind and rain reached it's full force, leaving the troops without cover.

"How did your men get on?" asked the Air Force officer.

"They sat in orderly rows," replied the Army officer briefly.

Though the Air Force officer told it to me as an amusing story, I think he felt, too, a justifiable pride in British discipline.

**L**ETTERS in the English language Japanese newspaper "Mainichi" on the day that typhoon "Kezia" was headed towards Honshu conveyed what letters to the editor often do—that no matter how broad the sweep of the event, the individual takes it personally.

On the same page as an item giving shipping loss figures from typhoon "Jane" was an acid letter from one S. Miyako, of Kobe, who lived beside a railway line which typhoon damage had blocked. Referring to what he described as the "unnecessary blowing of horns" by trains at normal times, he concluded bitterly, "I cannot say that I like typhoons, but as far as the Hankyu railways goes I wished we could have them every day because we all living along the Hankyu line had a real Sunday afternoon and evening and for once we could talk to each other quietly and give our already so shattered nerves a rest."

**T**HE Japanese Press is by no means so meek as it was in the early days of Occupation.

Listen to this, from "Mainichi," at the close of an interview with Bishop Yoshino, who recently visited Australia: "Bishop Yoshino is one of the Japanese who is in the world limelight, having attended many international ecclesiastical conferences. It is still fresh in our memory that his recent entrance into Australia as the first Japanese post-bellum visitor caused not a little sensation in the Antipodes."

If there isn't more than a suspicion of a sneer in that, I'm astray in my reading of it.

**P**EOPLE who are involved in war have far too much to do to spend a great deal of time thinking about its reasons, or its likely outcome.

Whether it's the man who is the final essence of war—the man behind the gun—or someone farther back headaching over "paper work," his mind is on the job in hand and the corner where he is.

However, when people do have time to think about what relation the war in Korea has to world events, you often hear the remark that the situation now resembles that in Munich year.

So it does in some respects, but it has one important difference. Twenty years elapsed between the end of World War I and Munich year, 1938. It is five years since the last war ended. There are a lot more people in all countries who are aware, from personal experience, of what war means.

History may resemble itself, but it doesn't repeat itself.

A FRAGRANT  
BEAUTY TREATMENT

From top  
to Toe

As unforgettably fresh and fragrant as a summer garden—that's Three Flowers Talcum Powder. Use it after your bath to give yourself a beauty treatment from top to toe. Three Flowers is as gentle as a caress. It quickly absorbs excess moisture—and leaves your skin feeling smooth and fresh, looking lovely, touched with a bewitching and unforgettable fragrance. Now in plentiful supply . . .

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Creation of Richard Hudnut

Companions in Glamour  
... Three Flowers Face  
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The perfect quality  
of Three Flowers  
Talc makes it ideal  
for baby, too!



TF14 82.50

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FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

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## LAUGHING, Joe

took a long drink of beer. "Well, how was I to know that you'd be turning up in Cairns?" He thought for a minute. "What are you doing here, anyway?" he asked. "You haven't told me that."

Jean was embarrassed in her turn. "I came into some money," she said. "I think Noel Strachan told you about that."

"That's right," he said kindly. "I didn't know what to do with myself then," she said. "I didn't want to go on working as a typist in a London suburb any more. And then I got the idea into my head that I wanted to do something for the village where we lived for those three years, Kuala Telang. I wanted to give them a well."

"A well?" he asked. "Sitting there with a glass of beer in her hand she told him about Kuala Telang, and about her friends there, and the washhouse, and the well. Then came the difficult bit."

"I thought that you were dead, Joe. But the well-diggers told me that you weren't, that you'd been put into the hospital, and you'd recovered. So I wanted to see if you were all right. I thought perhaps you might be still in hospital or something."

"Is that dinky-di?" he asked. "You came on to Australia because of me?"

"In a way," she said. "But don't let it put ideas into your head."

"Well, you're a fine one to talk about me wasting money," he said. "We'd have met all right if you'd stayed in England."

She said indignantly. "Well, how was I to know that you'd be turning up in England, and as fit as a fiddle?"

They sat drinking their beer for a time. "How did you get here?" he asked. "Where did you come to first?"

She told him all about it, and he listened keenly, every now and then breaking in to question her. She had just finished her recital when the bell rang downstairs for tea.

"We'd better go down, Joe," she said. "They don't like it if you're late."

"I know." He picked up his glass to drain it, but sat with it in his hand, untouched. At last he said, "What did you think of Willstown, Miss Paget?"

She smiled. "Look, Joe, forget about Miss Paget. You can call me Mrs. Boong or you can call me Jean, but if you go on with Miss Paget I'll go home to-morrow."

He smiled slightly. "All right, Mrs. Boong. What did you think of Willstown?"

"We'll be late for tea, Joe, if we start on that."

"Tell me," he said.

She smiled at him with her eyes. "I thought it was an awful place, Joe," she said quietly. "I can't see how anyone can bear to live there." She laid her hand upon his arm. "I want to talk to you about it, but we must go and have tea now."

He got up from his chair and set the glass down. "Too right," he said heavily. "It's a crook kind of a place for a woman."

They went down to tea and sat at a table together, Joe deep in gloom. When they had ordered, Jean said, "Joe, how long have you got? When have you got to be back at Midhurst?"

He raised his head and grinned. "When I'm ready to go back," he said. "I been away so long a few days more won't make any difference." He paused. "What about you?"

"I only came here to see if you were all right, Joe," she said. "I suppose I'll go down to Brisbane and start looking for a boat home next week."

Their food came, roast beef for Joe, cold ham and salad for Jean. "What have you been doing since

## A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 5

you came to Cairns?" he asked presently. "Been out to the reef?"

She shook her head. "He said: 'You can't go home without seeing the Great Barrier Reef.' He paused, and then he said, 'Would you like to go out to Green Island for the week-end?'"

She cocked an eye at him. "What's Green Island like?"

"It's just a coral island on the reef," he explained. "A little round one, about half a mile across. There's a restaurant on it and huts where you can stay, in among the trees. It's a bonza little place if you like bathing."

The suggestion certainly had its points, Jean thought. They knew so little about each other; they had so much to learn, so much to talk about.

"I'd like to do that, Joe," she said. He beamed with pleasure, and she was glad for him.

"I'll slip out after tea and find Ernie," he said. "He's got a boat, and he'll run us out there to-morrow. Then I'll ask him to come out and fetch us on Monday, say."

"All right," she agreed. "But look, Joe—this is to be Dutch treat." He did not understand that term. "I mean, you pay the boat one way and I'll pay it the other, and we both pay our own bills."

He objected strenuously. "If we don't do that, Joe, I won't come," she said. "I'll think you're plotting to do me a bit of no good."

He grinned. "Too right." And then he said, "All right, Mrs. Boong, we'll each pay our own whack."

He went out after tea and came back to her on the verandah half an hour later; he had found Ernie and arranged the boat, and he had bought a large basket of fruit to take with them. In the quick dusk and the darkness they sat together for some hours, talking of everything but Willstown.

**J**EAN learned a lot about Joe's early life on the various stations, and about his relatives in and around Cloncurry, about his war service, and about Midhurst.

"It's got a bonza rainfall, Midhurst has," he said. "We got thirty-four inches in the last wet; down at Alice it's a good year if you get ten inches. I've been asking Mrs. Spears if we couldn't build a couple of dams at the head of the creeks to hold back some of the water—one across the head of Kangaroo Creek and one on the Dry Gum."

"Did she agree?"

"She'll pay for them," he said. "Trouble is, of course, to get the labor. You can't get chaps to come and work in the outback. It's a fair cove."

"Why is that?" she asked. She had a very good idea, herself, but she wanted to hear his view.

"I don't know," he said. "They all want to go and work in the towns."

She did not pursue the subject; there was time enough for that. They talked of pleasant, unimportant things.

At ten o'clock they went to bed, prepared for an early start in the morning. They stood together in the darkness by the entrance to her room for a moment. "Have I changed much, Joe?" she asked.

He grinned. "I wouldn't have known you again."

"I didn't think you would. Six years is a long time."

"You haven't changed at all, really," he said. "You're the same person underneath."

"I think I am," she said slowly. "After the war I felt like an old woman, Joe. After Kuantan, I didn't think I'd ever enjoy anything again." She smiled. "Like a week-end at Green Island."

They left next morning in Ernie's fishing boat, a motor launch with a canopy. For two hours they chugged out over a smooth sea, trolling a line behind and catching two large, brilliantly colored horse mackerel.

Green Island appeared after an hour as the tops of coconut palms visible above the horizon; as they drew near the little circular island appeared, fringed round completely with a white coral beach. There was a long landing-stage built out over the shallow water of the reef.

They landed and walked down this together, pausing to look at the scarlet and blue fishes playing round the coral heads below.

There were no other visitors staying on the island, and they got two of the little bedroom huts in among the trees. They bathed at once, meeting upon the beach; Jean had a new white two-piece costume and was flattered at the reception that it got.

"It's pretty as a picture," Joe said. As they turned to go into the water she saw his back for the first time, lined and puckered and distorted, with enormous scars. Deep pity for him welled up in her at the sight; this man had been hurt enough for her already. She must not hurt him any more.

He glanced back at her and said, "We'd better not go in more than about knee-deep. There's plenty of sharks round here." And then he looked at her more closely, and said, "What's the matter?"

She laughed quickly. "It's the sun," she said. "It's making my eyes water. I ought to have brought my dark glasses."

"I'll go and get them. Where are they?"

"I don't want them, really." She threw herself forward in a shallow dive over the sand in about two feet of water, and rolled over on her back, flinging the water from her face. "It's marvellous," she said.

They rolled over in the blue translucent water, the sun came shimmering through the ripples and made silvery lights upon the coral sand around them. Afterwards they went up from the beach into the shade of the trees and sat smoking for a time; then they went back to their huts to change for lunch.

Harman had arranged a light lunch for her—cold meat and fruit. She was touched by the care that he was taking to make her week-end a success. While struggling to eat a mango discreetly, she asked, "Joe, why don't places like Willstown have more fresh fruit? Won't it grow?"

"Mangoes grow all right," he said. "We've got three or four mango trees at Midhurst. Aren't there any in the town? I'd have thought there must be."

"I don't believe there are. I never saw any fruit in the hotel, or anywhere on sale."

"Oh, well, maybe you wouldn't. People don't seem to bother much about it. Some places have every shade tree a mango tree. Cooktown, in the early summer you drive over them all along the road."

"Don't the people like fresh fruit and vegetables? I mean, they get all sorts of skin diseases through not having them."

"It's too hot for the old folks to work in gardens, like in other places," he said. "There aren't enough people in the country to grow things like that. We can't even get men to work on the stations—we have to use two-thirds boongs as stockriders, or more. There just aren't enough people. They won't come to the outback."

She said thoughtfully: "There were plenty of fresh vegetables at Alice Springs."

"Ah, yes," he replied. "Alice is different. Alice is a bonza little town."

Please turn to page 29



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IN the heat of the day, after lunch, Joe and Jean both slept, then they bathed again before tea. In the cool of the evening they went out to the end of the jetty and fished.

They caught several sand snappers and three of four brilliant red and blue fish which were poisonous to eat and had to be handled with a glove because they stung; then tiring of this rather unprofitable sport they rolled up their lines and sat and watched the sunset over the heights of the Atherton Tablelands on the horizon.

"It's funny," Jean said. "You go to a new country, and you expect everything to be different, and then you find there's such a lot that stays the same. That sunset looks just like it does in England, on a fine summer evening."

"Do you see much that's like England here?" he asked.

She smiled. "Not on Green Island, and not much in Willstown. But in Cairns—a lot. Even the newsboys sounded exactly like they did in Ealing."

"Ealing's the place near London where you lived when you were working, isn't it?"

"That's right. It's a part of London, really—a suburb."

"Are you going to live there again when you go home?"

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I don't know what I'm going to do, Joe."

In the evening light, sitting together on the jetty and watching the sunset over the calm water, she had expected him to follow up this opening, and she was disappointed that he did not do so. She had expected more than this of him, and that she didn't get it was beginning to distress her.

Joe Harman's behaviour towards her had been above reproach; he had not tried to kiss her or even to make opportunities of touching her. But for the fact that he had been to England for no other purpose than to look for her, she might have thought he wasn't interested in her at all.

It was no better when they went to bed. She would have liked to have been kissed, in the quiet darkness under the palm trees, but Joe didn't do it. They said good-night in the most orderly way, then retired to their own huts with perfect decorum.

Jean lay awake for some time, restless and troubled. She had taken it for granted that they would arrive at some emotional conclusion at Green Island, but if things went on as they were going they would leave on Monday with nothing settled at all. If that happened, she would have to go down to Brisbane and go home; there would be no excuse for doing anything else. The thought was almost unbearable.

She knew that her English ways were strange to him; he could not know how very willing she was to adapt herself to his Queensland life. Perhaps, too, her money stood between them.

Things were no better the next day. They bathed in the cool of the morning in the marvellous translucent sea; they walked out upon the reef at low tide to see the colored coral; they paddled about in a glass-bottomed boat to see the colored fishes, and a good six inches separated them all the time.

By tea time they were finding that they had exhausted their light conversation; the restraint was heavy upon both of them, and there were long awkward pauses when neither of them seemed to know what to say.

In the evening light they decided to walk round the island on the beach. She left him at the door of her hut, and said, "Give me a couple of minutes, Joe. I don't want to go round the beach in this frock."

When she came out again from the hut, he turned in the half light, and instantly he was back in the Malay

## A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 27

scene of six years ago. She was wearing the same old faded cotton sarong or one very like it, held up in a roll under her arms; her brown shoulders and her brown arms were bare.

She was barefooted, and her hair hung down in a long plait, tied at the end with a bit of string, as it had been in Malaya. She was no longer the strange English girl with money; she was Mrs. Boong again, the Mrs. Boong he had remembered all those years.

She came to him rather shyly and put both hands on his shoulders, and said, "Is this better, Joe?"

The next moment, she was locked in his arms and he was kissing her hungrily.

Then, holding her more gently, he began talking in broken, incoherent sentences, trying to tell her all that had been in his mind about her for years, how much he had dreamed of her, how he loved her.

"Me too, Joe," she murmured.

He looked down into her eyes.

"Say that again."

She drew his head down to her and kissed him. "Dear Joe. Of course I'm in love with you," she said. "What do you think I came to Australia for?"

"Will you marry me?"

"Of course I'll marry you," she laughed softly up at him.

They strolled on and stood upon the beach in the bright moonlight, holding each other close. "I never knew a man could be so happy," he said once.

Half an hour later she said, "Joe, we're both tired now, and it's time for bed. We've got an awful lot to talk about, but we'll talk better in the morning."

She was so tired that when she got into her hut she did not light the candle, but fell upon her bed and loosened her sarong, Malay fashion, and slept almost at once. She woke with the first light of dawn and lay reflecting upon what had happened, absurdly happy.

They met for a morning swim, then sat very close together on the beach in the cool morning breeze, talking and talking and talking. They had no difficulty in finding things to talk of now, and even their silences were intimate.

BACK ON the beach after breakfast, Joe said, "I've been thinking. I'm going to give up Midhurst, soon as Mrs. Spears can find another manager."

Jean listened in consternation; what was coming now?

"If we could get a grazing farm for fattening, not too far from Adelaide, some place that's on the railway down from Alice Springs and not too far from the shatter, that's what I'd like to do. I think we might be able to find a place like that only about fifty miles from the city, so as we could get in any time."

She sat in silence for a minute; this needed careful handling. "Why do you want to do that, Joe? What's wrong with Midhurst?"

"It's too far from anywhere," he said. "All right for a single man, perhaps, but not for a married couple."

"But Joe," she said, "is that the sort of work you want to do? Just buying store cattle from the outback and fattening them? It sounds awfully dull to me. Are you fed up with the outback?"

He ground his cigarette out on the floor beneath his heel. "There's places that suit single men and places that suit married people," he said. "You got to make a change or two when you get married. The Gulf Country's no place for a woman. Not unless she's been brought up and raised in the outback, and sometimes not then."

She said slowly, "I know what you're afraid of. You're afraid that

a girl straight out from England, a girl like me, will be unhappy in the outback, Joe. You're afraid that I'll get restless and start making excuses to go and stay in the city. You're afraid that if we start at Midhurst you'll be trying me too hard, and that our marriage will go wrong."

She raised her eyes and looked at him. "That's what you're afraid of, isn't it, Joe?"

He met her eyes. "Too right," he said.

She said, "Well, I'm afraid of changing your job." She paused. "I can't believe that that would ever work out properly, that a man should change his work because his wife couldn't stand conditions that he could. If you do change—well, presently you'll think about the Gulf Country, and how you had to give it up, because of me."

"You said you couldn't stand Willstown," he objected. "Burke-town and Croydon—well, they're just the same."

"I know," she said thoughtfully. And then she added, "So there's only one thing to do."

"What's that?"

She smiled at him. "We'll have to do something about Willstown."

"Do something? How?"

"Joe," she said. "Listen to me carefully. Would you think it very stupid if I said I wanted to start a business in Willstown?"

He stared at her. "A business? What sort of business could you do in Willstown?"

She started in to tell him all that she was planning, about her work with Park and Levy, and Aggie Topp, and alligator skins, and the ice-cream parlor.

Half an hour later she said, "That's what I want to do, Joe. Do you think it's crazy?"

He was looking thoughtful. "I don't know."

"There's another thing about it all, Joe," she said. "I feel that there's more to it than just employing a few girls. You say the men are all leaving the Gulf Country, and men won't come to the outback. Well, of course they won't if they can't get a girl. And all the girls go because they can't get a job. For every girl I make a job for, I believe you'll get a man to work at Midhurst. Don't you think that's true?"

"I don't know." He stared out over the sea to the dim blue line of the Tableland. "It'd certainly help to have a flock of girls around. It can be lonely in the outback, oh, my word."

They went and changed for lunch. And over lunch, Jean knew she had won him to her idea, for he began discussing it with keen interest. Finally he said, "About this tanning and dressing the alligator skins, I'd give that away."

He went on to say that he was very much against attempting to do that in Willstown; it was messy work, unsuitable for girls, and no men were available to do it. He told her that there was a tannery in Cairns which could dress skins.

"A joker called Gordon runs it," he said. "He was over in the Gulf Country last year. We could go and see him to-morrow afternoon, if you like."

With his knowledge of station management he was a great help to her with suggestions for the workshop. "I'd make it good and big, while you're at it," he said. "It's the transport of the wood to Willstown that's going to cost the money." He thought for a minute.

"There's three of you new girls coming in to live in Willstown, if all goes right," he said. "You and this Rose Sawyer and this Aggie Topp. Why don't you make your workshop building a bit bigger and have three bed sitting-rooms at the end, walled off from the rest of it and with a separate entrance?"

Please turn to page 35

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## TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★★ Broken Arrow

THIS technicolor Western from 20th Century-Fox is essentially a sentimental Indian romance of Arizona in 1870, laced with plenty of conventional white versus redman action.

Magnificent scenic vistas make perfect camera fodder.

As well as supplying the usual Western ingredients of raids, ambush, and cavalry clashes with the Indians, director Delmer Daves has endowed the movie with a dignity and placidity that will come as a pleasant surprise to connoisseurs of outdoor sagas.

Whether the story has any historical basis doesn't really matter. It concerns thoughtful frontiersman James Stewart, who proposes a truce between white settlers and red tribes to feared Apache leader Cochise (Jeff Chandler), and succeeds.

Stewart's daring is also rewarded with success on another plane, for he meets and marries an Indian maiden, Debra Paget.

Treachery on both sides threatens the uneasy peace, which is finally bought at the expense of the mixed love affair when the girl-wife is shot from ambush by white renegades.

Lanky Jimmie Stewart is quietly effective, and Chandler is suitably powerful.

In Sydney—Plaza.

### ★ Copper Canyon

PARAMOUNT'S vigorous Western "Copper Canyon" recounts the clashes between a group of Confederates, who are being robbed of their copper mines, and a bunch of unscrupulous Northerners in the post-Civil War period of America.

The studio has given this evergreen material the sophisticated touches of off-beat characterisations, handsome decor, and bold technicolor. But the onlooker is not likely to be unduly stirred.

The action commences with the arrival of Ray Milland's sharp-shooting southerner ex-Colonel Desmond, travelling incognito.

Out to get the lowdown on the robberies, he proceeds cautiously with lovely Federal agent Lisa (Hedy Lamarr), and secures most evidence through her. He falls in love with the lady, whose intentions, naturally, prove to be not so bad as they are painted.

The main conflict stems from a crooked deputy sheriff, played by

In Sydney—Embassy.



GREER GARSON takes a lesson from Leo Genn on the correct way to hold a squash racket between scenes of recently completed "The Minister's Story," in which they head cast with Walter Pidgeon and John Hodiak.



TWO WIVES ... and happy about it. James Whitmore is perfectly at home with his real wife, Nancy (left) and his screen wife, of "The Next Voice You Hear," Nancy Davis, to judge from this bedside-the-set snapshot.

Macdonald Carey, wearing a heavily menacing air.

Lots of chase sequences, gunplay, and saloon brawling punctuate the loose screenplay, which has Mona Freeman and Harry Carey Jr., as second romantic team, plus a capable supporting cast.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

### ★ Saints and Sinners

AN Irish village steeped in tradition and superstition provides the charming background for this curious little film from London Films.

In telling the jumbled story of Michael Kissane (Kieron Moore), who has recently returned to the village of Kilwirra determined to clear himself of a theft charge and reclaim his fiancée (Sheila Mannahan), producer-director Leslie Arliss introduces numerous character drawings, and in this sense the film is intermittently amusing.

It falls short, however, in expression of Irish whimsy, and the finale is both tasteless and confusing as the folk who have found it difficult to resist temptation and keep to the straight and narrow path struggle bare-footed to a hilltop, apparently in a spirit of penitence.

When Michael Kissane first goes back to his village, only two or three friends extend a welcoming hand. One is the Canon, a role filled extremely well by Michael Dolan. Another is Ma Murnaghan (Maire O'Neill), the guileful old wise woman of the village, who is largely responsible for Michael clearing his reputation.

The touch of glamor supplied by Christine Norden as a visitor to the town is out of keeping with the script.

In Sydney—Embassy.



FILM ACTRESS 21-year-old Susan Shaw and her actor husband Albert Lieven look happy as they stand at the gate of their charming home near Tilford, in the heart of Surrey.

### Her Wonderful Lie

MADE in Italy and released by Columbia, "Her Wonderful Lie" parallels its plot with Puccini's opera, "La Boheme."

The film has neither grip nor reality nor the beauty of fantasy.

Whatever the merits of matching the film and opera plots may have been, poor treatment spoils any chances of a film success. Direction, decor, and photography are below par. The camera jumps from one subject to another, failing to point the action.

Enjoyment of the arias rendered by husband-and-wife team Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth is denied by a faulty sound-track, so that even the music is disappointing.

When the pair are not singing and romancing the screen is filled with an American cast which includes Gil Lamb, Sterling Holloway, and Marc Platt.

In Sydney—Variety.

WHEN Paramount shelved its project for the Bing Crosby-Bill "Hopalong" Boyd starrer, "Pardners," it looked as though the pair would never get together for a picture. But the studio now says that Bing and Hoppy, and possibly Crosby's four sons, will make another film instead. At this writing the new film was unnamed, but was to follow the groaner's current "You Belong To Me." Leo McCarey will direct the new film with Frank Butler doing the screen play from a story written by him and McCarey.

### ON OTHER PAGES

Hollywood Lovelies, Page 55  
"The Furies," Page 56  
Lawford for Australia, Page 59

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 7, 1950





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# DOROTHY OSBORNE: A faithful heart

● To Dorothy Osborne love was the most absorbing subject in the world. Although most women share the interest, Dorothy's was stimulated by the fact that the course of her own true love was rough and obstacle-strewn. She had to spend six unhappy years fighting for her family's approval to marry William Temple.

THE letters she wrote to William Temple during those years of waiting were not written for publication, although they have brought her a fair measure of fame.

No woman could have been less anxious for renown than the sensitive, fastidious Dorothy.

Unlike the letters of most professional writers, hers are not literary five-finger exercises written with one eye on a dictionary and the other on posterity. They are written simply and from the heart.

Apart from their value as a picture of the life of a well-bred young woman during the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, Dorothy's letters tell the story of a true and tender romance.

Though sometimes she is despondent (especially when there seems no prospect of marrying William) she is never dull. Her comments about her many suitors and her neighbors are usually witty, often ironic, and sometimes biting.

Dorothy was the youngest of the five children of Sir Peter and Lady Osborne. Even as a child she was grave. Her mother used to say that her eyes were sad, "as if all her friends were dead."

Naturally pessimistic, Dorothy was brought to the brink of despair by successive misfortunes that blighted the lives of so many Royalist families during the Civil War in England.

Her father, the Governor of Guernsey and master of a big estate, Chicksands, in Bedfordshire, was driven into impoverished exile at St. Malo, France. One of her brothers was killed fighting for the Royalist cause.

Dorothy spent much of her teens with the rest of the family on the charity of friends and relatives in England.

In 1648 she and her nearest brother, Robin, crossed to St. Malo to join their father. By chance a fellow-traveller was William Temple, a brilliant, handsome man of 21, the son and heir of Sir John Temple, Master of the Irish Rolls, who had compromised with the Roundheads. He was on his way to finish his education on the Continent.

The party put up for a night at an inn near Carisbrooke on the Isle of Wight. King Charles I was imprisoned nearby at the time, and Robin was incensed at reports of his treatment by the Roundheads.

On their departure, Robin scrawled an insult—a Bible text likening local Roundheads to beasts—on a window-pane of the inn. As a result, the party was hauled back and brought before the Governor, Colonel Hammond.

Seeing her brother in danger, Dorothy dashed forward and declared she had written the words on the window-pane.

Colonel Hammond was gracious enough to let the fair offender go unpunished, and the party was allowed to continue the journey.

Dorothy's bravery made a great impression on young Temple. Her subtle good looks and quiet sense of fun conquered him. For her part, Dorothy liked even his faults of pride and impatience.

By the time they reached St. Malo, they were in love.

They seemed excellently matched, but their families thought otherwise. Sir John Temple and Sir Peter Osborne disliked each other. Each thought that his child could catch a bigger matrimonial prize.

The real nigger in the woodpile was Dorothy's brother, Colonel Henry Osborne, who was possessively jealous of Dorothy and would have resented any man she loved. He branded William "arrogant" and "atheistic," and worked strenuously against him.

In 1652 when the government, at the price of the rest of Sir Peter's fortune, allowed him to return to Chicksands, Dorothy and William had apparently accepted their parents' decision.

Lady Osborne died the following year, and Dorothy, dutiful youngest child, nursed her father in the somewhat gloomy mansion—a father who was broken in health and fortune, saddened by political eclipse and the execution of the King.

William Temple completed his Continental tour, but Dorothy thought he had forgotten her until his return to England in December, 1652, when he wrote to her.

Her restrained, cautious reply is the first of her surviving letters.

The following February they met for ten days in London, and after that their correspondence continued regularly, although under difficulties.

Each Monday, Dorothy's letter left for London by carrier. It was sent to a Mrs. Painter in Covent Garden, so that the family would not discover how often she wrote to William.

Temple often had to get up at 4 o'clock on Thursday morning to catch the return post if he had not finished his reply the previous night—a sacrifice about which Dorothy teased him, for he was a confirmed late riser.

Dorothy's love letters are not full of the passionate declarations and extravagant avowals of constancy which were typical of her contemporaries and which might have been expected in the circumstances.

She signs herself "A faithful friend." Chided by William for coldness, she calls him simply, "Dear." But her very restraint gives an impression of overwhelming love.

There is a pervading feeling of confidence in William, a calm certainty that they share each other's secret thoughts and feelings. "My very dreams are yours," she writes.

Another time she describes a walk in the garden in the jasmine-scented evening. "And yet I was not pleased," Dorothy declares,



DOROTHY OSBORNE, who thought it vulgar for a gentlewoman to write for publication. She is famous for her love letters.

"because you were not with me."

But most of the time Dorothy tells William the local gossip and comments on the news of London.

For instance, when General Monk married a seamstress, she remarked of the so-called mesalliance that the bride "was surely no more unsuitable to her position than the rest of the Parliamentary ladies."

When the astonishing Duchess of Newcastle published a book of verse, Dorothy wrote in horror at the notion:

"Sure the poor woman is a little distracted. She could never be so ridiculous else as to venture writing books, and in verse too."

After reading the book, she commented: "I am satisfied there are many soberer people in Bedlam."

Nobody is too dull, no event too trivial to tell William about. Even her unwelcome suitors, who were many and varied, are described at length.

It is a tribute to Dorothy's beauty and charm that so many men should have sought her out in that quiet backwater.

One of her most persistent wooers, unexpectedly enough, was Henry Cromwell, second son of Protector Oliver Cromwell.

Another was Mr. Wingfield, "whose heart is so taken up with little philosophical studies that I wonder how I found room there."

A third was Sir Justinian Isham, a widower . . . "Twas the vainest, impertinent, self-conceited, learned cockcomb that I ever saw." She nicknamed him, "The Emperor."

Her ideal husband should not be merely "a country gentleman as to understand nothing but hawks and dogs," nor "a Justice of the Peace, who reads no book but Statutes," nor "a town-gallant that makes court to all the women he sees," nor "a travelled monsieur whose head is all feather inside and outside."

● The real Dorothy Osborne is best found in her letters, edited by Edward Parry. Other books about her are T. P. Courtenay's "Memoirs of William Temple," Lord David Cecil's "Two Quiet Lives," and a chapter in the second volume of Virginia Woolf's "The Common Reader."

## FAMOUS WOMEN

To Dorothy, marriage was not the happy culmination of romantic love, but a social institution. If it turned out badly, it was probably the wife's fault and she should make the best of it.

A husband kissing his wife in public was "as ill a sight as one could wish to see," while the husband who let his wife bully him was not worthy of the name.

Dorothy approved the action of a woman acquaintance who, married to a man whose habit it was to get up in the middle of the night and beat a table with a stick, did not protest, but merely put a cushion on the table before going to bed.

Meantime brother Henry made trouble over William, and threw Dorothy into recurrent panic by deliberately encouraging suitors.

Apprised of the situation, William demanded to be allowed visit Chicksands, but Dorothy implored him not to worsen the situation by doing so.

She was so harried by her brother Henry that towards the end of October, 1653, she wrote to William ending the unofficial engagement. It was not fair of her to waste his life, she said.

William replied threatening suicide. At this she hastened to exercise her woman's privilege. Not only did she change her mind but she promised to wait forever if necessary.

More than once Temple suggested eloping, but Dorothy firmly refused to consider the proposal. She would wait for him, she would pine away and die for him, but she would not marry him by stealth.

Yet such was her low state of mind that, although she reiterated her longing to marry him, she observed that it really served no purpose, because most marriages turned out badly anyhow!

As time wore on Dorothy became more despondent. "I do not know that I ever desired anything earnestly in my life but 'twas denied me," she said. "I am many times afraid to wish a thing, lest that my fortune should take that occasion to use me ill."

In July, 1654, Dorothy left to spend the summer with her sister at Knowlton, Kent. "Shall we never be happy?" she asked Temple, wistfully. But while she was there, negotiations for a marriage settlement were at last opened between the Temples and the Osbornes.

Somewhat, between fiery Sir John Temple on the one hand and spiteful Henry Osborne on the other, an agreement was hammered out.

In October, Dorothy went to London to prepare for her wedding. Among her letters are two brief notes which she wrote to Temple at the time. They are the gayest, happiest in the collection, and they end her love letters.

But they are not the end of Dorothy's story.

A week before the wedding day she contracted smallpox. She was gravely ill, and, mindful of the risk, Temple stayed with her most of the time.

By Christmas she had recovered, but her beauty was completely destroyed.

They were married as soon as she was well. The actual date is not known, and it is believed the ceremony was performed by a Justice of the Peace.

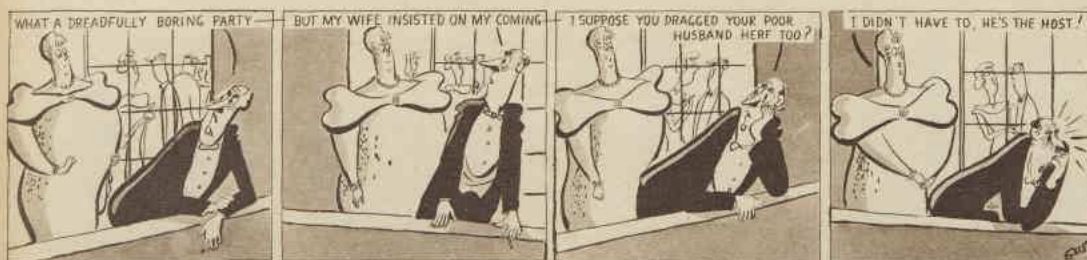
Their marriage was "evidently as happy as they had hoped, although the loss of five children in infancy seems to justify Dorothy's forebodings. The only child who lived to manhood, Jack, unaccountably suicided in the Thames when he was 21.

William prospered and became Sir William, British Ambassador at The Hague and Brussels.

Dorothy died in 1695 after some 40 years of married life.

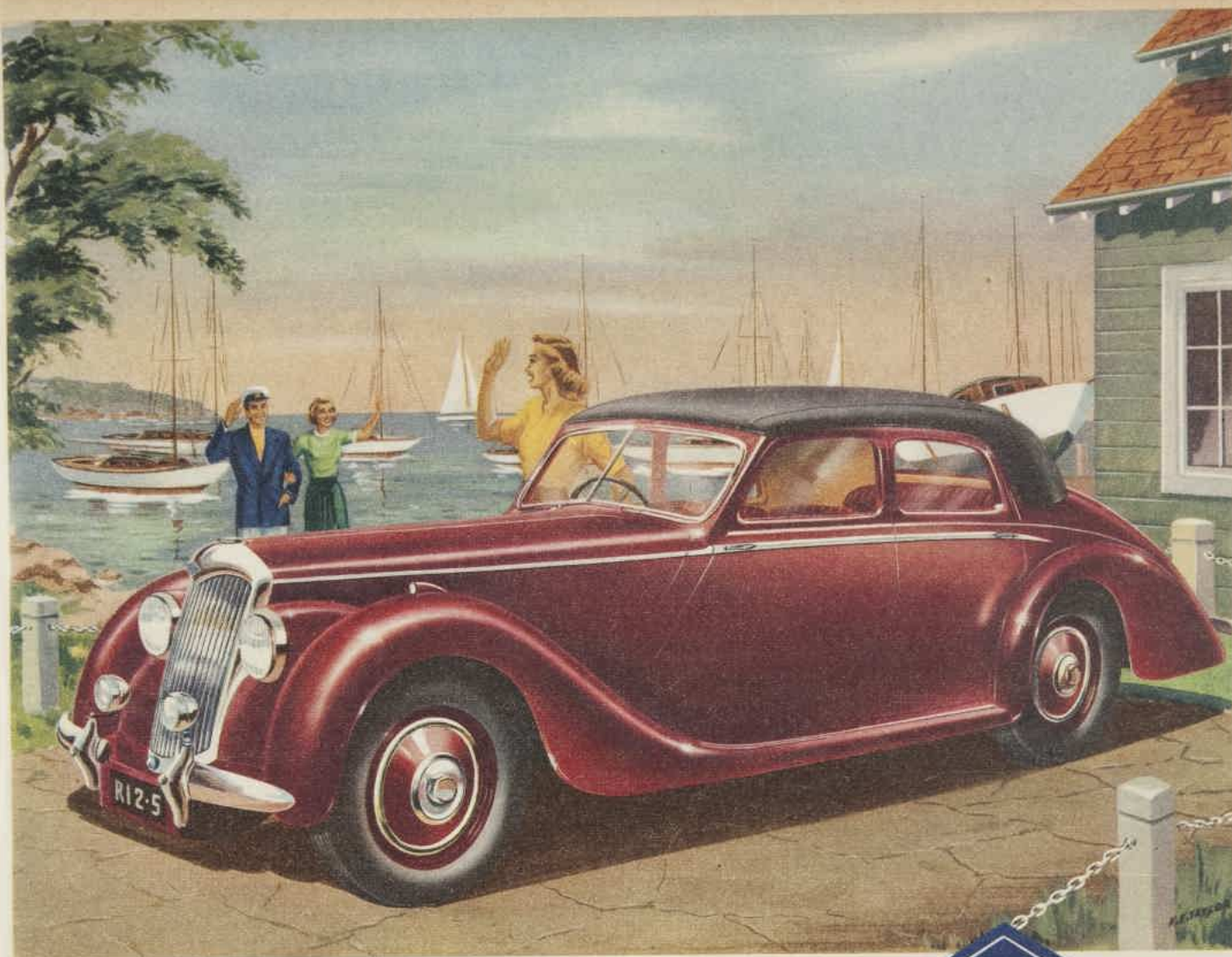
Among the close friends of her later years was the young Jonathan Swift; and he—a waspish fellow at the best of times—saluted her as: "Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise, and great."

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



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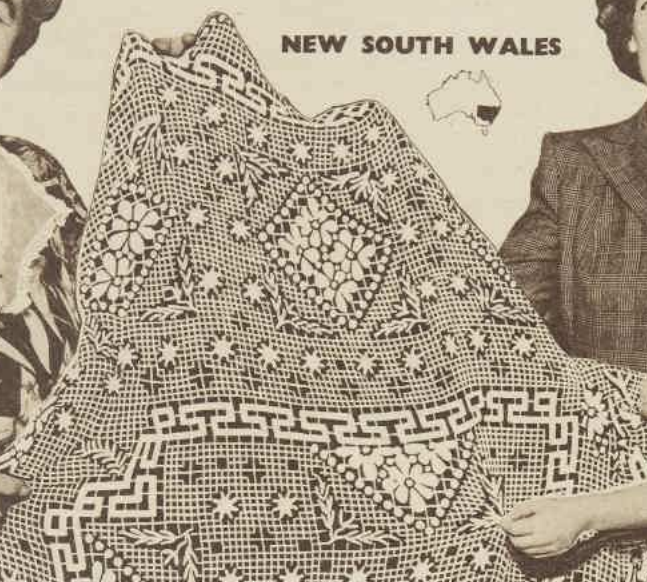


says Aunt Jenny

"These letters are some of the many written to me, proving that Velvet is an Australia-wide favourite. Read these real-life stories and see how Velvet has been a true friend in each household."



## NEW SOUTH WALES



12 Princess Highway  
Armidale, N.S.W.  
Dear Aunt Jenny,  
Here is a photograph of myself, my daughter and my grand daughter, snuggled holding my crocheted bedspread.  
This bedspread has a history that goes back to when we moved to the city and I was a small girl. I can remember my own mother trying out every soap and finally settling on Velvet.  
Mother gave the bedspread to me, and now, although almost 50 years of age, it looks as good as new—good enough to pass on to my granddaughter, Christine.  
But I've no worries about it being well looked after, because all our family are Velvet Soap users.  
Yours sincerely  
(Mrs.) A. M. Ghent.



## QUEENSLAND

"Living in a red soil district like ours . . . and washing for 3 adults and 4 children, I can assure you I fully value Velvet's soapy suds! Apart from being such a help in the house, I find it so gentle on my hands."

Mrs. C. Helgate  
Kilrea via  
ROCKHAMPTON, Q.

## VICTORIA

"In our family Velvet is an 'all-rounder'. For washing clothes or washing-up, I've found it invaluable. And I've proved that a Velvet wash is quicker, more labour-saving AND clothes last longer."

Mrs. W. Frauscher  
Livingston Street,  
JEPARIT, VICTORIA



## TASMANIA

"My little girl was born during the war, and even though her nappies were wartime quality, I was still able to use them for my son 2 years later. I know I have Velvet Soap to thank for making them last longer and wear better."

Mrs. Charlton  
St. Marys,  
TASMANIA



## SOUTH AUSTRALIA

"I'm very proud of my little family

— Judith is the baby—and I have 4 older children. Their things get in a dreadful state sometimes, but I rub them with Velvet and have no trouble getting the dirt out."

Mrs. E. A. Buick  
Magillview  
via Kingscote  
KANGAROO  
ISLAND, S.A.



## WESTERN AUSTRALIA

"My woollen frock is 8 years old

— and still a wonderful colour. I've always washed it in Velvet and give all the credit to Velvet suds for keeping it new-looking."

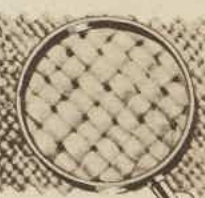
Mrs. E. Sunley  
23 Railway Road,  
SUBIACO, W.A.



Pure, mild Velvet is so kind to your hands - so gentle to your clothes. Here's why clothes last longer.



FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS — seen under a magnifying glass — look frayed and worn out because hard rubbing is necessary with stumpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave.



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP — seen under a magnifying glass — stay strong as new, wash after wash because no hard rubbing is needed—yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soapy suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes, too!

TUNE IN EVERY MORNING  
10 A.M. MON. TO THURS.  
"Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories"

V.103.WVFPg

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 7, 1950



**J**EAN nodded interestedly and Joe went on to explain, "That way, you wouldn't have to live in the hotel and you'd be all comfortable by yourselves. Then if the business grows you can pull down the wall and throw it all into one."

They got a paper and pencil after lunch and jotted down a few essential things to do in Cairns when they got back there, and orders to be placed.

They left next morning, when Eddie came for them with his motor-boat, and landed at Cairns early in the afternoon. They took their bags to the hotel, and then went straight to see Mr. Gordon at the tannery, and spent an hour with him discussing alligator skins and other shoe materials. He advised them to dismiss the idea of kid for linings.

"Anything that can be done with kid we'll do for you with wallaby," he said. "You've got any amount of wallaby out there, and it's as good as kid—texture, appearance, bleaching, glazing—anything you like." Harman arranged to send him half a dozen skins for sample treatment by the next lorry.

"Be a good thing to keep down some of these wallabies," he said. "They eat an awful lot of feed out on the station. Too many of them altogether."

They spent the rest of the afternoon shopping and ordering, and got back to the hotel at dusk, tired out, having booked their passages to Willstown upon the morning plane. Jean said, "There's one thing I must do to-night, Joe, before leaving Cairns. I must write to Noel Strachan and tell him what's happened."

In the warm, scented night of early summer by the Queensland sea, she sat down on the verandah after tea and wrote me a long letter. Joe Harman sat beside her as she wrote, smoking quietly, at peace.

I got that letter early in November; I remember it so well.

It was a long letter from a very happy girl, telling me about her love. I was delighted at the news, of course. I sat reading it with my breakfast before me, and then I read it through again, and then I read it a third time.

When I woke up to realities my coffee was cold and the fried egg had frozen to the dish in front of me in cold, congealed fat, but I was too absorbed in her news to want it.

Strangely I was depressed. Old men get rather silly sometimes, and I must say that it rather dashed me for a moment to realise that she wouldn't be coming back. She wouldn't be coming back to England ever again.

It was cold and raw out in the street. I walked on towards the office in a dream, thinking about wallabies and laughing black stock riders, and Jean Paget out in that strange country. Then there was a fierce, rending squeal right on top of me, and I staggered and nearly fell, and I was in the middle of Pall Mall with a taxi broadside on across the road beside me.

Then I saw the white-faced driver staring out at me.

"Stepping out into the road like that," he was saying angrily. "Ought to have more sense, at your age."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I wasn't looking where I was going."

"Well, look out where you're going to next time." He straightened up his taxi and drove on. I walked on to the office.

I had a client or two that morning, I suppose; I usually have, and I suppose I gave them some advice, but my mind was twelve thousand miles away.

By the end of the day I think I knew her letter by heart, although it was eight quarto pages long, but I took it with me to the club.

## A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 29

I had a glass of sherry in the bar, and told Moore about her engagement because he knew something about her story, and after dinner we sat down to a couple of rubbers of bridge, Dennison and Strickland and Callaghan, the four of us who play together every evening, and I told them about her.

I got up from the table at about eleven o'clock, and went into the library for a final cigarette before going back across the park to my flat.

The big room was empty but for Wright, who had been in the Malay Police and knew her story. I dropped down into a chair beside him and remarked, "You know that girl Jean Paget? I think I've spoken to you about her once or twice."

He smiled. "You have."

"She's got herself engaged to be married," I told him. "To the manager of a cattle station in Northern Queensland."

"Indeed?" he said. "Is she coming back to England before getting married?"

I sat staring at the rows of books upon the wall, the gold-embossed carving at the corner of the ceiling. "No," I said. "I don't think she's ever coming back to England again."

He was silent.

"After all, there's no reason why she should come back to England," I said at last. "There's nothing for her to come back for. She's got no ties in this country."

And then he said a very foolish thing. He meant it well enough, but it was a stupid thing to say.

I got up and left him and went home to my dark, empty flat, and I avoided meeting him for some time after that. I was seventy-three years old that autumn, old enough to be her grandfather. I couldn't possibly have been in love with her myself.

**I**N the months of November and December that year Jean Paget worked harder than she had ever worked before. Rose Sawyer joined her in Willstown within a fortnight, and Aggie Topp sailed early in November.

Joe Harman helped her to get the buildings started on the day that they arrived in Willstown. They had a meeting with Tim Whelan and his two sons in the carpenter's shop. They had already placed orders for two lorry loads of lumber in Cairns.

The workshop with its three-bedroom annex was to be built first, and after that the ice-cream parlor next to it, leaving room for the expansion of the workshop one way and of the ice-cream parlor the other way. There were no great difficulties of expansion in the built-up area of Willstown.

Jean went to Brisbane a week later, flying to Cairns and flying on the same day down to Brisbane. She stayed there for three days, and came back having ordered an electric generating set, a very large refrigerator, two deep freezers, a stainless steel counter, eight glass-topped tables, thirty-two chairs, two sink units, and a mass of minor shop fittings, glasses, plates, cutlery, and furnishings, as well as a good deal of electrical fittings and cable.

She found the framework of the workshop already erected; a wooden building goes up very quickly. The matter was a nine days' wonder in Willstown, and old men used to stand around wondering at this mid-summer madness of an English girl, a stranger to the Gulf Country, who proposed to make shoes there and

send them all the way to England to be sold.

They were too kindly to be rude to her or to laugh at such an eccentricity, but an aura of disbelief surrounded the whole venture and made her feel very much alone in those first weeks.

Jean visited Midhurst at a very early stage, one Sunday when no work was going on upon her building. Joe Harman drove in to fetch her in his big utility at dawn one day, and took her back to Midhurst in time for breakfast.

She had not been beyond the town hitherto; very soon she discovered that a road was where the car drove across country. The land was parched and dry with the heat of summer, covered with thin tufts of scorched grass. It was a wooded land, covered thinly with spindly, distorted eucalyptus gum trees averaging twenty to thirty feet in height; these trees were fairly widely spaced, so that it was possible for a car or truck driven across country to find a way between them.

Once in the twenty miles she saw half a dozen cattle, that stampeded wildly at the noise of the utility as it bounced and rocketed over the uneven ground. She asked Joe what on earth the cattle found to eat; the ground seemed to her to be completely barren.

"They get along," he said. "There's plenty here for them to eat, my word. This dry stuff in the tussocks, why, it's just the same as hay." He told her that there was a waterhole a little way from their track.

"They never go more than three or four miles from water," he said. "Horses, now—you'll find them grazing up to twenty miles from a drink."

Once she exclaimed at three brown, furry forms bounding away among the trees. "Oh, Joe—kangaroos!"

He corrected her. "Wallabies. We don't get any 'roos up in these parts."

She stared after the flying forms, entranced. "What's the difference between a wallaby and a kangaroo, Joe?"

"A wallaby's smaller," he said. "A big buck kangaroo, he'll stand up to six feet high, but a wallaby's not more than four. A kangaroo, he's got a face like a deer. A wallaby, he's got a face like a rabbit or a rat. I got a little wallaby to show you at the homestead."

"A wild one?"

"He's a tame one now. He'll get wild as he grows older; then he'll go off to his own folks."

They came to Midhurst presently. A fence of two wire strands tacked to the trees, with an occasional post in the wider gaps, crossed their path, with an iron gate; beyond the gate the track became the semblance of a road. She got out of the utility and opened the gate, and he drove through.

"This is the home paddock," he said. "For horses, mostly." She could see horses standing underneath the trees, lean riding horses, swishing long black tails. "I've got about three square miles fenced off like this around the house."

The road swung round, and she saw Midhurst homestead. It was prettily situated on a low hill above the bend of a creek; this creek was not running, but there were still pools of water held along its length.

"Of course, you're seeing it at the worst time of year," he said, and she became aware of his anxiety. "It's a lovely little river in the winter, oh, my word. But even in the worst part of the dry, like now, there's always water there."

Please turn to page 40

Miles more wear

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Miles more wear because Sheerlons have more stitches to the inch, more strength through and through. Sheerlons look sheerer, wear better and save your money. They're packed in a taffeta "Keepsake" pack for protection between laundry and leg.

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# Paint up Time ?

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sparkling colors for furniture and woodwork. So quick and easy to apply! Hard wearing! Washable! Better than enamel.

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extra brilliant silver coating for all metals—prevents rust—resists heat.

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enamelled colors for distinctive exterior painting. Combines outstanding durability, color permanency and long range gloss finish.





STROLLING PLAYERS entertain guests at the Royal Hayman Hotel, Hayman Island, in the dining-room overlooking the swimming pool, where visitors may swim at night in the translucent green water.

## Tropic isle hotel is story of a dream come true

The Royal Hayman Hotel, Hayman Island, is a dream come true.

Two men shared the dream. They are Mr. Reginald Ansett, managing director of Ansett Transport Industries, and young Queensland architect Mr. Guilford Bell.

It is three years since Mr. Ansett, an Australian still in his early 40's, first thought of building a tropic holiday resort that would rank with the world's best.

When he chose Mr. Bell he allowed him full rein to express his individuality and own ideas.

Mr. Bell studied architecture in England and in Europe. He is an associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects. He maintains he is not a traditionalist. Certainly individuality is the keynote of the Royal Hayman.

Mr. Bell is the son of Queensland grazier Mr. F. M. Bell and Mrs. Bell, of Coochin Coochin, Boonah.

He was in the R.A.A.F. for five years during the war, and spent some of that time in the islands.

He made a survey of Hayman Island a year before he knew he would be chosen for the job.

Building the hotel was Mr. Bell's first big assignment. It came to him from out of the blue. Mr. Ansett phoned him one afternoon and asked him to accompany him to America to "have a look around."

Mr. Bell spent three months in

the U.S., mostly in California, absorbing new ideas. However, the Royal Hayman is not copied from any specific American design.

A perfectionist, Mr. Bell also proved himself dogged in his determination to make the Royal Hayman look exactly as he wanted it.

He had in mind for instance, a particular kind of Chinese matting as a floor covering for the bedrooms.

In San Francisco he saw a square of the matting in a Chinese shop, but he could not buy it there in sufficient quantity.

Through the Chinese Consul he obtained the names of several merchants in China, and had his matting shipped direct to Australia from the East.

Another of his ideas was to have a vine growing in the cocktail-room. He looked at hundreds of vines and studied many catalogues, but could not find the right one. One day on his way back to Hayman Island from Proserpine he saw "his" vine—a philodendron—growing in the backyard of a little cottage.

He immediately bought it. In case the owners changed their minds he dug it up and took it with him.

Lamps for the lounge-room and vestibule presented a problem until

By JOYCE BOWDEN,  
staff reporter

Mr. Bell found some mangrove roots on the beach at Hayman Island. He used the roots to fashion unusual and attractive bases for the lamps.

Being a perfectionist can be tiring—as Mr. Bell and Mr. and Mrs. Ansett found the day before the official opening.

Tables for the lounge-rooms arrived at the last minute. Mr. Bell found the bronze bases had become tarnished. He went to the kitchens for steel-wool, kept the Ansetts' hotel manager Mr. J. Mortimer, and himself at the task of scrubbing the bronze until it gleamed.

One of Mr. Bell's main problems was to avoid cutting down trees.

"Instead of chopping down a tree that was in the way of a path, we built the path around it," he said.

Now the hotel and guest-lodges are surrounded by high-topped foliage that softens the tropic glare.

From where the radio mast stands the hotel looks like a giant aeroplane without a tail. The central building includes a vestibule, cocktail and lounge rooms, shop and hairdressing salon. The swimming pool is enclosed in a patio overlooked by the dining-room.

Each lodge, built of insulated and soundproofed timber, comprises two complete units. Each unit has a bedroom with twin beds, built-in wardrobes, dressing-table, and telephone-table, private bathroom, and small balcony.

Guests live in lodges which stretch from the main building in two rows.

Some balconies open right on to the beach. All have sea views.

Downward-sloping asbestos-lined skillion roofs force a natural draft of air to circulate above the ceilings.

Keeping in mind the climate and hard sunlight of the tropics, Mr. Bell has used refreshing color combinations. His central theme is grey combined with softly muted shades.

There is no harsh note to disturb the eye. The interiors have a mat finish that is cool and restful.

The architect showed ingenuity and good taste in choosing the right types of timber. In the main buildings he used Mackay cedar, treated to give the effect of a dull natural surface, in original panelling designs. Floors throughout are polished stone.

Island Holiday, pages 38, 39.

## The "Well dressed look" begins with Merica beneath...

All your summer clothes look lovelier when you wear a Merica brassiere to mould your figure in graceful, glamorous lines. These are the brassieres that never lose their perfect shape, no matter how you wash and wear them.

### CURVALINE BRASSIERE

Merica's flattering Curvaline gives you a proud, young uplift and definite separation. Satin and lace in white or peach, and three personalised cup fittings in all sizes from 32 to 38.

### HI-LINE BRASSIERE

Merica's famous Hi-line—the brassiere that keeps its shape—and yours! Firm "diamond stitching" for alluring figure control. In white, blue or peach satin. Three personalised cup fittings in sizes 32 to 38.

### HI-LINE CORSET

Hi-line corset—with an adjustable waist! Never a bulge at the waist. Lure with this "diamond stitched" midriff panel! Gives a flattering slimmest to waist, hips and tummy—and the high front gives a smooth line beneath summer frocks, to suit medium-heavy figure types.

CREATED BY

**Merica**

AVAILABLE FROM LEADING STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA



INTERIOR of the cocktail lounge showing the philodendron vine trained against the natural Mackay cedar woodwork. The lounge has ceiling to floor windows overlooking the beach and the sea.

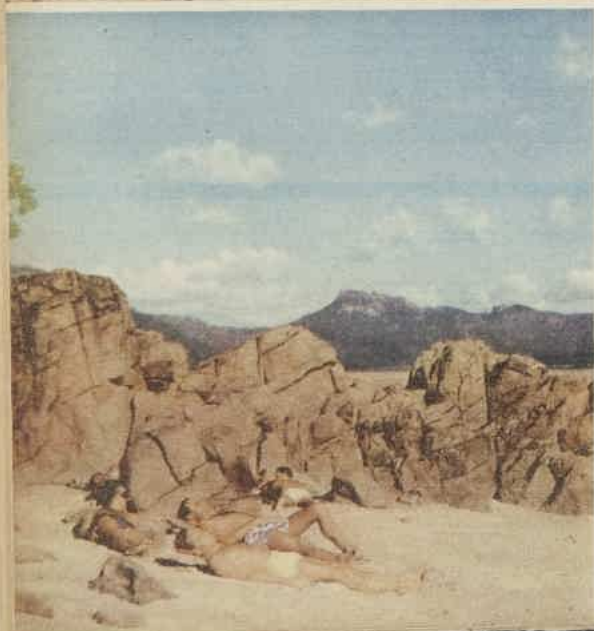




**GUESTS** spread out beach towels and relax on the lawns in front of the Royal Hayman Hotel, Hayman Island, in the Whitsunday Group, just south of the Barrier Reef. Island can be reached by flying-boat from Brisbane or launch from Proserpine.



**PATIO** (above) by swimming-pool is favorite spot for hotel guests. Those who don't want to change from bathing togs can have light luncheon at tables under shady umbrellas beside pool.



**BOULDERS** for a windbreak and snow-white sand washed clean by every tide make island coves like this havens for sun-bakers. Only the cry of seagulls in flight disturbs the silence.

The Australian Women's Weekly  
October 7, 1950 — Page 38

# Island

★ Queensland's new luxury resort on Hayman Island, in the Whitsunday Group just south of the Great Barrier Reef, is a holidaymakers' dream.

Accommodation provided at the Royal Hayman Island Hotel, recently completed, compares with similar resorts abroad. Pictures on this page show some of the modern comforts of the hotel and its magnificent scenery.



The island, 40 miles in circumference, is 43 miles due east of Bowen, Queensland.

Swimming, reefing, aquaplaning, fishing, cruising are some of the attractions out of doors. Games include badminton, deck quoits, and ping-pong. Tennis courts, bowling, archery, and putting greens are being built.

**ARCHITECT** of Royal Hayman Hotel, Mr. Guilford Bell, left, is a Queenslander. Mr. Bell also planned the hotel's interior decoration.



**GUESTS** Mr. and Mrs. Harry Long entering dining-room. Below: General manager, Capt. H. Koning, former sea-captain.

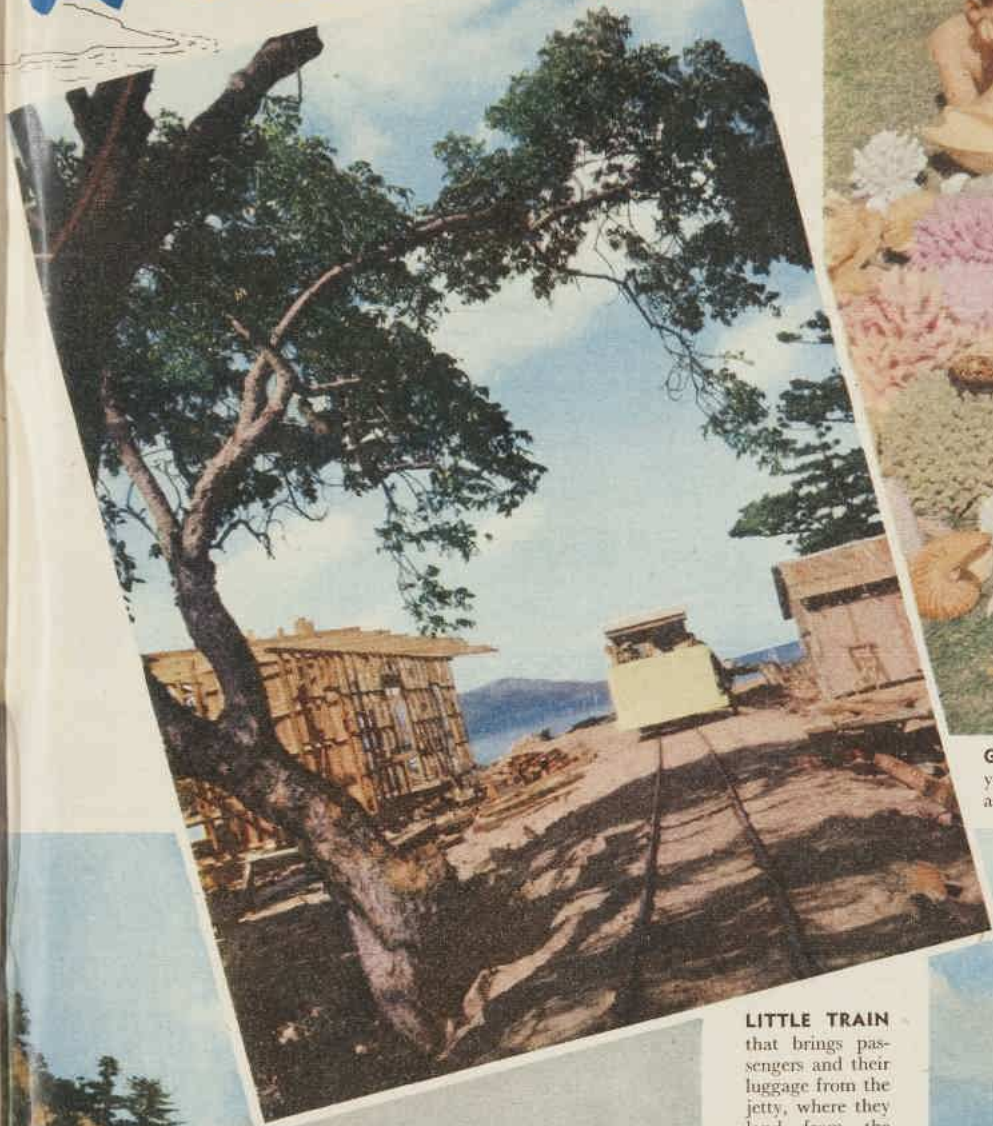


**MRS. L. DOWNIE** consults headwaiter, Dennis Perrin. Below: Chef Anton Surwald.





# Holiday



## LITTLE TRAIN

that brings passengers and their luggage from the jetty, where they land from the flying-boat. On left will be the marine store.

**VIEW** from the radio aerial mast. The full sweep of the beach and the coral reef can be seen, with hotel among the trees.

**SCENERY** is a feature of the island. Local hoop pine trees and craggy rocks give effect of Norwegian fiords. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

The Australian Women's Weekly

October 2, 1958 — Page 39



**GLORIOUS CORAL** fascinates holidaymakers. Here, young Ian McDonald, from Townsville, Marian Hugo, and Peggy Booth, of Masterton, N.Z., admire collection.





Younger every day..



.. because I'm sleeping soundly every night

## ... thanks to BOURN-VITA

As age creeps up on you, your body needs extra rest to keep its youthful spring and vitality. A cup of delicious Bourn-vita before bed each night and you're all set for the kind of sleep that refreshes, replaces energy, and fits you for another busy day.

Bourn-vita is a food—as well as a delightful drink. Made from rich barley malt, eggs, full cream milk, and chocolate it supplies that extra nourishment your body needs to maintain health and energy.



NEW ECONOMY SIZE 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

Also in 1/2 lb. tins 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>6</sub>

*Cadbury's*

# BOURN-VITA

For sleep and energy

## A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 35

MIDHURST home-  
stead was a fairly large building that  
stood high off the ground on posts. It  
was built of wood, and had the in-  
evitable corrugated iron roof. Four  
rooms, three bedrooms and one sit-  
ting-room, were surrounded on all  
four sides by a verandah twelve feet  
deep.

Masses of ferns and greenery of  
all sorts stood in pots and on stands  
on this verandah at the outer edge  
and killed most of the direct rays of  
the sun.

There was a kitchen annexe at one  
end and a bathroom annexe at the  
other. Most of the life of the build-  
ing evidently went on in the veran-  
dah, and the rooms seemed to be  
little used; in the verandah was Joe's  
bed and his mosquito net, and several  
cane cavi chairs, and the dining-  
room table and chairs. Suspended  
from the rafters was a large canvas  
water-bag cooling in the draught,  
with an enamelled mug hung from  
it by a string.

Five or six dogs greeted them  
noisily as the utility came to a  
standstill before the steps. He  
brushed them aside, but pointed one  
out. "That's Lily," he said fondly.  
"She had a bonza litter."

He took her up into the coolness  
of the verandah; she turned to him.  
"Oh, Joe, this is nice!"

"Like it?" Puppies were surging  
about them, growling and licking  
their hands. Along the verandah  
a small animal stood erect behind  
a chair, peering at them around the  
corner. He took the puppies one  
by one and dropped them into a  
wire-netting enclosure in one corner.

"I let them out this morning be-  
fore driving in," he said. "They'll  
be big enough to go down in the  
yard pretty soon."

"Joe, who fixed up these plants?"  
Did you?

He shook his head. "Mrs. Spears  
did that, when she used to live  
here. I kept them going. The lubras  
water them, morning and evening."  
He told her that he had three  
aboriginal women, wives of three  
of his stockriders; who shared the  
domestic duties of the homestead  
and cooked for him.

He looked around. "There's the  
joey somewhere." They found the  
little wallaby lolling about on the  
other side of the verandah; it stood  
like a little kangaroo about eighteen  
inches high, and had no fear of  
them.

"What a dear little thing, Joe,"  
Jean said, smiling down at it. She  
stooped beside it and it nibbled at her  
fingers.

A fat, middle-aged lubra, a black  
goliwog of a woman, laid the table  
and presently appeared with two  
plates of the inevitable steak with  
two eggs on the top, and a pot of  
strong tea.

Afterwards Joe took her out be-  
fore the heat of the day and showed  
her the establishment. Although the  
property covered over a thousand  
square miles, there were no more  
buildings round the homestead than  
she had seen on a four-hundred-acre  
farm in England.

There were three or four cottages  
of two rooms at the most, for stock-  
riders; there were two small bunk-  
houses for unmarried stockmen,  
white and black. There was a shed  
housing the truck and the utility and  
a mass of oddments of machinery.

There was a stable for about six  
horses, which was empty, and a  
saddle-room, and a butcher's room.  
There was a diesel engine that drove  
an electric generator and pumped  
water from the creek.

Once he said, "Can you ride?"  
She shook her head. "I'm afraid  
not, Joe. Ordinary people don't ride  
horses much in England. Could I  
learn?"

"Too right."

He put his fingers in his mouth

like a schoolboy and blew a shrill  
whistle; a black head came poking  
out of the window of a single-room  
cottage. "Jacky," he called. "Get  
out and bring in Auntie and Robin,  
'n' saddle up. I'll be down to help  
you in a minute."

He turned to her, surveying her  
cotton frock. "I dunno about your  
things. Could you get into a pair  
of my strides, or would you rather  
not?"

She laughed. "Oh Joe, they'd go  
round me twice!"

"I wasn't always as fat as this,"  
he said. "I got a pair I used to wear  
before the war, I can't get into  
now. It doesn't matter if they don't  
fit right; we'll only be walking."

He took her up into the home-  
stead and produced a man's clean  
shirt and a faded pair of jodhpurs  
and a belt for her; she took them  
from him, laughing, and went into  
his spare room and put them on,  
with a pair of his elastic-sided, thin-  
soled riding boots that were far too  
big for her. It gave her a queer  
feeling of possession to be dressed  
all in his clothes.

Joe helped her up into the saddle,  
astride the patient, fourteen-year-old  
Auntie. They walked the horses  
out of the yard and down the track  
to the creek; as they went he showed  
her how to hold the reins and how  
to use her heels. He took her up  
the creek for about a mile and then  
by a wide circuit through the bush,  
winding beneath the trees as far as  
possible to seek the shade.

Once she saw four scurrying  
black forms vanishing among the  
trees and he told her that these  
were wild pigs, and once in a wide  
stretch of water covered with water-  
lilies there was a violent swirl as an  
alligator dived away from them. She  
saw several wallabies bounding  
away before their horses.

I

N about an hour,  
Joe insisted on returning to the home-  
stead, and they lunched in the veran-  
dah on steak and bread and jam, a  
repeat of breakfast without eggs.  
"Polly hasn't got much imagination  
in the matter of tucker," he said  
apologetically.

"She's looking very tired," Jean  
said. "Give her the afternoon off, Joe.  
I'll make tea for you."

After lunch, they pulled two of  
the long cane chairs to the corner  
of the verandah where there might  
be a little breeze.

"It's not always as hot as this,"  
Joe said, still anxious for her ap-  
proval of the place. "By January it'll  
be beginning to cool off, when the  
rain gets under way."

"It's not too bad," she said. "I  
remember times when it was quite  
as hot as this in Malaya."

She led him on to tell her about  
his work on the station; having seen  
a little of the terrain that morning  
she felt she could appreciate what  
he told her better now.

"There's not a lot to do this  
time of year," he said. "I like to get  
up to the top end of the station  
once a fortnight, if I can, in case  
of duffers. Make a cache or two of  
tucker up there, too, this time of  
year, and shoot the worst of the  
scrub bulls you see around."

"What's a duffer, Joe?"

"Why, cattle duffers—cattle  
thieves. We've not had much of it  
this year. Sometimes the drovers  
coming down to Julia Creek from  
the Cape stations—they pick up a  
few as they go through the property  
and put them with the herd. It  
means faking the brands, of course,  
and there's the police at Julia to  
keep an eye open for fresh-branded  
beasts as they go on the train. Paddy  
dodging, that's another matter."

Please turn to page 48

## Interesting People



MR. BYRAM MANSELL

... aboriginal influence

MORE than 30 years' artistic back-  
ground thrown overboard by  
Sydney artist Byram Mansell when  
he embraced aboriginal art recently.  
Studies life, history, and relics of  
aborigines to collect motifs and  
stories. Digs own earth colors,  
mixes them with cactus juice, and  
paints with a feather. Has commis-  
sion from N.S.W. Railways to de-  
corate carriages with aboriginal  
conversation-piece murals. He's  
worked and studied in Europe and  
America. Was student at famous  
French Academy Julien in Paris.  
Spends all his time in studio, says  
work is his pleasure, too.



MRS. JOSEPHINE LEE-MARTIN

... first woman president

FIRST woman to be elected presi-  
dent of the reconstructed New  
Zealand Association, Mrs. Josephine  
Lee-Martin, is English-born. Eligible  
for membership of association  
because husband is New Zealander.  
Is an occupational therapist.  
Twenty-two-year-old son is study-  
ing architecture. New Zealand  
Association was a women's organiza-  
tion from foundation in 1927 to 1939,  
when it was decided to admit men.



MR. CHARLES MACLURCAN

... radio and ice skating

FATHER of amateur radio in  
Australia, and old man of ice-  
skating, Sydney's Charles Maclur-  
can celebrates 40 years as radio ham  
this year. Was first amateur radio  
operator in Australia, in 1910, and  
operated first station to communi-  
cate with ships at sea. Sent first  
radio message from Australia to the  
King, then George V. First in  
Australia to pass bronze, silver, and  
gold medals for figure skating, he  
is a senior judge in world inter-  
national figure skating. Ardent  
skier, he is one of founders of Kos-  
ciusko Alpine Club. Manages fam-  
ily's hotel, the Wentworth, and,  
when not tinkering with tremen-  
dous antennae on roof of harborside  
house, is enthusiastic yachtsman.





**Dri-glo weaves a super-soft  
nappy for your baby.**



Every "Dri-glo"  
nap is specially  
hemmed to give  
non-fray edges.

*Dear Mother,*

Feel our Dri-glo nappies in any store. Your own fingers will tell you better than any words of ours that here are the softest, most cushiony and absorbent naps that you can put on baby. Only our finest, super-quality cotton yarns are good enough for *His Majesty*... all beautifully bleached, 100% hygienic. And we haven't forgotten washing quality. Dri-glo naps are woven in extra-strong, double-warp yarn with a special non-fray edge.

Dri-glo also makes special super-soft nursery towels.



Extra-strong,  
double-warp yarn  
in lovely Dri-glo  
bath towels, too!

**"Dri-Glo" nappies**

*Available at stores throughout Australia*





**LAXETTES**  
are **BEST**

BEST KNOWN, BEST LIKED  
BEST FOR CHILDREN  
BEST FOR YOU

More and More  
Mothers choose  
**GENUINE**

**LAXETTES**  
the chocolate laxative

LAXETTES are the ideal laxative; dependable, popular, most pleasant-to-take, they have been trusted for over 40 years. Use LAXETTES whenever you or your family need a laxative. All chemists and stores sell LAXETTES, the leading family laxative.

YOU TASTE ONLY  
THE DELICIOUS  
CHOCOLATE

**GENTLE — EFFECTIVE  
— SAFE — RELIABLE**

**Proud's**

"A Great Name  
in Diamonds"



A. \$57.10/-  
"Multi-cut" diamond  
with "Bout de l'oe" setting



B. \$110  
"Multi-cut" with two  
diamonds in rock shoulder



C. \$65  
"Multi-cut" set with  
one diamond each shoulder



D. \$95  
"Multi-cut" with 10 diamonds  
in stepped shoulders

Look to the mounting . . .

these exciting new engagement styles, only at Proud's,  
are designed to make the most of your "Multi-Cut".

Look to the diamond

... it's **Multi-cut**

only at Proud's, giving more  
brilliance from a sparkling "circle of light" derived  
from extra facets cut around the normal "grey" girdle.

Write to Proud's Limited, Box 1502, G.P.O., Sydney. Telephone: BW 2721.

## WORTH REPORTING

**T**HE Alliance Victory Centre of Sydney had just begun collecting warm clothing for Korea when war broke out.

One shipment of clothing and butter was sent, but the Centre has no idea what became of it.

The Centre has been sending parcels of clothing and books to missionaries and destitute people in nearly every country of the world, including Germany and Japan, since the end of World War II.

The women who work for the Centre first became interested in Korea when Mr. Roy Patterson, a businessman who has travelled extensively in the East, spoke to them about his trip to Korea three years ago.

He explained that the winter was so severe that many thousands of Koreans died each year from cold alone, even in normal times.

Members of the Centre collected a large quantity of clothing, but since the outbreak of war have not been able to ship anything.

They are now waiting for shipping space so that this work, for which they believe there will soon be greater need than ever, can go on.

Rev. E. Kilbourne, of the Oriental Missionary Society in Tokio, has told them he will make sure that everything sent will be distributed where it is most needed in Korea.

The Alliance Victory Centre began during the war when it furnished a large, attractive room at 240 Pitt Street, where young girls and soldiers, who otherwise would have had no place but the street, could meet in friendly surroundings.

All work is voluntary, and the Centre is not sponsored by any particular religious denomination.

The president, Mrs. H. Weir, was a social worker during World War I. Her husband was Congregational minister at Surry Hills for 13 years and at Marrickville for 17 years.

**A** LASS who joined our staff recently received a box of flowers from a girl-friend to mark the occasion.

She thought it quite a charming, but rather unusual, gesture.

Her friend told her later that she had picked up the habit while working with the Americans in Manila and Japan.

Apparently as well as festooning their girl-friends with the inevitable orchid on every date, the Americans always send flowers to friends opening a new business or beginning a new job.



"And to think I almost chewed off my fingers in that waiting-room."

### Radio links Malay guides and aboriginal children

**D**URING a recent visit of Malayan Girl Guides to Kalgoolie, Western Australia, arrangements were made for them to speak to outback residents by pedal wireless.

The manager of Goldfields Flying Doctor Service, Mr. Lee Cordell, arranged the hook-up.

Aboriginal children of the Australian Inland Mission, 400 miles away at Warburton, sang the 23rd Psalm into their pedal set in their own language.

The Malayan Guides replied by singing folk songs in Malay.

### Men infiltrate women's dress parades

**L**UNCHTIME dress parades organised by four Sydney business women as a service for industrial workers are having great and unexpected success with men.

The parades, which the organisers call "streamlined 20-minute shows of practical, moderate-priced fashions," are presented in factory canteens in Sydney.

Men, including company executives, have been making excuses to pop into lunch-rooms where parades are being held.

To face the situation squarely, the boys are now invited along officially.

Organisers of the parades are Marjorie Sparrow, Wynne Castelle, Mollie Mackay, and Amy Cumpston.

The companies the organisers work for meet the cost of employing five mannequins. The four girls give their services free.

### New machine will make typist's job easier

**A**CCENT is on ease at the 29th Century Mechanical Exhibition in Melbourne from the 12th to 21st of this month.

The exhibition, which is the first of its kind to be held for 17 years, features a wide variety of labor-saving devices, including the latest built-in furniture, a machine that washes clothes by sound waves, and typewriters with electrically-operated carriage and space bars.

Mr. A. L. Bale, manager of the firm which imports the typewriters from Switzerland, tells us the new machines cut typists' "four o'clock fatigue" to a minimum.

He points out that manual carriage return is the most strenuous movement in typing. If typists are freed from having to make tedious arm movements, they are able to increase output.

Running costs of the 1/40th horse-power motor is negligible.

In the event of power blackout the typewriter can be operated as a standard-make machine.

Organisers say there is no chance of seeing the very latest in American typewriters at the Exhibition.

Still in the experimental stage, these are reported to replace typists entirely.

Words spoken into a dictaphone machine come out in typescript.

**WE** have heard about the girl who bought two chinchillas and set about growing her own fur coat, but an Englishwoman has 24 Angora rabbits and grows her own winter woollies.

Appropriately, her name is Mrs. Hare, of Longfield, in Kent.

If you are interested, 24 Angora rabbits provide 20 pounds of wool, which is plenty for three sets of vests and panties.

### Famous paintings make tapestry designs

**R**EPRODUCTIONS of world-famous paintings are now available as an alternative to conventional designs for tapestry.

This idea has been developed by Mark Foy's, Ltd., Sydney.

The paintings are copied in oils on tapestry-canvas by New Australian artist G. W. Byfield, who has studied in Vienna and Berlin.

Mr. Byfield has been in Australia only 12 months, and this work is still a spare-time hobby as he is fulfilling his two years' contract to the Commonwealth Government.

The most outstanding piece is da Vinci's "Last Supper." It took Mr. Byfield four and a half days to copy, and is being worked in petit point by a Sydney woman.

Other reproductions include Blue Boy and Mrs. Siddons, by Gainsborough; Red Boy, by Thomas Lawrence; Rubens and His Wife, by Rubens; The Fool and the Laughing Cavalier, by Franz Hals; Francois Langlois, by Van Dyck; and French pastoral scenes by Boucher and Fragonard.

Average time to copy a painting is eight hours.

Every color Mr. Byfield uses in oils is available in tapestry wool.

Mr. Vincent Byrne, of Mark Foy's, who got the idea of using famous paintings as tapestry designs, says these reproductions have not been done before in Australia.

Skilled embroiderers, returning from overseas, have told him they have seen nothing like them abroad.

### My favorite poem

Miss Audrey Shaw, of Townsville (Qld.), has sent us her favorite lines of poetry. Send us your favorite selection. It may be a complete poem or an excerpt.

**O**UR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,  
Hath had elsewhere its setting  
And cometh from afar;  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home.

—William Wordsworth

(from his Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.)





Against her daydream's handsome male,  
Each man she meets in turn grows pale.



Their friendship hasn't travelled far  
Before she finds him like a star.



She's hurt if after every rift,  
He doesn't bring a floral gift.

## Are you too Romantic?



She's sad unless he remembers all—  
The dinner, film, old school ball.

**T**HE girl who is too romantic sets an impossibly high standard for the man in her life to live up to, and will almost certainly be disappointed.

If all the points shown here apply to you, the chances are—unless you take a more realistic attitude—that you'll never meet the man who fulfils all your romantic requirements.

But if you recognise no more than three as being typical of your attitude, you haven't anything to worry about.



"Our tune" she always must have played.  
This way—she thinks—romance can't fade.

Determined neither shall forget,  
She takes him back to where they met.







A day at the races in frocks that are smart, gay and carefree. LYSTAV is perfect for such an occasion. This lovely spun rayon fabric has a sparkling linen-like surface — makes up equally well in clean cut tailored suits, or softly draped styles. And LYSTAV washes perfectly in every one of its subtle plain shades, or wonderfully rich designs.

# LYSTAV A TOOTAL FABRIC

*Marked **TEBILIZED** for tested crease-resistance*

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● Black has disappeared from the new Paris collections of evening gowns and in its place this year there is a wealth of sunset shades—burnt topaz, old gold, tangerine, pale pink, and rich, fiery red, a new petrol-blue, lilac, and purple. Wonderful fabrics and glowing colors make these gowns dramatic.



● Carven's lovely ball gown, right, worn by Fablon, combines layers of mauve and green tulle in the skirt, with a tiny topless bodice of navy-blue satin.



● Dior's svelte dramatic evening dress, shown above, is in taffeta, with burst of side fullness in matching red net. The strapless bodice is heavily jewelled in paillettes and pear-shaped swinging glass beads.



● Jacques Fath's slinky amethyst satin evening dress, right, on sheathlike lines, highlighted with an ombre chiffon stole.



● Dessès uses color of year, tangerine, in chiffon dance dress, modelled by his mannequin Montez, sister of film star Maria Montez.



The smartest in fashion ...

**Adelym**

in Grafton Lavenelle  
An unpressed pleat skirt that falls  
in graceful folds, and tailored  
bodice with crisp cuffed sleeves.  
Adelym fashioned it for you!



**Grafton**  
ANTI-SHINK  
FABRICS  
★ CANNOT SHRINK  
★ CANNOT STRETCH  
★ CANNOT FADE  
★ EASY TO WASH  
★ EASIER TO DRY  
★ FASTEST TO IRON  
★ GUARANTEED!

FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES

**JEAN** was beginning to grow sleepy, but she wanted to know all she could. "What's poddy dodging, Joe?" she asked.

"Why, a poddy's a cleanskin, a calf born since the last muster that hasn't been branded. Some of these jokers, even your best friends, they'll come on to your station and round up the poddys and drive them off on to their own land, and then there's nothing to say they're yours. That's poddy dodging, and it's a fair cow. Of course, there's always cattle crossing the boundaries because there aren't any fences, so it's a bit of a mix up generally when you come to muster."

She said, "But do the poddys just stay on the new land? Don't they want to go back to mother?"

He glanced at her, appreciating the question. "That's right—they would if you let them. They'd go straight back to their own herd on their own land, even if it was fifty miles. But what these jokers do is this. They build a little corral on their land in some place where no one wouldn't ever think to look, and they leave them there for four or five days without food or water."

"If you do that, a poddy goes sort of silly and forgets about the herd, and mother. All he wants is a drink of water, same as you or I. Then you let him out and let him drink his fill at a waterhole. He's had such a thirst he won't leave that waterhole."

Her eyes closed, and she slept. When she woke up the sun was lower in the sky, and Joe had left her. She got up and sponged her face in the bathroom, and saw him outside working on the engine of the truck. She tidied herself up, and went to investigate the kitchen.

Primitive was the word, she thought. There was a wood-burning hearth which mercifully was out, and a wick-burning oil stove; this was the cooking equipment. There was a small kerosene refrigerator. Masses of cooked meat were stored in a wire gauze meat safe with nearly as many flies inside it as there were outside.

The utensils were old-fashioned and dirty and few in number; it was a nightmare of a kitchen. Jean felt that the right course would be to burn it down and start again.

She made omelettes, and tea, and they ate their meal out on the verandah as the sun went down.

"What are you doing next week?" she asked. "Will you be in town, Joe?"

He nodded. "I'll be in on Thursday, or Friday at the latest. I'm going up to the top end to-morrow for a couple of days, just see what's going on."

He drove her in to Willtown at about nine o'clock that night; they halted for a while outside the town to say good-night in proper style. She lay against his shoulder with his arm around her, listening to the noises of the bush, the croaking of the frogs, the sound of crickets, and the crying of a night bird.

"It's a lovely place you live in, Joe," she said. "It just wants a new kitchen, that's all. Don't ever worry about me not liking it."

He kissed her. "It'll be all ready for you when you come."

"April," she said. "Early in April, Joe."

She started up the shoe workshop in the first week of December, three or four days after Aggie Topp arrived. To start with she had five girls, Judy Small and her friend Lois Strang, and Annie, who had left the hotel, and two fifteen-year-olds who had recently left school.

For cleanliness and to mark the fact that they were working in a regular job she put everyone in the workshop into a green overall, and gave them a mirror on the wall.

From the first days she found that the fifteen-year-olds were the

## A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 40

best employees. Girls straight from school were used to the discipline of regular hours of work; she seldom got the girls from outback homes to settle down to it so well.

The monotony was irksome to the older girls who had left school for some years, or who had never been to school at all. She tried to help them by ordering an automatic changing gramophone from Cairns, with a supply of records; the music certainly intrigued and amused the whole of Willtown and may have helped the older girls a little, but not much.

The air-conditioner was the best recruiting agent of the lot. In that torrid summer heat, which ranged between a hundred and a hundred and ten degrees at midday, she managed to keep the temperature of the workshop down to about seventy degrees, at which the girls could work without their hands sweating.

For the girls it meant that they got respite from the heat of the day, and music to listen to, and the novelty of a clean green overall to wear, and money in their pockets at the end of the week. The workshop was popular from the first, and Jean never had any difficulty in getting as many recruits for it as she could handle.

She spent a hectic fortnight after the workshop opened getting the ice-cream parlor furnished and stocked.



"He has a green thumb."

She was resolved to have this open by Christmas Day, and she achieved her aim by opening on December 20.

She stood with Joe outside in the blazing sunlit street on that first afternoon, looking at what she had done. The workshop and the ice-cream parlor stood more or less side by side on the main street. The windows of the workshop were closed to keep the cool air in, but they could hear the girls singing as they worked over the shoes.

Christmas was near, and they were singing carols—"Holy Night" and "Good King Wenceslas," and "See Amid the Winter Snow."

"Well, there it all is," she said.

Now that the businesses were started, she was very tired, she felt slack and listless in the great heat, drained of all energy. She would have liked to go out with Joe to Midhurst that evening and live quietly there for a day or two, sleeping and riding and playing with the little wallaby.

A cautionary instinct warned her not to offend against the rural code of morals by an indiscretion of that sort; if she was to make a success of what she had set out to do for women in that place her own behaviour must be above reproach.

It was a Wednesday, but Sunday was no longer an off day for Jean since it was likely to be the biggest day of all for the ice-cream and soft

drinks. She arranged with Joe that he should call for her at the hotel soon after dawn and take her out to Midhurst for the day.

She went to bed, exhausted and too tired to eat that night. It was refreshingly cool in the workshop building, for the air-conditioner had been on all day, and she slept for twelve hours.

She had been out to Midhurst several times since that first visit, and had fitted herself out with a small pair of ringer's trousers, in Bill Duncan's store, for riding, with a pair of elastic-sided ringer's riding-boots to match.

She met Joe in the early morning with a little bundle of riding things under her arm, and got into the utility with him.

When they got to Midhurst he made her go at once and sit in a long chair at the corner of the verandah, with a glass of lemon-squash made with cold water from the refrigerator. He would not let her move for breakfast, but brought her a cup of tea and a boiled egg and some bread and butter on a tray. She sat there, relaxed, with fatigue soaking out of her, content to have him gently fussing over her.

As it grew hot, he suggested that she take the spare bedroom and lie down upon the bed, leaving the double doors open at each end of the room to get the draught.

She lay down on the bed and slept through the midday heat. When she woke up it was nearly four o'clock and she was cool and rested and at ease. She showered and dressed, then went and found Joe.

"Thanks for everything, Joe. I had a lovely sleep." And then she said, "Can we go riding after tea?"

"Still a bit hot," he said. "Think that's a good thing?"

"I'd like to," she said. "I want to learn to ride properly."

He said, "You did all right last time." She had been promoted from the fourteen-year-old Auntie to the more energetic Sally, and she was gradually learning to trot. Starting at her age, she would never be a very good rider, but she was determined to achieve the ability to do it as a means of locomotion in that country.

They rode for an hour and a half that evening, coming back to Midhurst in the early dusk.

"I'm not a bit tired now," she said. "I believe I'm getting the hang of this, Joe. It's much easier on Sally than it was on Auntie."

"Yes," he said. "The better the horse the less tiring for the rider, long as you can manage him."

He drove her in to Willtown in the utility, and as they kissed good-night he said he would be in during the following week. She went to bed that night rested and content, refreshed by her quiet day.

Jean opened the ice-cream parlor after lunch on Christmas Day, and took twenty pounds in the afternoon and evening. She had the gramophone from the workshop in the parlor that evening, playing dance music, so that the little wooden shack that was her ice-cream parlor streamed out music and light into the dark wastes of the main street.

Old, withered women Jean had never seen before came in that night with equally old men to have an ice-cream soda, drawn by the lights and by the music.

The workshop went fairly steadily under Aggie Topp and they despatched two packing cases of shoes to Forsyth just after Christmas, to be sent by rail to Brisbane and by ship to England. She had already sent a few early samples of their work to Pack and Levy by air mail.

Please turn to page 50





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ON Boxing Day the rain came. There had been one or two short showers before, then down it came, a steady, vertical torrent of rain that went on and on, unending.

At first conditions became worse, with no less heat and very high humidity; in the workshop the girls sweated freely even at seventy degrees, and Aggie Topp had to postpone the finishing operations and concentrate on the earlier, less delicate stages of the manufacture of shoes.

Jean went with Joe to Midhurst for a day soon after the New Year; as usual he called for her just after dawn. This time it was a grey dawn of hot, streaming rain; she scuttled quickly from the door of her room into the cab of the utility.

By that time she was getting used to being wet through to the skin, and drying, and getting wet again; the water as it fell was nearly blood temperature and the chance of a chill was slight. She said as she got into the car, "What are the creeks like, Joe?"

"Coming up," he said. "Nothing to worry over yet." A time would come when for a few weeks he would be unable to reach Willstown from Midhurst in the utility, and would have to ride in if they were to meet at all. He had been stocking up with foodstuffs for the homestead in the past week or two.

There were two creeks between Willstown and Midhurst, wide bottoms of sand and boulders that she knew as hot, arid places in the dry. Now they were wide streams of yellow, muddy water, rather terrifying to her. At the first one she said, "Can we get through that, Joe?"

"That's all right," he said. "It's only a foot deep. You see that tree there with the overhanging branch? When that branch gets covered, at the fork, it's a bit deep then."

They drove the utility ploughing through the water and emerged the other side; they forded the second creek in the same way, leaping from boulder to boulder, and went on

## A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 48

to Midhurst. They got there as usual in time for breakfast. It was still streaming rain down in a steady torrent, too wet for any outdoor activity. They set to work after breakfast to plan out the new kitchen and other alterations he had set his heart on.

They were measuring up the kitchen and making a plan on a writing pad, when they heard a horse approaching about noon. It was still raining, though less than before.

They went to the other side of the house and saw Pete Fletcher handing his horse over to the aboriginal Moonshine; he came up to the verandah. He was wearing his broad hat and he was soaked to the skin; his boots squelched as he climbed the steps.

He said, "Did you hear the radio?"

"No. What's that?"

"Some kind of trouble up on Windermere," the boy said. "Don Curtis went up with an abo rider to the top end of his station three days ago. Now his horse is back without him."

"Tracked the horse back?" Joe asked at once.

"Tried that, but it didn't work. Tracks all washed out." The boy sat down on the edge of the verandah and began taking off his boots to tip the water out of them; a little pool formed round him.

"Jacqueline Bacon, the girl on the Cairns radio, she got the news on the morning schedule. She called Sergeant Haines, and he sent Phil Duncan to Windermere. Phil's on his way there now, with Al Burns. I said I'd come round this way and tell you. Eddie Page is on his way to Windermere from Carlisle, with Fred Dawson."

Joe asked, "Who was the abo rider he had with him?"

"Chap called Samson from the Mitchell River. He's been with Don about a month."

"Do they know where on the station he was going to?"

"Up by Disappointment Creek."

Joe said, "Then I know what he's been up to." Jean, looking at him, saw his mouth set in a hard line.

"What's that?" asked Pete.

"He's been at my poddys again," said Joe. "He's got a puddy corral up there. I'll tell you where it is. You know where Disappointment Creek runs into the Fish River?"

The boy nodded.

"Well, from there you go up Disappointment Creek about four miles and you'll come to an island and a little bit of a creek running in from the north just by it. Well, go on past that about a mile and you'll see a lot of thick bush north of the creek, with a little bare hill behind."

Again Pete nodded and Joe added, "You can't mistake it. The puddy corral's round the back of that thick bush, just under the bare hill. If you get up on that hill—it's only about fifty feet high—you'll see the puddy corral to the south of you." He paused. "If you're going on a search party I'd start off with that."

PETE said briefly, "Thanks, Joe. I'll tell them at Windermere."

"You'd better," Joe advised him. "I don't suppose Mrs. Curtis knows anything about it."

Jean had been hesitant to break in on a discussion about things that she knew nothing of, but now she said, "How did you get to know about it, Joe?"

He turned to her. "I was up at the top end just after Christmas with Billy, one of the abos, and I thought poddys were a bit scarcer than they ought to be. So then Billy got to tracking, and the rain had hardly begun then, so it was easy. The Cartwright River makes the station boundary just there, and we followed the tracks across and on to Windermere."

"Two horses there were, with a lot of poddys. We found the corral like I said, and there they were. I drove them back."

The boy put on his boots and got up. "What'll you do, Joe? Come along with me?"

"I don't think so," Joe replied slowly. "I think I'll get up to the top end of my station, where he got those poddys from. Maybe he's after some more, and had his accident up there. That's south of the Cartwright River, and east of the new bore we made. If I can't see any trace of him on my land, then I'll follow the way he drove those poddys to his corral. Maybe I'll meet you around there somewhere, to-morrow or the next day."

Pete nodded. "I'll tell Phil."

"Tell him I'll be taking Billy with me, and I'll start as soon as I've run Miss Paget here back in to town in the utility."

Jean said, "Joe, don't bother about me. I'll stay here till you come back. You get off at once."

He hesitated. "I may be away for days."

"Well, then, I'll ride in to town on Sally. One of the men can come with me and bring Sally back."

"You could do that," he said slowly. "Moonshine will be here, and he could go with you."

"Well, then," she said, "that's perfectly all right. What time's Dave coming back?"

Dave Hope was one of the white stockmen.

"Should be back this afternoon," Joe said. He turned to Pete. "I've got Jim Lennon on holiday, and Dave's off visiting a girl—one of the nurses down at Normanton. But he'll be back to-day."

Jean said, "I'll stay here till Dave comes, Joe."

He smiled at her. "Well, that would be a help. I'll tell Moonshine he's to take you in to town any time you want to go."

JOE turned back to Pete, "Want another horse?" he asked.

"I don't think so. 'Bout thirty mile to Windermere from here?"

"That's right. Cross over the river here, you know, and you'll find a track that leads there all the way. It's not been used much lately."

"Okay."

"What about some tucker?" The boy shook his head. "Think I'll get on my way."

They went down in to the yard and saw him saddle up and ride away. The rain had practically stopped, but the clouds were heavy overhead. Joe turned to Jean.

"Sorry about this," he said quietly. "It's spoilt our day. You're sure you don't mind riding in with Moonshine?"

"Of course not," she said.

She hurried in to galvanise Polly to prepare some lunch and food for them to take with them; down in the yard the men were saddling up. They took their riding horses and one packhorse with them, loaded with a tent and camping gear. She was distressed at the meagre quantity and poor quality of the food: Joe seemed to think it necessary to take with them.



He took a hunk of horrible, black over-cooked meat out of the safe and dropped it into a sack with three loaves of bread; he took a couple of handfuls of tea in an old cocoa tin and a couple of handfuls of sugar in another. That was the whole of his provision for a journey of indefinite length.

She did not interfere, seeing that he was absorbed in his preparations and not wanting to fuss him, but she stored up the knowledge for her future information.

He kissed her good-bye on the verandah and she went down with him to the yard. "Look after yourself, Joe," she said.

He grinned. "See you in Willstown next week." Then he was trotting out of the gate with Billy at his side and the packhorse behind on a lead, and she was left alone at Midhurst.

To be concluded.

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# TEENA

BY *hilda terry*



**ARIES** (March 21 to April 20): You may find it difficult to keep in step with others this week, especially your close associates or those who have a joint interest in your affairs. Try to be co-operative.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 21): Not your best week for health, employment, public relations, and business affairs. Postpone important tasks and interviews.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): October 6 to 8 seems a difficult patch this week, especially for those in love or trying to find happiness.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Parents, home, or your domestic affairs continue to hold your attention this week. Don't let temporary difficulties irritate you. You will find that most problems straighten out of their own accord.

**LEO** (July 24 to August 23): You will find this week better for serious matters and practical affairs than social gaiety. Clear up all un-

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## As I Read the STARS

By **WYNNE TURNER**

finished details, so that you can establish your affairs on a firm basis. Bright prospects from October 10.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): You may feel irritable and depressed this week, with extra work and responsibility to cope with. Watch health, nerves, and avoid chills, especially from October 6 to 8. Finance lucky from October 10.

**LIBRA** (September 24 to October 23): Be cautious in personal matters from October 4. You are likely to do things that could provoke people and spoil your chances for progress. Keep a balance in all things.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 22): Expect a few hindrances this week. Your stars favor planning and finalisation rather than new beginnings. October 4, 6, 9, and 10 could be annoying days, when caution and tact may be necessary.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): There are some minor adverse aspects for love and friendships this week. Be careful how you handle situations from October 6 to 10.

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): Don't be ambitious this week; you gain more by moving slowly and cautiously. Surface values can cloud your ability to judge clearly. October 4, 6, and 10 are adverse.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 to February 19): Be careful in all your planning this week, and if decisions have to be made or documents signed, think well about them.

**PISCES** (February 20 to March 20): Not your best week for team work, partnerships and personal relationships, especially where money is concerned. Don't worry if things move slowly. You will gain more by patience at present.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

A.7.19

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(... or building?)



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# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** And **TOR:** King of Mechana, are in a battle between Flora and Mechana. Ruler of Flora is glamorous **DR. FLOREL:** Whom Tor loves.

The battle of machines versus plant weapons is waged. The aircraft that Mandrake, Lothar, Narda, and Tor ride crash. Meanwhile Dr. Florel races among her troops on a speedy plant train. Tor sees it coming and attacks. **NOW READ ON:**



THE RULERS RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER. "AT LAST, FACE TO FACE!" SAYS DR. FLOREL, GRIPPING HER POISON SPEAR. "ONE OF US MUST DIE!" SCOWLS TOR, READYING HIS ELECTRIC RIFLE.



MANDRAKE STEPS BETWEEN THE COMBATANTS, "FREEZING" THEM WITH A HYPNOTIC GESTURE. "THIS IS FOOLISH," HE SAYS. "TOR CAME HERE TO PROPOSE TO YOU, DR. FLOREL. HE LOVES YOU--"



"--AND I THINK YOU LOVE HIM, TOO," ADDS MANDRAKE. THE TWO RULERS STARE UNCERTAINLY AT EACH OTHER. AT THAT MOMENT, A CRYSTAL ARROW WHIZZES OUT OF SPACE, FALLING BETWEEN THEM!



THERE IS A NOTE ATTACHED TO THE CRYSTAL ARROW. THEY READ IT WITH AMAZEMENT. IT IS FROM THE KING OF MARVEL!



"WHO IS THE KING OF MARVEL?" ASKS MANDRAKE. "NO ONE'S EVER SEEN HIM. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IN A GENERATION THAT WE'VE HAD AN ORDER FROM HIM," SAYS TOR. "HE AND FLOREL ARE OBVIOUSLY AWED BY THIS DIRECT CONTACT FROM THEIR MYSTERIOUS SOVEREIGN."



"BUT AN ORDER IS AN ORDER," SAYS TOR, SMILING, AS HE EMBRACES FLOREL. "LOOKS LIKE THE WAR IS OVER, BUT WHO--OR WHAT--IS THE KING OF MARVEL?" PONDERES MANDRAKE.



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*In legendary Greek history, the lotus was a fruit which served as the food of the lotophagi or lotus eaters. The fruit and the wine made from it were supposed to induce a state of dreamy content and complete release from worldly care—just what you experience when you sleep on a Lotusland "40 Winker."*

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# Lovely ladies of HOLLYWOOD

MAKE BOX-OFFICE MUSIC

☆ Ethereal Joan Fontaine (right), having completed work on "September Affair" with Joseph Cotten, is now filming "Mr. and Miss Anonymous" for Paramount, a drama in which she co-stars with Ray Milland and Teresa Wright playing a husband-and-wife team.

☆ Dynamic Barbara Stanwyck (below left) co-stars with Wendell Corey and the late Walter Huston in Paramount's sombre, pioneering-family drama "The Furies," in which she plays high-spirited Vance Jeffords, daughter of a New Mexico cattle baron.

☆ Melody Miss June Haver (below right), who entered the star sweepstakes when she was chosen to play one of the Dolly Sisters, with Fox belle Betty Grable playing the other, appears in "I'll Get By," a modern musical, with William Lundigan and famous guest-stars.







## Talking BIG

by T. Wendel Hills

A Column Written from  
the Wendel Special  
W to XXXXXOS  
Fashion Salon

A CHOSEN favourite this summer! Your jacketed sun suit of British Cotton with frosty-white pique trim. Choose any colour your heart desires in large or small flowery patterns. Blue, rose, green, or wonderful Autumn tones. Sizes XXSW, SSW, SW, W, WX, 29/11; OS, XOS, XXOS, 32/11.

LADIES, take advantage of a well-tailored edge-to-edge coat for a summer look this summer. I have a lightweight wool style in beige, black, or navy. Sizes 36 to 60 bust measurements. The price a mere £8/17/6. Also a fitted style in sizes 36 to 64 for only £8/5/6. Black, navy, or beige. Just send your bust measurement for one of these, and I will forward you the nearest stock size.

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FASHION says, softly flowing lines this summer. And how flattering it is, particularly when done in silk jersey. In my summer collection I have wonderful styles with new, scooped-out neckline and flowing skirt. They're floral in aqua, mauve, blue, wine, or gold colour combinations. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 to 64, £5/1/6. These dresses are crease-resisting, so wonderfully packable for your summer vacation.

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*T. Wendel Hills*

1st Floor, 147A King St., Sydney. MA5794.  
T. & G. Bldg., Elizabeth St. MA5503.

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## THE FURIES...



1 UNDERSTANDING exists between T. C. Jefford (Walter Huston) and daughter Vance (Barbara Stanwyck).

BASED on a novel by Niven Busch, and produced by Hal Wallis, Paramount's "The Furies" is an adult Western that contains not only the traditional ingredients of fast action and the chase, but a strong, sweeping story of valiant if somewhat unscrupulous pioneers.

T. C. Jefford is shown as a pioneer of the Old West, who builds his property, "The Furies," to immense proportions. Fiery, unpredictable, and a magnificent sportsman, he is also the devoted father of a weakling son and a daughter as intrepid as himself (Barbara Stanwyck).

An emotional clash between these two people of strong character provides the core of drama upon which vivid events are built.



2 FEAR that Jefford will someday evict squatters from land is shared by Vance and Indian Juan Herrera (Gilbert Roland).



3 WEDDING of son Clay (John Bromfield) persuades Jefford to raise hundred thousand dollar mortgage on ranch. He earmarks half for Vance's dowry, half with name Burnett.



4 THREAT of disinheritance becomes real when Vance wishes to marry gambler Rip Darrow (Wendell Corey). Jefford breaks up romance by offering Rip dowry money to jilt bitter Vance.



5 VISIT to ranch of Jefford's mistress, Flo Burnett (Judith Anderson), causes jealousy which Vance tries to hide for father's sake until she learns he proposes to marry the woman and live at the ranch.



6 ATTACKING Flo Burnett with pair of shears in rage, Vance inflicts deep wound. Jefford follows Vance to Juan's home and avenges Flo by hanging Indian.



7 SCHEMING revenge, Vance enlists Rip's aid, and with dowry money buys up father's L.O.U.'s and cattle, paying him with worthless chits. He faces ruin gamely.



8 BURNING L.O.U.'s in street prior to leaving for ranch with reconciled Vance and Rip, who are now the owners, Jefford is shot down when avenging Herrera family sweep down through the town.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 7, 1950





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 7, 1950



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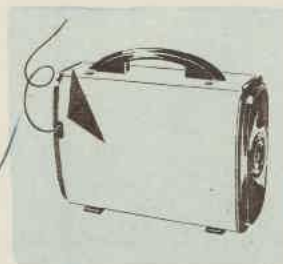
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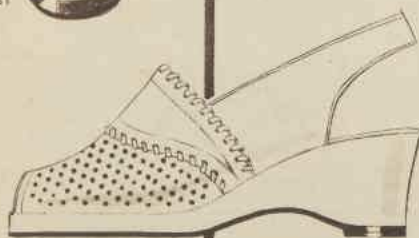
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# Peter Lawford looks towards Australia

There was a real spark of anticipation in the good-looking young man sitting across the luncheon table from me at M.G.M.'s studios. It was the buoyancy of a man about to embark on the adventure of his life and relishing it.

THAT is just how screen star Peter Lawford regards his trip to Australia for the Twentieth Century-Fox big-budget technicolor film "Kangaroo," in which he is to co-star with Irish beauty Maureen O'Hara.

Over the coffee he admitted somewhat ruefully that "thinking of Australia most of the time" was making him forget his lines in "Royal Wedding," the film with Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, and Sarah Churchill which Lawford has also been working on.

He was not yet sure of the exact date of his departure for Sydney, but he was hoping he would be given enough time to collect a toothbrush and a pair of pyjamas—you never know with these Hollywood producers.

Having had his joke on Hollywood, Lawford settled deeper into his chair and said:

"I am looking forward tremendously to this adventure down under. The last, and only, time I visited Australia was when I was about nine years old.

"My parents and I were on a leisurely trip around the world, and though I remember Sydney and our stay there I don't recall if it was while coming from India or going to India.

"We stayed in Sydney for about three months, and soon after our arrival found a delightful small beach, a sort of cove, where there was good swimming for us all.

"It was beautifully picturesque and strangely empty. We couldn't understand why people didn't go there instead of to the crowded public beaches.

"But we stopped going there, too, about a month after we discovered it, when we were told the reason for the desolation. The waters there were infested with sharks.

"I would like to find that place again. I've the feeling I can head for it without difficulty when I get there and recognise the surroundings. It is somewhere south of Sydney Heads, and strangely enough this beach is the only clear recollection of our stay there.

"Everything else about Australia is very hazy. Maybe the reason it has stayed with me was that I loved to swim so much. I still do.

"This time my visit to Australia will mean work in a big way."

One of the reasons why Peter Lawford is so thrilled about the trip is that "Kangaroo" will give him a role in which he won't be a charming young man, a title that seems to have been plaguing him for a long time.

Lawford acquired this label as a favorite of international cafe society and popular escort of society belles and glamor girls.

When British-born Lawford steps before the cameras in the Flinders Ranges of South Australia he will be reliving the life of a notorious Australian outlaw of the 1880's.

"What a pleasure it will be to



SCREEN STAR Peter Lawford, who has the male starring role in the 20th Century-Fox Australian technicolor production "Kangaroo," is due to arrive in Sydney this month. The idea of playing a rugged, outdoor type appeals as a nice change from man-about-town characters.

appear as a really tough, hard character," he says, grinning with anticipation.

The screen-play, written by Harry Kleiner, is a partly true saga of a gentleman outlaw, alias The Kangaroo, whose colorful career included stage-coach robberies—but without violence to the passengers.

When the outlaw's evil partner kills a passenger during a hold-up, the pair have to flee to a cattle station for safety.

Here The Kangaroo goes to work as a station-hand, after breaking with his partner, and here he also falls in love with the spirited daughter of the owner.

During heavy drought the young bandit helps to save the cattle, but in the end he is captured.

Originally Tyrone Power was cast for the starring assignment in "Kan-

From LEE CARROLL,  
in Hollywood

garoo," but his London stage commitment in "Mr. Roberts" stood in the way.

M.G.M. had never lent Lawford before, but allowed 20th Century-Fox to use him in "Kangaroo," in which Maureen O'Hara will play the lovely daughter of the rugged station owner.

A last-minute switch gave Maureen O'Hara this role, and her assignment to it was interpreted in Hollywood as a decision to strengthen further the important Australian venture and bring it within the ranks of the studio's best efforts.

"I am ashamed to say that I know very little about this country in Australia," Lawford says, "but we'll have some weeks of location work, which means I'll have an opportunity to see it and to meet the people.

"The only Australian I know now is a vaudeville actor named Billy Shakespeare, whom I met in Hawaii a couple of years ago. But I have heard a lot about the Australian theatre from Robert Morley, for one, and I am sure we shall make friends."

This star of "Kangaroo" is not the only one who is eager to make the picture.

A 16-man technical unit, headed by associate-producer Robert Snoddy, with art-director Mark Lee Kirk and cameraman Charles Clarke, was the first section to leave for Australia.

It was followed by Lewis Milestone, who is regarded in the film industry as being one of Hollywood's finest directors.

Peter Lawford declares he could not have wished for a better fate than to find himself in the hands of Lewis Milestone.

"He is one of Hollywood's top-drawer directors," he says. "I had never worked for him before and only met him for the first time as he was about to leave for Australia. I am looking forward to taking his orders."

In promising lots of action and beautiful scenery in "Kangaroo," Lewis Milestone told the Australian Press recently: "I am anxious to do something away from Hollywood. But I am not going mainly for the scenery. I regard 'Kangaroo' as a chance to do a real film actually based on historical happenings in Australia."

Extensive preparations have preceded the Fox undertaking. Because most of the picture will be shot in the road-poor back country, special lightweight technicolor cameras will be used. Then the film will be sent back to Sydney in a hurry and flown to Hollywood for processing.

Movie sets are now being constructed on location so that, should bad weather prevail in South Australia, the troupe can switch to interior filming scenes.



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BRIAN stood up and defiantly faced the dark man. "Calkins. Drop around any time and we'll discuss Waterloo. Just to refresh your memory, that's spelled W-A-T-E-R-L-O-O."

"Waterloo!" The dark man sneered. "I laugh."

"You laugh, do you?" Brian scooped up the other's lapels. "Now, listen, you gigo, I'm warning you. Be careful what you laugh at around me. Because I'd like to wipe you off the map. You and all your kind."

The handsome face contorted. The Vesuvius eyes looked down at the hand on the lapel. A ring on a lean brown finger struck sharply at Brian's knuckles.

Patricia covered her eyes but not before she saw Brian's fist double up, shoot out and make solid contact with the dark man's nose.

The next instant, waiters came rushing from all directions to pin Brian down.

The dark man picked himself out of the entrees at the adjoining table and inquired stiffly: "What is your name again, please?"

"Brian Calkins. Address—Bureau of Procurement and Procedure. Come around any time."

The headwaiter glared at Brian and pointed significantly towards the entrance.

"Gladly," Brian said. "My mission is accomplished. Come on, Patricia."

She followed him, her face aflame with embarrassment. Not until they were safely outside in the cool night air could she manage to wail, "Oh-h-h!"

Brian put his arm around her. "You poor kid," he said. "Getting mixed up with a snake like that. Oh, why did you have to hit him?" she wailed. "What did he ever do to you?"

He withdrew his arm and gazed heavenwards. "Women! Women! I think I'll throw my Boy Scout manual away."

"Please," she said, "I'd like to go home."

In the morning, when Patricia awoke, Cleo was sitting on the floor with a newspaper and a sardonic smile. "Well, Mata Hari—or should I call you, I quote, 'an attractive young woman in blue'?"

Patricia opened both eyes, rolled the unpleasant dregs of the night before around in her mind. "What?" she said.

"Look," Cleo said, and held up the newspaper.

Patricia looked, jumped, gulped. She was looking at a picture of an all too familiar dark man who was holding a handkerchief to his nose.

There was a headline that read: "Procurement Man Attacks Cajador Diplomat. Quite Unprovoked, Says Francisco Ramira." And there were eight paragraphs of painful amplification. Perhaps the most unnerving was the third:

"The Cajador attache said he first noticed Calkins when the bureau of procurement and procedure official and his companion, an attractive young woman in blue, were dancing nearby."

"I thought perhaps he knew my companion and I arose," Ramira related. "He laughed at my accent which I cannot help since I have only recently learned to speak English. Later he warned me to leave this country and used the term, Waterloo. I believe he said: 'This is your Waterloo.'"

"I tried to laugh, but he clasped my lapel roughly and threatened my people, saying he would like to wipe them off the map. At this point, although I have been instructed never to take part in violence while in this United States, my anger overwhelmed me and I attempted to strike his hand from my lapel."

Patricia fell back against the pillow. "I am sick, Cleo. I'm

## Romantic Favor

Continued from page 7

awfully sick." But her eyes stole back to the story:

"Calkins talked to reporters in his Connecticut Avenue apartment. He readily admitted the attack, but denied knowing Ramira was a Cajador official, explaining that he had mistaken the diplomat for another man. He termed the incident 'an unfortunate episode' and said he would send written apologies both to Ramira and the Cajador Embassy."

An hour later, Patricia walked into Brian's office. He glanced up, and said icily: "What do you want now?"

"I'm so sorry," she blurted, "so awfully sorry."

"You don't say so! You're awfully sorry and Francisco Ramira is a Frenchman and isn't it a lovely day? Now will you please go type something and let me spend my last moments in peace?"

She stared at him miserably. "But don't you want to know why I did it?"

"Miss Fair, I am not interested in psychiatry this morning."

She was sitting despondently at her typewriter when, half an hour later, Jane Langley from the chief's office came in.

"Well," Jane said with sadistic glee, "they're waiting for him with their axes."

Patricia fingered the memo nervously. "They're not going to fire him?"

"People don't get fired in Washington, honey. They just get transferred. Only when your boss gets transferred, it's going to be right out into nothing."

There was only one thing to do. Atone, Patricia decided.

The young man with the flash bulb decided he could balance the picture a little better if she crossed the right knee over the left, instead of the left over the right. Patricia was well aware that her dress slipped up another inch in the shift, but if this was going to help Brian, she didn't care.

LATER the young woman with glasses asked, "How did you happen to pick Francisco Ramira out of all the men at the Station?"

"Because he was so good-looking. He was easily the most handsome man in the place."

"Except Brian Calkins?" Patricia hesitated. "No. He was even better looking than Brian Calkins."

The young woman grinned slightly. "Go on with what you were saying about Arlington Dorms."

"There's nothing wrong with the place," Patricia said slowly. "It's more what the place stands for. You see, girls come to Washington expecting a lot of glitter and international intrigue, and they end up seeing Arlington Dorms."

"They face a filing cabinet all day and about the only glamor they get at night is a movie with the girls. There aren't enough men to go around. And even a girl who'd have quite a good time somewhere else—well in Washington she stays home and reads unless—"

"Unless she gets in there and pitches?"

"Yes," Patricia said. "I think that's about it. Back at home in Waterloo, I'd have died first. But I never met a man like Brian Calkins in Waterloo and, here—well—a girl has to do something."

Patricia's picture in the afternoon paper had the caption: "Beauty Goes Begging In Man-Short D.C." Above the news story was the headline: "Calkins a Victim of Love Plot in Attack on Cajador Official."

Francisco Ramira called on her late that afternoon and smiled as

she told him how sorry she was. He did not relinquish her hand.

"I am so delighted," he said. "It is nice you call me most handsome man at the hotel, you know. So beautiful young lady, too."

She blushed. "Oh, you've seen the papers?"

"Si. And your picture. Beautiful picture, Miss Fair. And lovely? It cannot be. This Calkins must be very strange man."

"He's not strange," she said sadly. "He's just wary. And furious now. And I don't blame him."

Francisco Ramira's face drooped with sympathetic woe.

"So sad," he said. "Poor chiquita. But to-night! Come have dinner with me at the Station Hotel. I will make you smile."

Patricia almost rocked with surprise.

"Well, that's awfully nice of you," she managed at length, "but I'd planned to go back to Waterloo to-night. That's my home town, you know."

"You leave Washington?"

"Yes. You see, I feel pretty silly after that story in the papers and—"

"And the young man, he has a hard heart?"

"Yes."

"But," he said triumphantly, "I have a heart so soft. You will see."

Francisco Ramira smiled and danced her with great charm and apparent delight.

Then suddenly she was staring into the eyes of Brian Calkins.

Francisco bowed. "I hope to-night you will not give quite so much a red nose, señor."

Brian was looking at Patricia. "Don't worry, Mr. Ramira. I had to sign a peace pledge before they'd let me in here again."

"Too bad!" laughed Francisco. "Too bad! Because I watch you staring with so hungry eyes at my beautiful lady."

"Oh!" Patricia whispered. "Well," she added nervously, "isn't this a coincidence?"

Brian was still staring at her. "Not particularly, I just happened to drop by Arlington Dorms and a little character named Cleo Burke practically drew me a map."

Francisco looked from Patricia to Brian, back to Patricia.

"This is so beautiful," he smiled, "that I suddenly remember I must write some very important report for my country. To-night, you know."

Brian held out his hand. "Thanks, Mr. Ramira," he said. He pulled out a chair. "Miss Fair, sit down. There are a few things I'd like to say to you."

She sat down. "I—I suppose you've seen the papers."

"Was it necessary to let everybody in Washington know everything?"

"I didn't know what else to do. I didn't want you to lose your job."

"Why didn't you come to me with the truth in the first place?"

"You can't go up to somebody who always looks at the filing cabinet instead of you and—well—you have to be subtle about it. Besides, if I'd told you I was in love with you, you wouldn't have cared!"

He reached for her hand. "What you haven't noticed is what I've been looking at when you were looking at the filing cabinet."

In the taxi he said: "Ramira seemed pretty decent, but—"

"But what?"

"I was just wondering what is so handsome about him?"

She smiled in the dark. "I didn't really mean that," she confided.

"That was just part of the strategy." Her conscience had time for only one last feeble kick. Then he was kissing her.

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## NOW BETTER THAN EVER





# WHITE WITH Doctor

By  
**LOUISE A.  
STINETORF**



"Now don't be stuffy about my bathing-suit," Dr. Mary scolded good-naturedly as she stepped from the dugout.

**FIRST LONG INSTALMENT OF A FASCINATING AND UNUSUAL NOVEL**

**Y**OU'RE going home! My work is over, my affairs are in order, and my co-workers have been saying good-bye, wistfully and sometimes a bit enviously. "You're going home now!"

Yes, soon I shall cross the Atlantic and travel halfway across the United States until I am back again in the little Indiana town of my birth. But I shall not be going home. For Africa is my home. Here in the Congo Territory is where the people I love were born. This is where my work was done.

Yes, after a quarter of a century of the best years of my maturity, my only years of personal fulfillment, I am being exiled, because that is the usual fate of ageing missionaries. But my heart will remain here with the children that I brought into the world, and with their children, and with the white-haired women and the grey-bearded men for

whom I opened up new vistas of life after their own people had cast them into discard.

Henceforth I must tread paved streets and sleep under shingled roofs, all in the name of care and kindness being shown an old woman. But my calloused feet will miss the soft mould of jungle trails. And how can I fall asleep at night without the subdued rustle in my ears of a thatch roof inhabited by a thousand tiny creatures?

When I look about me at the pallid faces of those who will be solicitous of my physical health, will I dare share with anyone, even my own flesh and blood, the fact that I love and honor an old black woman as I have never loved or honored another human being? Or that I, who never married, mourn an African stripling as my own son?

No, I am not going home. At the end of life I am being uprooted. I must live

among people who will be strangers to me, because they believe the centre of the universe is in their own back yards. And having known self-sufficiency, I must now somehow step back into the rather pathetic position of a family dependent.

That is what life was for me before I went to Africa; that is all that the remaining years seem to offer.

Can I do it? I must. How, I don't know. I can only pray, as I did so often in the middle of some dank jungle, "God, please help me."

My youth was spent in the Middle Western United States. I came from what is called "missionary stock"—that is, although my parents were humble farmer folk, I had aunts, uncles, cousins, then a brother and sister, and now nephews and nieces, scattered all over the world in Christian service. From

earliest childhood I took it for granted that I, too, would become a missionary.

My parents were sympathetic. Mother encouraged me to memorise great sections of inspired literature, including whole books of the Bible, while Father saw to it that I received well-rounded instruction in the basic academic subjects, most of it at home under his tutelage.

"A good foundation for specialised training later on," he insisted when I was inclined to rebel against Cicero's interminable orations or the theory of differential equations. Even at the ripe old age of sixteen I felt ready to get on with that specialised training.

Whatever it would be — pedagogy, medicine, evangelism—I knew exactly where I wanted to go. Africa!

Please turn to page 64





BEAUTIFUL HEDY LAMARR, who stars in Paramount's "Samson and Delilah". Even the most searching close-up can't fault Hedy's exquisite skin. And her beauty care is one every girl can follow. Regular daily soaks with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Buy a tablet of this finest of beauty soaps today. Praise for yourself it's the beauty care that really makes skin lovelier.

**MOFFATT**, Livingstone, Krapf, Stanley, Burton, Hannington—I knew the lives of all the great missionaries and explorers of the Dark Continent as well as I knew our village grocer, postmaster, or pastor.

I read everything I could find published on Africa, and folk like Tippu Tib, that crafty slave runner, and Mutesa, powerful and villainous beyond belief, personalities that enthralled me more than any elfin creature Andersen or the brothers Grimm ever dreamed up.

But the years went by and I did not apply for missionary appointment, although it was always in the back of my mind as a step I would take as soon as the immediate situation in my family cleared up.

We were a large family—I had four brothers and four sisters—and there was always some good reason why I should stay at home "just a little longer." This sister was getting married and, instead of buying the indispensable household equipment for me to take to Africa, the money must be used for furnishing

her new home on the farm next door.

Or that brother, just finishing his hospital internship and already appointed to the mission field in China, had the opportunity to buy a really splendid set of surgical instruments for "next to nothing." And so it went.

I was glad to do what I could to help, and if anyone had spoken of my efforts as sacrifice, I would have called him crazy. My life was full and happy, and I did not notice the inexorable flight of the years. Then, when I was in my very late thirties, my mother died, and six months later we knew that Father too was leaving us.

As is so often the case with devoted couples, he simply pined away from sheer loneliness. He had reason to be proud of some of his children; and as for the rest of us, I couldn't see that the problems we faced were any greater than those of all right-intentioned, hard-working, moderately intelligent people.

Shortly before Father died he spoke to me as he had never done before. I was sitting beside his bed, reading because I thought he was asleep. Something made me look up suddenly, and I found him staring at me, wide-eyed and perplexed.

"Are you comfortable?" I asked and patted his hand. He grasped my fingers with more strength than I had supposed he possessed.

"Ellen dear—Ellen, you're a good girl," he murmured just as though I had been four, or fourteen, instead of only a hair-breadth from forty.

"I've had good parents," I smiled. "We've tried, Mother and I," he answered calmly. "But, Daughter—What's to become of you now?"

I was dumfounded and my face must have shown it, for after a moment he went on.

"Your mother and I always worried about you, Ellen. I could go to her now with an easy heart if only—you—were—provided for."

"Why, Father, you've told me I'll always have the income from the farm while I live!" I exclaimed. "You know I'm not extravagant. You needn't worry; there'll be more than I need."

Even as I spoke, he shook his head. "That's not what I mean. You shouldn't live here alone. But don't go to one of your brothers or sisters, Daughter. You've served as handmaiden to each one of them long enough. Where will you make your home? How will you occupy your time?"

His eyes demanded an answer. But how could I tell my father what was in my heart without seeming to say, "Your death will be my release?"

He took the words out of my mind. "You think you'll go to Africa, don't you?"

"Why I—I—" I wasn't stammering, but rather searching for the right words.

"Ellen, Mother and I have prayed for you oftener and more earnestly than we have prayed for any of your brothers and sisters. You've missed a lot out of life and the years ahead are going to be difficult. How difficult, only God in his infinite wisdom can know. You'll come through, though, in spite of your lack of advantage and privilege; Mother and I have never doubted that for a moment. But when the going is difficult—God bless you, Ellen. God bless you and be with you always."

I shall be eternally grateful to my father for that benediction. Not only was it deeply sincere, but I knew at the time that it had long been in his mind. I saw it in his eyes every time he looked at me thereafter.

Eight days later we laid him beside Mother in the little rural cemetery where so many of his friends and relatives already slept.

## White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 63

Before the funeral, brothers James and Robert had offered me a home with them. Each had assured me that his wife would welcome me into their family life. I knew that was the truth, but I declined, and neither one pressed me.

"You've got a right to your own life, Sis," James remarked dryly.

Robert merely nodded agreement, but I thought I heard him remark to James as they walked away together, "What there is left of it."

I think that was the first time it ever really dawned on me that I was no longer a young woman. And even then I did not realise that my lack of youth could be held against me.

Sister Alice was not nearly so considerate as James and Robert—but perhaps there was some justification for her attitude. She was the youngest of our family; in fact, there was eight years' difference between her age and that of the last before her.

As a child she had been petted and babied, and with other parents than ours she probably would have grown into a brat. Even so, she was a self-centred little egotist. She married young, and the babies came—ones, two, three, four, five, six—with scarcely more than a normal gestation period between them.

Sam, Alice's husband, was a steady, hard-working man, but he had not been able to make much headway, and I knew that both he and Alice had counted on her probable inheritance from Father. There would be a tidy sum for Alice and Sam, but I was sorry for both of them when they learned that Father had left the home place to me.

I was honestly sorry, but scarcely prepared for what happened. All morning at the house before the funeral Alice hovered over me like an old hen with one chick. I noticed Sam watching her, and I wondered if he was striving to restrain some sort of outburst on her part.

**S**TRAIGHT after the prayers at the house, Alice said to me suddenly, "You're riding with Sam and me in our car." It was a command, not an invitation.

As soon as Sam's car had taken its place in the funeral cortege, she came to the point without mincing words. It was unthinkable that I should live alone, something smacking of the indecent. "People would talk."

Nor was it Christian that I should move into the nearby village and live a life of idleness, even though I could easily afford it now. "People would talk" about that, too, especially since she, my own sister, slaved from morning till night.

Now the sensible thing for me to do would be to move in with her and Sam. On, better yet, have them move in with me at the home place. I could help with the six children; they and the work would keep me from being lonely and bored. And I could contribute to the family income so that I wouldn't feel a burden on anybody.

Didn't I think it a good idea? Didn't Sam?

Sam didn't answer. His knuckles were white against the black of the steering wheel.

The family sat in the first four rows of the church. I was wedged between Alice and my brother John. Father lay just before and below the altar, and it seemed to me he would be shaking his head and murmuring: "Not in Alice's home, Ellen. You've been her handmaiden long enough."

A week after the funeral, I made a trip into the city to the office of the Mission Board. Alone! But getting rid of Alice, who was by now in my house oftener than in her

own, was far more difficult than many a farm chore I'd helped Father with. At the last moment, she doubted if I should take the car out alone.

"For heaven's sake!" I exploded. "I've been driving for ten years and you know it."

"But—the traffic, you know. Traffic in the city is terrible nowadays," she put in hopefully.

"Alice, I've driven into the city in stormy weather, with sleet on the road, through Christmas traffic, and, after all, I'm not a child, you know."

Two hours later, in the office of our Mission Board, I had to eat those last words. Staring open-mouthed in spirit if not in fact at the executive secretary, I could scarcely believe my ears.

In spite of her own white hair and the cane which she always used, she was saying: "But, my dear, at your age! You're not a child, you know."

No human being with any backbone at all gives up the sustaining dreams of a lifetime without some struggle. I was tense and perhaps on the defensive. Her words made me blunty, obnoxiously aggressive.

"I've always been a member of our local missionary society, and I've served several terms on your Board, as you well know, but never, not to this minute, have I realised that it was children we send to our mission fields," I burst out.

"No, not children, my dear. But, after all, there are age limits which must be met, you know," she began placatingly.

I did know. I had known all along, but I had never thought of their being applied to me.

"The word is yours," I stormed. "I'm not a child, you said, and thereby implied that only the very young should be sent to the mission field."

"But the difficulties a missionary must face are such—"

"Since when has maturity incapacitated one for facing difficulties?" I demanded.

"Now, my dear, let's face this thing calmly," I heard our secretary pleading.

I suppose she was calm. It was part of her job to face other people's disappointments with poise. As for myself, I refrained from slapping or pinching her, but I did get across to her that, with or without the blessing of the Mission Board, I was going to Africa.

Our interview ended in a compromise—the secretary would call a special meeting of the Committee on Foreign Appointments to consider my case.

In due time two of the members of the Board came to call on me. They were obviously too embarrassed to put much heart into their mission—namely, to dissuade me from wanting to go to Africa. By then I was saturated with that terrible, calm temper which listens to the reasoning of others unmoved.

How could I give in now? I had gone through an additional two weeks with Alice perpetually underfoot and, after living with my dream for at least three decades, I was not going to give it up now that reality was within my grasp.

Suddenly, I realised that my callers had been given instructions for an alternate argument. Finding me obdurate, they brought up the matter of specialised training. The day had long gone by when zeal in the heart and a Bible in the hand were all a missionary needed.

What could I do? they asked me. Educational work without formal college training? Ministerial work without seminary study? Medical work without the long years in both classroom and hospital.

"I can go as a practical nurse," I answered suddenly.

"But, my dear—"

Please turn to page 65



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## White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 64

I HAVE always wished violently that people would not begin "my-dearing" me whenever they disagree with me. Or treat me like a child while assuring me that I am no longer young.

"My dear, according to the reports of the workers on the field, almost every village woman is a practical nurse of sorts. Now, if you really had nurse's training, that would be a different matter."

"Then I shall take nurse's training," I promptly answered.

"At your age!" They exclaimed in a crescendo duct.

"What are three years compared with the time I have already waited?" I replied.

I can remember with more than a little amusement now how light-hearted and triumphant I felt at the time.

I am not going to dwell upon my time in the hospital. Suffice it to say that I had to ask friends of my family to use their influence to get me into one—at my advanced age.

When the admissions committee turned down my application, I went to the town banker, who had gone to school with my father; to a prominent lawyer, whose son wanted to marry one of my nieces; to one of our richest local industrialists, who, without any security to offer other than his character, had once borrowed money from my father with which to erect his first insignificant factory building.

From that day to this, whenever I hear any of the numerous platitudes about wealth's being nothing, I listen with my tongue in my cheek and recall a favorite quip of my father's: "It's true that money won't buy happiness; but if you have a little money, you can be just as unhappy as you like—in comfort."

Oh, yes! I was admitted to the hospital, and in many ways the diffi-

culties of my period of training were lightened for me.

Still, it seemed that I, who had done housework all my life, spent the first year bending over coals "learning" how to tuck in sheets or on my knees scrubbing floors.

After my three years' training, I was duly awarded permission to write "R.N." after my name. Then, like many another missionary, I left the hospital loaded down with broken, castoff equipment.

I wondered at the time what in the world I could do with the trash, but more was sent me from time to time throughout my terms of service and almost all of it was put to good use.

I was also commissioned a missionary by our Board. There was not much else they could do under the circumstances. Finally, with an incredible amount of luggage, I took a train to New York and there boarded ship for Leopoldville on the Congo.

Around the entire coast of Africa there are towns with excellent cosmopolitan shopping centres. But every Mission Board of which I know anything at all insists to this day that appointees bring with them all the appurtenances, domestic and professional, necessary to the maintenance of a moderately well-regulated suburban home.

They are further loaded down with similar supplies for every missionary family they are likely to meet within the next six years.

I have heard it argued that prices are higher in Africa than in the United States, but, while that is generally true, they are not enough more to make up the cost of freighting bed linen, simple furniture, and pots and pans across the Atlantic.

However, I did exactly as I was told because I was as ignorant of

the land that was to be my home for the next quarter century as were my employers. So, when I arrived in Leopoldville, I looked like a travelling circus bereft of all its performers but one.

The head of our local missions who met me in Leopoldville shared my reaction, although it was an old story to him.

"I always hope against hope with each new appointee that this won't happen," he groaned. "But it really doesn't matter; you new ones will always come loaded down, so I reserved the top deck of the boat we take upriver just for you and me—and your luggage."

AT first sight Dr. Early, the mission head and my boss from now on, made me think of a russet apple. He was certainly as squat, plump, and round, and, in spite of the sola topee he invariably wore, the African sun had parched his skin to the hue of a prime russet.

Whenever he took off his helmet, an absurd cowl-like, springing stubbornly from the crown of his head, could have passed for a stem. His belt, an elaborate affair of okapi hide, had been presented him some years earlier by a native tribal council of old men.

I learned later that no African wears an okapi hide belt except those who have earned the right by some act of signal bravery, but Dr. Early always laughed off any questions as to how he came by this badge of honor.

But Dr. Early's most remarkable feature was his eyes, and yet, for the life of me, I can't tell you now what color they were. They were

tired eyes—tired and disillusioned—but they showed no loss of faith.

It was as though he thoroughly understood human weakness and somehow had managed to retain his faith in the ultimate triumph of that spark of eternal good which God tucks away in every human heart.

Before I left the United States I had made arrangements with the bank at home for credit with the Bank of Belgium in Leopoldville.

Dr. Early took me first to the office of the American consul, with whom I registered as a fellow countryman looking forward to indefinite residence in the vast territory known as Upriver. Then I asked Dr. Early to go along with me to the bank, to identify me if that were necessary, and help me establish my claim to credit.

I hadn't finished speaking before I knew that something was wrong. He stared at me distastefully for a few seconds.

"H'm," he grunted finally. "So you're one of those."

"One of what?" I demanded.

He gave me no direct answer, then or ever. But I learned, very quickly, that independent means were as much of a stumbling block on the mission field at my age had been at home.

When I first went to Africa, my salary totalled the magnificent sum of 25 dollars a month, which was the rate in our denomination for missionaries, regardless of age, training, and years of service. Married couples received 50 dollars per month, and an additional 10 dollars for each child under sixteen.

Thus, 100 dollars a month was considered sufficient for the maintenance of a man, his wife, and five children.

Please turn to page 66



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# White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 65

"But, God helping you, you may be able to hoo it."

Suddenly he laughed like an impish child. "Do you know, when someone like you is sent out to us, we hope for the best, and pray—!" He was speaking in a confidential tone as though sharing a delightful secret, but after a sidelong glance at me, he broke off.

"Pray for the best and take whatever comes," I supplied lightly.

We both laughed, I briefly and in order to be polite, although at the time I did not entirely understand the humor. Then we turned and went into the bank, where I established my identity as that rare and not altogether desirable bird, a financially independent missionary.

The bulk of our time in Leopoldville was occupied with getting my mountainous luggage on the little tram which carried passengers and freight bound for the interior up around the rapids that break the "Great River," as the Congo is commonly called.

At the end of the tramline, it was not the train crew, but Dr. Early, myself, and two "boys" who got my boxes, bundles and miscellaneous bundles off the train and on to the boat.

It was a wearing task, but I didn't think too much of it until my companion muttered irritably, "Why you new appointees always feel you have to bring an entire department store with you is beyond me."

I turned upon him in blank surprise. I didn't have a thing with me that I had not been assured many times over I would need and that I could not get in Africa. And at least half of my luggage was for others.

**T**HE memory of the Leopoldville department store windows was still puzzlingly fresh in my mind—windows filled with the same odds and ends that jammed my luggage. Odds and ends on which I had paid freight from the middle of the United States to Leopoldville, then duty, and for which I must still pay transportation several hundred miles upriver.

Hot and sticky and tired, I replied irritably: "Why is it that you who are already on the field asked me to bring you so much? Things that I saw for sale right here in Leopoldville?"

He gave me a look that I never forgot, and I hastened to explain, "I haven't minded in the least, you understand, but, after all—"

Suddenly abashed, I stammered into silence. He seized a bale, gave it a jerk, and called to a boy. Naturally I didn't understand a syllable of the native dialect he used, but the boy jumped as though someone had stung him with a whip.

My irritation grew. Why should Dr. Early take such offense? It was he who had given way to temper first. Then he began to speak slowly and ever more slowly as he continued until finally his words came in reluctant jerks. I was still too inexperienced in mission ways to understand fully the effort the statement cost him.

"What we buy here in Leopoldville we must pay for ourselves out of—of our own salaries. What is sent us from home is—in the nature of—a contribution—above and beyond our salaries."

Three times after he had closed his mouth, he opened his lips as though to speak, then closed them again without a sound. At last he turned back to the boys who were wrestling my luggage about. I was shocked. Bewildered.

Slowly, through the confusion of my reactions, resentment

began to burn within me. Here was a college man who could easily have multiplied his monthly stipend by ten, or twenty, or more, if he had stayed at home. No wonder his words stung when he released his pent-up vexation on a black boy who could not answer back.

I certainly believe that the "first fruits" belong to the Lord, but I also think it is a travesty on the spirit of religion to lay the best upon God's altar—and leave it there to wither and rot.

I am not going to describe the Congo. It has been done before, many times, by those more skilled with words than I. Yet this mighty waterway is like the sky above us, the desert, the ocean, ever changing, ever new.

Distance in Africa is not measured in miles or kilometres, but in terms of difficulties to overcome and time consumed. It took us three major rapids and almost a month to reach the confluence of the Congo and the Tani Rivers.

The river boats, all of them stern- or side-wheelers, ply between rapids too furious for them to negotiate. Thus, three times we unloaded, portaged rapids, one of which was over ten miles in length, with a sheer drop of almost a half-mile, and then camped beside the river until the next boat we must take meandered into view.

Our boat hugged the bank because of the force of the midstream current, and several times freight piled up on the top deck was scraped overboard by overhanging branches. When that happened, the captain anchored and waited until black boys, more fish than men seemingly, retrieved our belongings.

The Great River was too treacherous for travel at night. The boat always anchored not later than sunset, and I soon learned that tropical Africa has no twilight. The sun sinks below the horizon, there is a rosy afterglow, which quickly shades into purple, and then, before one expects them, the stars are out.

Male servants in Africa are always called boys, whether they are totos of anywhere from six to twelve, or white-haired grandfathers of sixty or more.

Our two boys cooked for us over a nest of coals, which they kept glowing in a shallow jar of sand, and washed our clothes, somehow managing to smooth them almost free of wrinkles.

As soon as the boat swung in to a landing the black passengers who occupied the engine deck below us swarmed ashore, and for the next hour scurried up and down a rude gangplank loading fuel. Although they had paid their passage the same as we whites on the captain's deck, this corvée was required of both men and women.

When the engine deck was piled high with wood, they cooked their suppers on shore, no two using the same campfire, but no two campfires more than a few feet distant from each other.

"Why do they crowd together so close?" I asked.

"Clats" was the terse answer from someone behind me.

"Clats" I echoed, my mind picturing the succession of fat tabbies which had purled on my lap.

"Leopards," another chance companion explained. "Now and then one will carry a child off, although they hug the fire so tightly."

"And lions, too?" I queried, in a light attempt to show my knowledge of Africa.

"Not here," was the reply. "We won't run into lion country for about two weeks yet."

"There used to be a lot of them where we're going," Dr. Early broke in. "Why, I remember when I was a young man—"

Please turn to page 68

**K.P.M.\***

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# White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 66

BUT I never knew what happened when Dr. Early was a young man, for he stopped and peered at me curiously for a moment.

Then he continued: "You don't need to worry much about simba; just leave him alone and he'll do the same to you. Any self-respecting lion prefers zebra or a fat buck to man meat — unless he's old and toothless and has turned man-killer out of the helplessness of age."

Our mission head and I shared the captain's deck with five other people — a Belgian official and his wife, a trader, a white hunter, and a prospective rubber planter.

They were pleasant enough companions, except that the official and his wife and the prospective planter spoke no English and my French was extremely sketchy.

Madame l'Administrateur, as I learned to call the official's wife, and I slept in one cabin; the five men shared the only other. The captain slept, ate, and gazed at a perpetual highball in what approximated a wheelhouse. I seldom saw him, but I know about the highballs because the trader bought all the bottles he emptied.

As ornaments for favorite wives, they brought a good round price in ivory, goats, and kola nuts — one goat for an empty pint bottle, two goats for a quart, while a demijohn rated a tusk of ivory, a tusk which might bring anywhere from 250 dollars to 500 dollars later on the coast.

This extreme value placed on trifles, even trash, was impressed upon me one day when I tossed an empty tin can overboard. It had held some candied ginger and I had made a mess of opening it. It certainly never occurred to me that anyone could possibly want it, but it had not yet struck the water when a half-dozen boys were overboard after it.

The captain stopped the engines, stuck his head out of the wheelhouse, and demanded an explanation in tones that would have put an enraged bull to shame. Then he began calling out odds on this or that swimmer. His bets were taken immediately, and others made between the passengers.

In less than ten seconds I saw at least five hundred dollars waving in the air ready to change hands for what seemed to me no reason at all — five hundred dollars, almost the equal of my salary for two years.

It was scarcely a minute before the winner was back on board, waving the empty can triumphantly and grinning from ear to ear. His prize was promptly confiscated by the trader, with the full approval of the captain, and then given back to me. I protested that I had no use for it, and that under the circumstances I thought it belonged to the men who had risked their lives to retrieve it.

Risked their lives? What did I mean?

I pointed to the Congo, rough with great, swelling rolls and with a current that, on more than one occasion, seized us from the bank's edge and shook our boat like a puppy with a slipper. I, having done all my swimming in a waist-deep, placid pool in my father's pasture, would have contemplated a plunge into that vast expanse of turbulent water as certain suicide.

A howl of laughter greeted my explanation. The Congo black boys were as much at home in the water as out of it, everyone assured me. I had to admit that none of them seemed to experience the least difficulty with it.

But in any case I had thrown the empty tin away as valueless, and whoever picked it up should have it, I maintained doggedly.

Dr. Early remained silent throughout the entire fracas, but he watched me unblinkingly — weighing, appraising, perhaps laughing inside. I knew that he shared my feeling, but he

dropped his eyes when I finally turned to him.

"My work is here, and Africa is my home. Why should I risk being expelled by the Belgian authorities for the sake of an empty tin can?" he told me later.

"Expel you?" I exclaimed. "You don't mean they'd do that just because you disagreed with them?"

"Oh, wouldn't they? You're new here, but if I, knowing the country as I do, still interfered with any Belgian subject's profit, I'd be kicked out so quick it would make my head swim."

"But what about the principle involved?" I asked him.

"Which principle?" was his reply. "Life is seldom so simple, even on the mission field."

But at the time, the captain, the prospective planter, and the trader were all explaining to me, with a great deal more volubility than logic, that while Africa is probably the richest continent in the world, its people, by and large, are the most poverty-stricken. There is little a white man throws away that does not seem riches to these folk.

I had no right to devalue trade. Even if I had no use for the empty tin can, I must not give it to a "stinking nigger." Somehow that simple act would lower "white prestige."

The trader offered me first a franc, then a shilling, and finally an American dollar for it, which was more than it had cost full of ginger.

"What will you get for it?" I asked in some amazement.

"A goat, maybe. Oh, I won't lose!" he assured me.

"I think I'd like to keep this tin can," I answered impulsively. "A souvenir of your introduction to the Dark Continent?" the trader queried lightly.

I still have that can. I keep threads and needles in it now. It has become a symbol of Africa, Darkest Africa as I first knew it.

I UNDRESSED and went to bed, but surprises weren't over for the night. My bunk, like Madame's, had a four-poster sort of superstructure. This was not any attempt at boudoir chic, but was for the practical purpose of supporting the immense envelope of mosquito netting which even I knew was necessary for health as well as comfort.

I crawled between the sheets, sat up, and untied the lacings that held the netting out of the way during the daytime. As the filmy cloth cascaded about me, I giggled — it made me feel like a gigantic baby in a monstrous bassinet.

Carefully I shook the folds of the netting on to the floor at the foot of my bed and pushed it into a mound above my pillow and against the wall at the back.

I had settled down to sleep when I heard Madame and Monsieur l'Administrateur outside the door. They chatted a few seconds, then Madame entered. Monsieur did not go away; I could smell his cigar and hear him pacing back and forth on the deck.

Madame started for her bunk, stopped midway, and came over beside my bed to shower me with an excited volley of French. I was sleepy and confused, and the only thing I caught from the one-sided argument was a deep sense of her disapproval.

The only phrase of my high-school French I could corral at the moment was "Parlez-vous français?"

But even in my befogged condition, I knew that query did not fit the occasion.

Finally she gave up and started undressing. Madame came from the

provinces, as I learned later, and while she was very Parisian, even chic, on the outside, she was definitely French Basque beneath the thinnest outer layer. Never have I seen such underwear, or so much of it on one human being.

I lost count of the petticoats — with a camisole to match each one — as Madame stood and shed garments. Even so, I think she went to bed in more clothes than I ever wore in my life.

I was just wondering if I should venture a "Bon soir," when Madame shouted, "Pierrel!" Evidently Monsieur l'Administrateur had been awaiting that summons, for he instantly opened the door and walked in, straight over to Madame's bunk.

I would have liked to turn over, but I was too embarrassed to do anything so obvious. Instead I shut my eyes as tight as I could and wished desperately that I was anywhere else.

I heard talk and laughter from the other bunk, then there were footsteps. I opened my eyes and almost shrieked; there Monsieur stood, not more than two feet away, staring down at me through the gently swaying net.

Suddenly he flung his arms wide in that expressive, typically French gesture and again I was flooded with explosive language, and all I understood of it was, "Non, non, non, Ma'amsselle!"

Then he bent over and seized the mosquito netting, shook it out, and carefully tucked the filmy stuff in all round me.

Then, satisfied that not even the most persistent mosquito could reach me, he clicked his heels together and saluted like a stage Prussian, and in three strides was outside the door.

Madame giggled, and I noticed that she too had been tucked in with the same care. Suddenly I had a premonition that I would see more of these two people and that I would like them both very much.

"Bon soir, Madame," I called across the room.

"Bon soir, ma petite chérie," she answered.

The next day I mentioned the netting on my bunk to Dr. Early in casual conversation.

"We are passing through the worst malaria belt in Africa if not in the world," Dr. Early informed me. "Be sure there isn't the tiniest rent in your netting, and that it is tucked in well under the covers and pillow at night. A little care now may save you untold suffering later — may even save your life."

The next morning I saw my first naked man. I use the term loosely, of course; there were naked women and naked children also. We saw them in fishing boats, on sandspits, and at the fuel docks. It merely meant we had passed out of the narrow belt surrounding Leopoldville, where legislation protected the Victorian sensibilities of colonial females.

Some people have hooted at the missionary's early attempts to clothe the native. By doing so, he was merely carrying out the will of those at home who subsidised him, and both groups were only living up to the social customs of their day.

Even so, the missionary was infinitely less successful at draping the Negro than the mercilessly greedy white trader, who swapped moth-eaten silk hats and discarded dress coats for a thousand times their value in ivory and kola nuts.

It seemed a lifetime by various river boats, and then an additional week by shimbeck, before we reached our station. The shimbeck belonged to the mission, and because all missionaries are poor, it was only a small one, not more than thirty-five feet long.

Please turn to page 69

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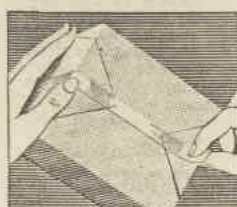
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 7, 1950

# White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 68

THE shimbeck, Dr. Early explained to me, had been hollowed, by fire and obsidian adzes, out of the trunk of a single tree whose diameter was perhaps five feet.

Dried out by the fire and adze work, the shell was then plunged into a pool, weighted with stones, and left to soak up enough water to make it slightly pliable. After this it was raised and a number of forked sticks were wedged over the edges on each side.

These were tied to nearby trees with lengths of thick, wet rawhide which, upon drying, shrank and spread the sides of the boat a few inches farther apart. This process was repeated until the finished boat was almost eight feet wide.

But during the process of widening the trunk curved upward until each end of the boat stuck out of the water like the caricature of a Chinese junk, while at the point of greatest width the water lapped within six inches of the gunwales. Over the mid-section was a roof of green bark, stripped in one piece from some jungle giant.

This shimbeck met us about a hundred miles from the confluence of the Tani and Congo Rivers, two hundred miles perhaps from our central station on the Tani. At my first sight of this jungle cockleshell, dancing crazily on the swelling, side-slapping Congo waves, I laughed as delightedly as a child.

"Real, primitive local color," I told myself. "I must write home about it."

As I stared at the boat and the twenty-one black boys in it, I noticed that each boy wore an ample loincloth. My first unthinking reaction was, "How silly!" I glanced at Dr. Early, but he was leaning over the rail of our boat, waving his arms and shouting.

I turned back to the shimbeck in time to observe an unforgettable spectacle. Every one left the water at the same instant, described an arc, and halted before each black nose as stiffly erect as the bayonets of a crack regiment on parade.

Once, twice, three times the oars were plunged into the air and the butt ends brought down with a resounding thwack on the bottom of the boat. On the fourth upward thrust the men rose to their feet and stood holding their oars as high overhead as possible.

The shimbeck dipped and rolled crazily, shipping water like a sieve, and the boys swayed like willow branches in the wind, in perfect balance. Then, oars still aloft, they broke into a sort of choral recitative, the only word of which I could catch was "bwana."

"They are calling you 'master,'" I murmured, proud of knowing one word.

"That's the way some people translate it," Dr. Early answered. His words were noncommittal, but something in his tone made me look at him.

"Has it another meaning?" "It can mean brother, if the brother is older or well-beloved." He hesitated a second, and then went on: "Do not be surprised if you hear yourself called 'bwana.' Only respect will be meant."

It really hadn't occurred to me that I was to ride in that shimbeck until I saw my boxes, crates, and miscellaneous luggage being tossed into the arms of our mission boys. Then suddenly I was frightened, and for one awful moment terrified, lest I should become hysterical and refuse to follow my luggage.

But before I knew what was happening, I was seized by the forearms and just above the knees by four brawny hands and tossed as lightly and almost as unceremoniously as one of my suitcases into two big, black, waiting arms. Then, very gently, I was deposited upright on a bedding roll.

I looked up into a wall of green

water, and then soared as dizzily as a bird and peered over the edge of the shimbeck into a frothing trough where the wall of water had been only a second before.

If everything had not been so utterly new, I am sure I should have given way to hysteria. As it was, I could only stare and stare. I was in the middle of a new world, and I did not know how to react.

As I sat—"stupid as a hen," as I was to hear woman described so often in the days to come—again there was a burst of the choral recitative. And again the only word I could distinguish was "bwana."

"Well, you made the first grade," Dr. Early remarked, sitting down beside me on the bedding roll.

"What do you mean?" I shouted above the roar of the Congo.

"You didn't squeal and kick and make a fool of yourself, and our mission boys are proud of you. If you had been hysterical, the black boys on the Congo boat would have laughed and our boys would have felt personally shamed."

"But I—I—" Unable to go on, I thrust out my hand at a wall of glossy water rising beside us.

"It makes one feel small, doesn't it?" Dr. Early answered calmly.

"The Bosom of Muungu," the natives call the Congo. Muungu is the greatest and most powerful of all the jungle gods. All the other gods are merely little fellows, fearful of him. If these, our people, Christian and pagan alike—even Mohammedan—believe you are favored of Muungu, there is nothing Africa will hold back from you."

Compared with the Congo, the Tani River, on which our Central Mission Station is located, is a mere trickle of water. There is no place, even at its greatest width, where both banks cannot be seen at once.

AFTER we had turned up the Tani, I felt comparatively safe in the shimbeck. Of course we still tossed about like a dead leaf on a thaw-swollen creek, but I no longer had the feeling of being sucked into the vortex of a whirlpool that everyone experiences the first time he rides the Congo in a native boat.

We spent a week in that shimbeck, camping at night on the banks of the Tani, where I slept under a lean-to of bamboo and palm, only a blanket between me and the hard-packed earth, and a handful of blazing logs to ward off those animals that hunted and came to the river to drink under the cover of darkness.

Except for occasional traders and ivory poachers, we had passed beyond the usual range of white men and their high-powered rifles, and we began to see wild life other than the omnipresent monkeys, and the crocodiles forever basking half in and half out of shallow water.

But the animals were shy, and more often than not my untrained eyes followed a pointing finger to some spot where a gazelle or zebra or rhinoceros, or even giraffe, had just been.

One afternoon, as we rounded a bend in the river and stampeded a herd of bushbuck which had been drowsing on a sand bar, our oarsmen shouted furiously and then fell into a sad lament.

"Ordinarily the Government expects a white man, or woman, on safari to shoot game for his porters," Dr. Early remarked.

"Are they asking us to stop and shoot a buck?" I asked.

"No, this is just a sort of dirge outlining some of the difficulties they endure for the sake of their religion," my companion answered. "They like fresh meat."

"And we don't give it to them?" I insisted.

"They have their own chickens, and they are skilful fishermen. And

we buy them a goat or a sheep sometimes from a neighboring chief," he answered, clearly on the defensive about something. I did not let up.

"We buy sheep, with game like that feeding at our doorsteps?"

He looked me over again, carefully, coldly, as he had done on the street in Leopoldville when I had asked him to take me to the bank.

"There is a severe penalty for shooting game without a licence and a licence costs two hundred dollars a year. A good dependable gun is as much more. Then there is ammunition."

He opened his lips as though there were more he would like to say, then shut them like a vice. He did not need to remind me that his yearly salary was exactly three hundred dollars.

The middle of one morning, after we had been in the shimbeck a week, a strange uneasiness seized me. For the next half hour I suffered more fear than I had ever known before. At first I was only mildly uncomfortable, and then waves of nausea gripped me and I felt my pulse hammering at every vein in my body.

"Good heavens!" I whispered under my breath. "Am I going to have a sunstroke? Or is it possible that I just can't stand this dank jungle air? I simply can't have picked up malaria so soon!" Dismal thoughts of a forlorn return to the United States, beaten before I even had a chance to begin my work, filled my mind.

"Oh, no," I groaned. "Anything but that!"

My words were distinct in my ears, and I looked up in quick embarrassment. Dr. Early was smiling.

"Don't let them get you down," he said. "After you get used to them—Well, no white man or woman ever really gets used to them, but when you know what they are and understand how and why they're used, they aren't so bad."

His words didn't make sense. How could he know of the throbbing in my temples, of the tension throughout my entire body, of the nausea that left me weak? Suddenly he laughed. "I don't believe you realise that you're hearing the big drums for the first time in your life."

African drums! I had read so much about them. I cocked an ear to listen, but Dr. Early laughed again.

"Oh, no, you don't hear them that way, not the big fellows, the jungle telegraph. We're too close to them for physical sound in the ordinary sense. You feel them."

I looked about me vaguely. "Where are they?" I asked.

"In the last village we passed. They're sending word to the Tani Station that we'll be home in a few hours."

"Did we pass a village? I didn't see it."

"You never see the river villages from the river itself. That would have made them too easy to attack in the days before the white man's policing, and the custom has hung on. They are always back a bit, hidden by the jungle."

Then we rounded a slight curve to the right and it brought us into an elbow of the Tani. Unlike most such curves, the river was broad here, and placid as a mangrove swamp between rainy seasons.

One bank was a solid wall of green, looming a hundred feet into the sky. The other was a series of unbelievably luxuriant gardens, planted on a flight of natural terraces.

I held my breath from the sheer beauty of it while a strange, tantalisingly familiar fragrance almost stung my nostrils. I sniffed openly.

"The coffee trees are in bloom," Dr. Early remarked. "We experiment with all kinds of agricultural products that might be grown profitably here, but Tani isn't right for coffee. The trees grow and bloom, but they don't bear."

Please turn to page 70



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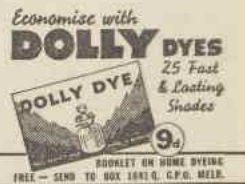
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## White Witch Doctor

*Continued from page 69*

I NO longer heard what Dr. Early was saying. This was my home in Africa at long, long last. Without thinking of what I did, I rose to my feet as though that would give me a better view.

Instantly an oarsman arose and, holding his paddle upright like a spear in one hand, clutched my forearm firmly with the other, but I had already sat so long in a shimbeck that I scarcely needed this help in order to keep my balance.

The other oarsmen suddenly varied their rowing. Between strokes they clicked their paddle handles against the edge of the boat in a curious kind of syncopation, and the boy who was head porter on land and coxswain by boat, struck up a wailing primitive minor chant which the oarsmen repeated in chorus.

"They are broadcasting to the world that they found the new little white mama on the big river boat, and that they have brought you home to love and care for them for the rest of their lives," Dr. Early translated.

"That seems like a pretty big order," I answered.

"Yes, it is," he agreed. "But you'll be surprised at how close you come to doing just that."

The first cluster of huts I saw—"mission buildings," I should have called them—were dwarfed under a clump of tall palm trees. Their round whitewashed walls gleamed in the sunshine, and the cone-shaped thatched roofs were so high-pitched that it looked as though they could easily split raindrops.

"Dollhouses!" I exclaimed.

"That is where the unmarried workers live," Dr. Early explained. "Each one of you has a house as your personal bedroom, living-room, and study. Then there is a cookhouse, a storehouse, a bathhouse, and a dining-house. You girls have your staff of servants separate from the households of the married couples."

He pointed out the hut that was being built for me. There had been much rain and it was not finished yet. I would sleep in the guest house near the Earlys until the anthill and crowding plaster of my hut had been applied and become dry.

"Crowding!" The nonchalant statement that I was expected to live in a house plastered with dung made me gasp!

"Anthill clay, pulverised and wet down, has many of the qualities of cement and plaster," he said. "The dung gives it harder set and a smoother finish, and it's the best termite repellent we've found yet."

The entire official staff of the mission, black as well as white, was at the landing to greet me. From the way the whites patted me on the back, not once but repeatedly, I realised that, for the time being at least, I was a breath of variety in the social monotony of their lives.

In the Earlys' parlor, they pressed countless cups of tea and mounds of canned biscuits upon me—rare treasures, I learned later. One asked wistfully if by some accident I had ever met her brother in Omaha—a good thousand miles from my home. Another, the sweat ever ready to trickle down her forehead, seemed transported to a nostalgic seventh heaven because I had once been in Boston in the winter.

The tea and the welcome warmed me, body and spirit, and presently I was dozing in my chair. Someone suggested that perhaps I would like to lie down and rest awhile. I tried to keep a discourteous eagerness out of my voice, but the tea party broke up immediately. Till, even as Mrs. Early, official hostess of the mission, showed me to the guest-house, voices followed me.

"Oh, don't think I want you to bother with it now, but—did Aunt Clarissa send the bundle she has mentioned in several letters?"

And: "Brother Edward mentioned

a crate. To-morrow will do for it, but—did it come?"

Nobody wanted to trouble me with personal things "right at this moment"; everyone was solicitous about the rest I obviously needed so badly. But in the end we traipsed in a body to the boat landing, where my luggage was still piled high, and a confused sorting began which lasted until dinner.

I bathed in the Early bathhouse with the Early children that evening. A little old black gnome with a face like a nutcracker and the dulcet contralto voice of a grand opera diva scrubbed our backs, then sloshed water over us from the biggest gourd I am certain any vine has ever yet produced.

At dinner there was a great abundance of fruit and vegetables and a shred of chicken meat for each one of us. For some curious reason, domestic fowls in the Congo are miserable creatures; I never saw a chicken there larger than a scrawny pigeon.

It is not a matter of breed or attention; eggs brought from England and America with the greatest care produce healthy chicks with enormous appetites that seem to get them nowhere. As I tried to cut my mouthful of white meat into at least two or three bites, I wondered why any cook bothered with such a fowl when the jungle was full of game birds.

Further drugged with food, I could hardly keep the lids of my eyes apart. But there was no respite. After a few minutes of chatter, through the open door of the hut I saw two eures approaching, each bearing torches, and wearing what looked like white nightgowns.

Dr. Early opened a tin box in which he kept his Bible safe from mould and the ravages of white ants. "Time for prayer meeting," he announced simply.

**F**OR a moment I

wondered desperately if I might not plead extreme fatigue and so be excused, but while I was searching for words, my host went on talking.

"For days our people have talked of little else than your coming. They will all be at church to-night to see you and to talk with you afterwards. I have told them that you will have a message for them," he said.

"A—message?" I stammered.

"I shall read a chapter from the Bible and there will be a hymn or two, and then we will turn the meeting over to you," Dr. Early said.

It had never occurred to me that I, of all people, would be expected to preach. I said so, weakly.

"Now don't begin by making a mountain out of a molehill, dear," Mrs. Early admonished. "When Lemuel introduces you—of course they all know who you are to begin with so he won't tell them everything about you; it'll just be a sort of formal introduction you know—when he introduces you, you just get up there and tell them whatever is in your heart. You needn't take more than a half-hour or so. Lemuel will translate for you."

A half-hour in which to say absolutely nothing! For a panicky moment I wished desperately that the torches would go out and that I could sink away into the bushes. I wonder if I actually babbled something like this, for the next moment Mrs. Early was telling me that the torches were to scare away any leopards that might be lurking about.

Naturally I had heard countless sermons, but I should not have known how to prepare one had I been given all the time in the world instead of the few minutes it took us to walk from the Earlys' parlor hut to the rectangular chapel made of sun-dried brick.

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# White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 70

THE chapel was pretty by anyone's standards. Even in the torchlight I could see banks of shrubs and masses of blossoms that would have turned any American landscape gardener green with envy. I said as much, and Dr. Early grunted.

"Bad business."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Snakes. It makes an excellent hiding place for them," he answered. Instinctively I stepped a little nearer the exact centre of the path and shivered.

"Has anyone ever been bitten by them?" I managed to force a little false lightness into my tone.

Dr. Early stopped stock-still and faced me to emphasise his words.

"Sister Ellen," he said, "when you have been in Africa as long as I have, you will know it is not what has already happened that one has to fear and guard against, but the improbable—if not the impossible—and certainly the unbelievable. Even the Arabs' kismet can't explain the things that happen here."

We stared at each other for perhaps ten seconds, then he put his hand on my shoulder and pushed me through the open door of the church.

The next half-hour was a confusion of shining black faces and of hymns sung in nonsense syllables. I opened my mouth and tried to carry the familiar tunes in a string of la-la-las, but my tones were an embarrassing falsetto against that background of guttural sound.

Finally I stopped and merely listened. Everywhere I turned my eyes, gleaming faces broke into smiles.

Then I was standing behind the pulpit with a hundred faces before me, each one upturned in bright expectation. And there wasn't a thing in my mind except the memory of the flowers just outside the walls and the torch lighted path and, beyond the dancing shadows, perhaps a hungry leopard.

I looked down at my congregation helplessly; it was blanked in tiers, according to age and sex. First the very old men, then the middle-aged ones, then the boys. Then the elderly women, the middle-aged ones, and the young girls. And behind the banks of black polls, most of them shaven clean, a thin row of white faces.

Through the open door I could see many torches flaring, their handles driven into the soft soil beside the path. And beyond the dancing shadows, God only knew how many hungry leopards were lurking.

"There is a tribe of people who live far away across many miles of jungle and sea," I began, and before my voice had died away, Dr. Early, who was standing beside me, translated my words into Hausa.

"These people are fond of an old saying which runs: It is better to light a candle—a torch, I mean—than to curse the darkness!"

I am a nurse and not a preacher. But surely God was with me that evening and put words into my mouth—or else my people at Tani, black and white, for all their human frailties, are the most gracious in the world.

On countless occasions since, when I have had to stand before a group of men and women in a strange village, one of my safari boys has whispered in my ear:

"Tell them what you told us that first night in Tani, mama. That a woman over her cooking fire in the evening, although she is nothing but a pair of hands and stupid as a hen, is safer than the strongest man who rails against the night but does not gather sticks for a blaze. Then tell them that love of others lights up the soul."

That first night I couldn't have said all the things for which they later gave me credit, because I was too ignorant of Africa. But before I left the Tani Station, the women

no longer sat behind the men in church. The benches were divided with an aisle running down between them, and the women sat on one side, the men on the other.

We made that much social progress in a little over a year, which is phenomenal speed for any primitive community. People have told me that my first sermon was the starting point, and the statement always warms my heart.

Half the congregation escorted me to the guest hut. There they left Mrs. Early and me, all except two torchbearers who squatted on their heels outside waiting to "light" my hostess to her sleeping hut.

The guesthouse was lighted by a pressure lantern which hung from the centre of the roof and shed a mellow but still quite good reading light up to ten feet.

"Isn't the oil expensive here?" I asked.

"Twenty-five cents a gallon in Leopoldville, and then we have to bring it up the river."

Twenty-five cents a gallon! At home we had been paying six and seven cents.

"I'll be careful not to burn the light any longer than necessary," I volunteered, hoping to show her that I did not intend to be extravagant of mission funds.

"I'll adjust it for you after you get in bed," she answered.

I assumed that she would turn the light out, but, once I was between the sheets and smothered in billows of mosquito netting, she merely turned it down to a soft glow.

## COCKTAIL LOU



"Taxi"

"Leopards, my dear," she explained laconically. "We've had a scourge of them lately, and the best way to keep them out of a hut is to leave a light burning." She added, "We've assigned a boy to sleep outside your door, just in case anything—well, happens."

She had reached the door, but she came back to pick up my shoes and place them on top of my other clothes piled high on a chair.

"We have to be careful about snakes and other things," she explained with a sigh. "Always look over your bedcovers before you shake them out in the morning, and always look under the bed before you get out of it, just—to see what might be there."

She added, very emphatically, "And always turn your shoes upside down and shake them hard before you put them on. Sand vipers seem to love to have their babies in the toe of a shoe. And no matter how tiny a sand viper is, it's terribly poisonous—even if it's no bigger around than a string."

Finally she was gone, and I lay staring at the pressure lamp, for the first time in my life thoroughly scared of the dark. At last, stupefied by exhaustion, I closed my eyes. Then I heard it the first time—a soothing, scraping sound.

I sat up in bed—wide awake. My terrified eyes searched every nook

and cranny of that small hut. There was nothing there, nothing but my trunk and bags and bales piled up against one side of the hut, my bed, a washstand, and a chair covered with my clothes. Then I heard it again, almost directly overhead.

Lying back, I scanned the muslin ceiling spread out like a tent fly under the thatch. All huts occupied by whites in our part of Africa have this cloth ceiling. It prevents the spiders, scorpions, rats, snakes, and other vermin too numerous to mention, all of which move into the grass thatch as soon as a hut is roofed, from dropping directly on to the occupants' heads.

My ceiling that night was peppered with beetles and insects which made darting excursions towards the light. But there was nothing else, except a heavy-looking bulge directly over my luggage.

"Probably a piece of rotten thatch fallen on the muslin," I told myself, and felt curiously proud of my knowledge of Africa. The thought or the pride—I don't know which—was comforting, and I lay back on my pillow, calmer than I had been for some time.

Then the heavy bulge moved slightly, and again that soothing, scraping sound. Slowly, slowly it neared the edge of the muslin ceiling, and I stared like a hypnotised hen while what looked like a looped shadow oozed over the edge.

Slowly the loop grew until it struck the circle of light from the pressure lantern. For a second it sparkled like a fold of jewel-encrusted cloth, and in that second I knew what had been sleeping literally over my head.

Then I let loose like a steam whistle. Even in my panic I was surprised at the volume and penetrating quality of the sounds I made. They told me later that they heard me clear across the mission compound, not only in the boys' dormitory, but even beyond that, in the native village.

And why not? There was a "plop" like a ripe apple falling in a puddle of September mud, and an enormous python landed half on, half over, the side of a bale of medical supplies not more than three feet from the foot of my cot.

Still shrieking, I catapulted out of bed and leaped for the door. My watchman must have thought I was an evil spirit as I rushed past him, flailing with desperate arms at the cloud of mosquito netting which enveloped me.

A pair of eyes gleamed in the darkness and I gave a last despairing shriek as unseen black arms closed about me in the night.

The next thing I remember was staring up into Mrs. Early's face from the settee in her living-room hut. Behind her was a mass of faces, black and white, that danced about crazily before they finally settled into focus.

"I guess you're all right now, dear," Mrs. Early was saying. "But what a thing to have happen on your very first night here! I've been in Africa close to half a century, and—would you believe it?—I've never seen a python! Alive, I mean. And I didn't even get to see this one; it was so frightened of you that it got out of the hut almost as fast as you did."

"Will it come back?" I gasped.

"Oh, no! It's probably miles away by now," she laughed. "Like me, you may never see another big snake again. Let's all thank God that it wasn't a leopard or—"

She didn't finish her sentence, and I could only wonder what else might have visited me in the night.

Then, as I looked up at the faces about me, it came to me with the force of a blow that these people really did walk hand in hand with danger every day of their lives.

Please turn to page 72

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AGAIN Mrs. Early tucked me into bed, and looked around as though there were always some last thing she should do. My clothes were still neatly piled on the bedside chair, and my shoes still rested with their dusty soles flat on my petticoat. She could think of nothing but good advice, and she emphasised it word for word, one forefinger tapping the other smartly.

"My dear, you must never, never, ever again put your bare feet on the ground, or on an African floor. Jiggers, you know!"

Jiggers! The tiny, pin-point-sized insects that crawl under one's toenails to deposit their eggs. I stared at her unbelievably, and then we both laughed.

"I guess a jigger isn't very much compared with a python. But then the snake was probably more scared of you than you were of it, and I don't suppose the jigger has ever been hatched out yet that will crawl away from you. They're mean things too. Their eggs have to be picked out after they've reached a certain size, and if the sac is broken, you have an awfully sore foot for weeks and weeks."

Again we both laughed, and again she turned at the door. "But remember always to shake the snakes and scorpions out of your shoes in the morning, no matter how big a hurry you're in."

Then—such are the inconsistencies of life, even on the mission field—I fell asleep immediately and slept like one drugged until noon next day.

Months later, when I had learned enough of the local Hausa dialect for attempts at conversation, one of the mission boys reminded me of that night.

"The big snake reached from here to here," he said, carefully marking off with a jigger-scarred toe a distance my tape-line measured as twenty-one full feet.

"How do you know its exact size?" I demanded. "No one saw it but me. It had crawled off into the jungle by the time you and the other boys had arrived with your pangas." A panga, used for close work, is a huge knife, something like an old-fashioned corn cutter or a Mexican machete.

The boy chuckled. "The snake crawled off into the jungle, mama. Yes. We told you the truth when we said that. But it did not crawl far into the jungle."

"Why?"

He grinned impishly, but his eyes watched me carefully as he murmured casually, "Snake is very good —" he giggled and fell into the pidgin English usually reserved for traders—"very good chop chop."

I never was at all certain that first year just what mission mores demanded of me, so I pressed my lips together hard until I had overcome my desire to laugh.

The next afternoon I plunged into my job as medical worker for the Tani Mission.

There had been a medical doctor at Tani once—Dr. Mary, as everyone in the Congo Territory knew her. She was an individualist, and, as a result, had trekked a good two hundred miles north by north-west and established a station of her own on the N'zem River, a tributary of the Tani.

A great swamp lay to the north of the N'zem, which ran east and west for the greater part of its length, and only a few miles away to the west of the N'zem Station The Hungry Country began.

During Dr. Mary's term of service, The Hungry Country had not been mapped; and as for exploration, Dr. Mary herself knew more about both it and the great swamp than any other white person.

"There is life there," Dr. Mary had said, with a sweep of her arm that included both The Hungry Country and the swamp, "men and animals, but only God knows how they live. I know the Pygmies, both the Batwa half-breeds and the true Pygmies, but I keep hearing of a still smaller people who make their nests in the trees—"

I saw Dr. Mary only twice in my life, but in my estimation she belongs to that select inner circle of intrepid Afrophiles composed of the Krapfs, Hannington, the Arnots, the Moffatts, the Livingstones, Stanley, and Mungo Park.

Yet before I ever saw Dr. Mary I came to hate her cordially, for there was nothing I did in those early days that Dr. Mary would not have done differently, as my colleagues told me, thereby implying that the work would also have been done a great deal better.

I was never permitted to forget this fact for so much as a day; sometimes I was reminded hourly.

That first full day in Tani, for instance. No one called me, and so I slept the sleep of the exhausted until noon. If I had thought I would work into my duties gradually, that illusion was rudely dispelled at luncheon. Dr. Mary, I was informed, regardless of the exigencies of any previous day, was always up at the crack of dawn.

Lunch over, I was shown the cluster of huts that served as living quarters for the unmarried white women of the staff, including the skeleton of my future home.

I carried two pertinent bits of information away with me. First, I must never use the word "hut"; it sounded too undignified to describe the living quarters of a "white." Nor must I say "kraal," the connotation was too definitely "black." I could say "house," which obviously was not fit, or "dukas."

But I never learned the exact meaning of dukas. Black men opened their eyes wide when I used it, and the Belgian officials laughed.

Secondly, the conviction was born in me that women can live too close together when the companionship is long drawn out, and they can possess too little of the world's goods for healthy social behaviour.

IN the dukas that was called "The Parlor," there was a centre table surrounded by a half dozen wickerwork easy chairs. Mission boys had made them, I was told proudly, and, quite naturally, I sat down in one of them.

"Oh, Sister Ellen! That is Sister Agatha's chair!" my companion cried out in almost agonised protest.

Not knowing what else to do or what to say, I chuckled and settled more comfortably on the resilient seat.

"Here is your chair, Sister Ellen. Here. Here!"

I moved. I believe my companion would have oulled me out of Agatha's chair bodily if I had not done so. Then I realised that my chair, with its back to the door, the only opening in the parlor dukas, occupied the least preferred position.

This, it was explained to me, was because I was the junior member of the staff; I would graduate to small privileges and preferences as my seniors died off or were retired. I sensed too that to move my chair out of the perfect circle described by the other, or to shift it a foot to the right or left for the sake of light and air and view, would be a bad faux pas.

I was shown through the schools that afternoon, too, and watched my sister missionaries struggle with the transplanting of our alphabet into a foreign language—a language which not only belonged to a different family from my own, but which was inflected by prefixes which were partly tonal in character.

Last of all, I was led into a newly cleared space surrounding three roofless, circular walls—all that remained of Dr. Mary's hospital.

"There are always so many other things to be done—and then we didn't know what kind of thatch you'd want," Dr. Early weakly explained the dilapidation.

## White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 71

"I didn't know there was more than one kind of thatch," I answered.

"Dr. Mary always wanted atap leaves; but they have to be sewed and that costs money." There was a defensive air about his statement that made me wonder if we were talking about the thatch, or something more fundamental.

"Other thatch is cheaper?" It seemed obvious that the answer must be yes, but I asked because I felt words were expected of me.

"Well-l-l-l, no," was the surprising answer. "If you have a grass thatch, you really ought to have a moslin fly under it to catch the dried and rotten bits that shatter off, as well as—other things."

"Pythons?" I suggested, and we both laughed.

"The truth is, we haven't anything in our budget for medical work," Dr. Early went on. "Dr. Mary had these dukas put up because she wanted them, and when she moved on to N'zem, we used them for store-rooms for a little while. But when the roofs fell in, we didn't have them repaired because they were too far away from the other buildings to be convenient."

I wondered if it cost less to thatch buildings nearer the centre of the compound, but I merely asked, "Which is really the better: atap leaves or grass?" Again Dr. Early spun out a long, "Well-l-l-l," and then conceded: "Atap, I guess. It costs more in the beginning—for

workmen, that is—but I guess you can afford it."

I couldn't see that a few francs one way or another, francs that I certainly did not begrudge, made any difference, still—should I choose the cheaper roof in the interests of mission harmony?

But Dr. Early was speaking: "When I first came to Africa—more years ago than you are old—there weren't any medical missionaries, at least near us. We came here to save souls, and we preached the gospel." His tone was level, but his eyes were hard.

"Do you object to healing bodies?" I wondered if he and I read different meanings into the New Testament.

"No!" he spat out aggressively.

It was an awkward moment, and I suppose I should have said something placating, but, after all, had I not come to Africa with as good intentions as any other member of the mission staff? Was every newcomer greeted with this curious mixture of graciousness and hostility?

"I'll have the atap leaves," I said suddenly. "And while the workmen are here, we'd better have the necessary furniture made."

"The atap sewers don't make furniture; our own mission boys do that. They're busy right now on furniture for your sleeping dukas. When they finish that, they have to mend the schoolroom benches, and the chapel needs going over." His voice had that curious air of one who has not finished speaking but who has stopped to search for words.

Please turn to page 73

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**MEANING** to be helpful, I suggested, "My furniture can wait. I have my camp cot to sleep on, and I can move my easy chair out of the living-room dukas."

Dr. Early's eyes popped as wide as Sister Susanne's had done when I had unwittingly sat down in Sister Agatha's chair. "Oh, no, you couldn't do that!" he gasped.

"Do what?" I demanded defiantly. "If I choose hospital furniture instead of personal furniture, I think that is my own affair. And as for that chair in the living-room dukas, neither I nor any other woman would spend five minutes a day in it with its back squarely to the door."

I could feel my throat muscles tightening and my voice shrilling, but I went on, "I'll give just as little offense if I move it into my sleeping dukas as I would if I swung it around so as to get a little light and air—and so sit with my back to other people."

For ten seconds we faced each other as defiantly as a pair of cocks in a barnyard. Then two amazing things happened swiftly. I realised that missionaries, although set upon a pedestal by their church groups, are only idols of brass with feet of clay, simple human beings, every one of them. And just as suddenly, my companion endeared himself to me.

"You mustn't mind us—too much, that is," he was saying. "We live so close to our work and so much with it that we lose our sense of perspective. I suppose that eventually we become ingrown a little—and like a person with an ingrown toenail, we yell when we're afraid something may bump up against us."

I sensed that the personal integrity

of this man was pure gold. What did it matter that he resented his poverty? But I have feet of clay too, and belligerently I held on to the small advantage I had gained.

"To-morrow morning I shall hold a clinic for—the mission workers and for anyone else who cares to come," I stated didactically.

"You should have some patients," Dr. Early assured me. "But, you'll need someone to translate, and—"

"There's no money in the mission budget for a mission-medical translator," I finished for him. "I understand, and I am prepared to pay for the translator myself."

"No, Sister Ellen, you don't understand." His tone was as firm as any my father had ever used to me as a small child. "Missions were started by evangelists. Those who sent us out had one thing in mind: converts to our faith. I know just as well as you do that a sound body is the happiest abiding place for a healthy soul. But that is not all there is to the problem. Minds have to be freed from their servitude of fear by literacy."

"When you take an assegai out of a warrior's hand, you have to put something else worth-while in its place. This means schools and trade schools. And tools and textbooks. And the textbooks have to be written. Who are to do all these things? And how are they to be paid for?"

He paused, then hurried on, "Oh, the Board back home understands the growing needs of the mission field. They want these things done, but they would rather send us three technical workers without tools

## White Witch Doctor

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than one worker equipped for efficient service. Why? Why?"

"I'm beginning to see some things," I stammered.

"You'll see more as time goes on," he added grimly. "And if you discover a solution, well—every missionary in the Congo would bow down in front of you."

Neither of us made further mention of a translator that day.

The next morning work started on the roofing of the hospital huts, and I held two clinics, one for the white workers in the guest dukas, and the other near the hospital huts.

I had two white patients that day. One, the small daughter of the missionary who taught carpentry and operated a sawmill for our few neighboring planters in order to subsidise his work, had a sore throat. The membranes were red and angry-looking, and she had a bit of fever.

In those days we didn't talk of "strep infections," and penicillin had not yet been discovered. I swabbed her throat out with dilute iodine, and was about to tell her mother to give her cod-liver oil daily when I remembered the size of her income.

"Give her plenty of fruit and see that she eats a generous portion of liver, preferably fish liver, at least once a day," I advised. The child looked like a bleached-out little gnome, and I did not know whether or not I dared speak of the beneficial qualities of sunlight.

Sister Susanne had a toothache. Could I give her something to relieve the pain a little? I must not imagine that she was a dope addict—why, she didn't even drink coffee because it was a stimulant. If I gave her something, she would take it only at her most agonising moments.

She did not want to show me the tooth, but her face was swollen and I insisted. The tooth was almost entirely black, and there were three open pus ducts in the gum above it. "I'll have to pull it," I told her.

## SISTER SUSANNE

looked ill at the mere thought of what I had said. I dissolved a sleeping tablet in a glass of water; at least that would take away her dread of what was to come.

"Take this and then go home and lie down," I said. "In about two hours I'll extract the tooth."

"I couldn't do that," she answered quickly. "I have classes all morning and other work during the afternoon. Could you pull it right after twelve o'clock? I don't mind doing without my lunch."

I hesitated for a second and then I tossed a second sleeping tablet into the tumbler.

"I could wait until after you've had your lunch," she was offering.

"Any time you like," I answered. "Empty the glass. Every drop."

Twenty minutes later Sister Susanne found teaching on her feet too much of a chore. She sat down on a bench beside one of her small charges, blinked a time or two, and started snoring. No one could waken her, so they called me, and I went armed with a handful of cotton swabs, an iodine bottle, and a pair of forceps.

A half dozen pairs of arms carried Sister Susanne to her sleeping dukas and laid her gently on her bed. Then, although her co-workers were as much concerned about her as I, they left her in my care while they went back to tasks that they believed could not wait on human frailty.

I pulled Sister Susanne's head over to the edge of her pillow, and propped her lax jaws apart with a wad of cotton. There was no need for novocain; she had never taken a sedative before in her life, and I don't believe she would have awakened if I had cut off a leg. I prepared the tooth, picked up the forceps, and shuddered.

"You fool!" I snorted at myself. "What do you know about dentistry?" But men and women enjoying all the benefits of civilisation have died as the result of lesser infections. That I knew well.

I took a deep breath, gripped the forceps, and began what was to become as habitual with me as the breath in my nostrils or the beating of my heart.

"God, our Father, please let that plagued thing come out all right. If it breaks off, I could never in the world get it out. You've got to help me, God. I'll do the best I can, and you—you—"

It was a pathetically childish prayer. And selfish, as all prayers born of fear are selfish. But it was sincere. The tooth came out as clean and sharp as a whistle on a frosty morning, and a mouth later Sister Susanne had gained six pounds and looked and acted like a different woman. But she never ceased to regret that one lost day of teaching.

Then came what I, in anticipation, had so optimistically called my first native clinic. I can't remember just what I thought might happen that afternoon.

Perhaps I pictured myself in spotless white with an immaculate table of instruments on one side, and of course a long line of patients waiting for my ministrations. Nothing could have been farther removed from fact.

In the first place, there were no tables, there was no long queue of patients. There was nothing but a basket at my feet, three doorless, roofless huts behind me; and a half dozen old women squatting on their heels and mousing crushed peanuts between their toothless gums.

They were so obviously healthy that I wondered if they were there only because they were too old to be employed at some useful task. They stopped munching for a moment to look at me and then fell to chattering among themselves, eyeing me keenly all the while.

"Giving me the once over," I snorted under my breath, and felt like a monkey in a zoo. I was helpless, and I suppose the old women knew it.

"I suppose everyone in the mission knows it," I muttered, and felt my temper rise at the thought. "Very well! I'll have this matter out with Lemuel Early right here and now, or—"

I gathered up my basket and whirled about before I had fully straightened up again, thereby nearly butting N'ge off his feet.

N'ge was one of those strange creatures known only to Africa—a breathing, eating, walking, talking corpse. He achieved this dubious state as a very small child, when a witch doctor had given him up for dead. Preparations were being made to throw him to the jackals when he had begun to whimper and twitch his limbs.

Everyone had been horrified, most of all his parents. The witch doctor had called him dead; therefore these signs of life could be nothing but the malicious perversions of evil spirits. No one would feed him or otherwise care for him.

The villagers fled beyond sound of his feeble cries and his father and mother built another hut for themselves on the opposite side of the chief's kraal.

Dr. Early had found the wail in the deserted hut and taken him home with him, but even in the mission compound N'ge's position was a curious one. The children were afraid of him and shunned him as much as permitted, while their elders treated him with the respect one shows a strange dog of impressive size.

Please turn to page 74



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# White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 73

SISTER AGATHA

OUT of sheer pity, finally, Mrs. Early had taken the child into her own home and was rearing him with her own children. Of course I did not know all this at the time. I merely grabbed at an arm and held the urchin upright after butting him like a goat with the side of my head.

"I have a terrible wound on my leg, Sister Ellen," he murmured.

"Let me see this terrible wound," I whispered in anything but a brisk professional manner.

"Here it is," he answered, and twisted his body round to show me a hairline scratch on his right calf.

I would have laughed had it not been for his eyes searching my face trustingly, eyes as big and soft and round as an antelope's. "My goodness gracious, we'll have to fix that up," I assured him solemnly.

His entire face crinkled into a smile of complete happiness. I did as thorough a job on that scratch as any surgery nurse assisting in an operating theatre.

"Why don't you wrap up L'ladbo's arm?" he asked, when I had finished with his leg.

"L'ladbo? Who is L'ladbo? And what's the matter with him?" I demanded. Then, without waiting for a reply, I continued bitterly: "What good would it do for me to see L'ladbo? I couldn't talk with him."

I cannot emphasise too greatly the inherent courtesy of the jungle natives of Africa—"stupid bush Niggers," I have heard elegant ladies of the coastal towns call them because, having never seen fine linen and china, the untrained native does not know how to prepare such for another's use.

Ngege did not remind me that he had been speaking with me in good American English learned from the Earlys. And I was too full of my own frustrations to realise that I had found "a tongue," as many translators are called.

He merely held up a slender, chocolate-colored twig of a finger and murmured, "Come."

There was even a bit of swagger in his stride as he stepped along before me. "L'ladbo works in the carpentry shop. There is a splinter of wood in his wrist. It does not

pain him—it is not nearly so serious as my wound!"

In the carpentry shop I treated three patients in all: I extracted two splinters embedded too deep in the flesh for the native's scalpel—a splinter of bamboo—and I lanced a huge gumboil.

When I instructed this patient to come to my clinic on the morrow to have the diseased tooth pulled, he answered with an enigmatical, "What pleasure!"

Ngege and I went on to the gardens, where I looked over a number of fat babies parked in the shade of a huge old silk-cotton tree while their mothers hoed endless rows of yams and peanuts.

I was examining an ulcer on old Ndertoo's foot when Dr. Early caught up with me. Once again Ngege erupted with that face-covering grin and then scampered out of sight in a series of stiff-legged hops. I bent over Ndertoo's foot and did what I could for it. Dr. Early waited, now and then exchanging a word with one of the workmen. Finally I straightened up.

"I'll need Ngege to-morrow," I remarked in what I hoped was a casual tone. "Ndertoo must come to my clinic to-morrow afternoon and let me look at this foot again. And change the dressing."

Dr. Early spoke briefly to the workman, and the old man replied in a half dozen guttural syllables.

Without being told, I knew that to-morrow I would have at least one patient at my clinic. I gathered up my basket and started towards my dukas, trying not to look triumphant. Dr. Early walked along beside me.

"Ngege skipped Mrs. Early's class for the children this afternoon," he remarked finally, "after deliberately scratching himself with a thorn so he could be important."

"I'll have a linguist—at a translator—at your clinic to-morrow. Of course you'll have to pay for him yourself: there's—"

"I know," I broke in, "there's no money in the mission budget to cover a translator for me."

Another moment of silence passed. Then he went on, "I'll send out word to the villages that to-morrow their sick—"

I scarcely heard the rest he was saying, for again I had visions of a queue of dusky-hued patients waiting.

"Of course it takes patience, Faith and patience—"

Dr. Early knew his Africa as I did not; the next day, and for many days to come, there were very few people except the same curious old women. But, gradually, these old women were joined by other crones whose faces I never saw in our chapel; therefore I knew they were "bush natives" from the surrounding villages.

These women, I realised, came for the most part for entertainment rather than for medical help. I talked with them through my linguist, an insufferable young man who fawned upon me and whom I suspected of browbeating "my guests," as I began calling the old women.

I chatted with these crones as best I could through this supercilious person, and persuaded them to tell me about the younger women of their villages, and the children and the men. Then a few really sick patients were brought to me.



The first was a young girl in her early teens who was an epileptic. She had rolled into the fire, and through burning, and later gangrene, had lost most of the muscles of her left hip. I cured her, but it might have been more merciful to let her die, for she lived an unmarriageable cripple.

There were always three or four ulcers a day, and now and then a leper crept into the compound. At that time I didn't know about chaulmoogra oil, and I could only pity these poor wretches and pray God's mercy for them.

I had enough to do, I suppose, to justify my presence in the mission, but it was nothing like what I had anticipated. I learned African architecture by helping the workmen rebuild and refurnish my hospital.

I learned to tie rafters and to sew atop leaves for the thatch. I became fairly skilled at weaving the crude wickerwork which is the basic framework of huts in our district. I learned the right proportion of dung and ant-hill clay to use in churning up plaster for the walls. I helped apply it by the simple expedient of standing off a short distance and hurling great handfuls of the soft stuff against the wickerwork.

I helped smooth the plaster with my own hands. Then as whimsy seized me, I built up on one side of the central but a bas-relief R, and on the other side an Hippocratic staff with twining serpents.

The workmen admired my artistry—and so did Dr. Early, I believe. But he was quick and almost vehement in his condemnation.

"Smooth 'em out! Smooth 'em out!" he commanded, and laid his own hands to the task of destruction. "Our hardest struggle here is against sorcery and black magic. These—these—pictures may be symbols of honest and honorable science to you, but our people would regard them as the same sort of things that the witch doctors rattle. They'd be your charms!"

didn't become my patient until I could no longer help her. That sainted woman suffered from what she called "a little tickling in my throat sometimes." Her furlough was not due for a couple more years, and she refused to go home before then. Give up just on account of a little "tickling"?

Both Dr. and Mrs. Early had upon occasion whispered to me that she had "the lung complaint." She had a pathetic little trick of pressing the back of her wrist against her chest when a spasm of coughing racked her.

"Now and then I have a twinge of rheumatism in my arm," she explained defensively one time when she caught me watching her. Any-one could tell there was pain—but it was not in her arm.

I was amazed to learn that she was only in her middle thirties. Tall and gaunt, she looked sixty. With her unnaturally large, fever-bright eyes, she could have posed for the portrait of a medieval ascetic.

And the spirit of the ascetic was there, too. "There is no need to coddle myself because of—a little tickling in my throat." The only concession she made to her infirmity was to accept tasks that allowed her to sit while performing them.

But the morning finally came, before I had been in Africa a full year, when Sister Agatha could not even sit up in bed, much less get out of it. There was nothing I could do except ease her pain a little, and I told the Earlys as much.

"Then we'd better send for Dr. Mary," Mrs. Early said, and it was plain to see that she was voicing the thought of the rest of the staff.

I was only a nurse, and professionally I had no right to feel indignant, still my back stiffened a little, and I heard myself saying coldly: "You are perfectly justified in taking steps that you think right, but Sister Agatha is dying. I don't know what has kept her alive this long."

Please turn to page 75

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# White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 74

PLACING a fatherly hand on my shoulder, then clearing his throat, Dr. Early said, "Sister Ellen, Mary is the best doctor any of us has ever known. There is something about her—I don't know what it is—Well, I've seen her work miracles."

"It will take a miracle to save Sister Agatha," I muttered. "How long before Dr. Mary can get here?"

"Well, N'zemi is something over two hundred miles away, and at twenty miles a day that would take ten days," Dr. Early figured aloud. "But not Mary. She'll start early, and she'll push the porters on right through the heat of midday. She'll be here in a week."

She was there in four days. Within an hour after the big drums pulsed out the message of our need she left N'zemi. But she didn't come overland; she and a dozen men did what every white man in the Congo was afraid to do. She shot the rapids of the N'zemi. But even so she was too late.

The morning of the third day, with no other aid but her indomitable will power, Sister Agatha rose, dressed, and went to her classroom. A few minutes later one of her pupils came running to say that she had fallen asleep with her head on her desk. It was that sleep from which there is no waking.

In the tropics we bury our dead on the day they die. I prepared the corpse, amazed at what I found. There was practically nothing left of the physical body of the woman; I could span her waist with my two hands, and I lifted her as easily as I might a child.

The next day Dr. Mary arrived. Our black boys, their ears cocked to drumbeats almost too faint for us to detect, told us to the minute when she would reach Tani, and their eyes picked out her boat before any of us could see it. They chattered among themselves, and Dr. Early snorted in disgust.

"Oh Lemuel!" I heard Mrs. Early wail to her husband.

"What's the matter?" I asked, in honest but unwary sympathy.

"The woman is coming by dugout," Dr. Early hissed close to my ear.

"Well?"

"Don't you understand? She is travelling like a native. That sort of thing tears down the dignity of white people here in the tropics."

"How should she have come?" I asked.

"By tipoye or shimbeck."

He bit off the word with such suspicious haste that I hardly needed to ask: "Does she have a shimbeck? For just one person?"

"She could have come overland, by tipoye," he countered with almost dogged sullenness.

"But she's cut almost a week off her travelling time by coming by dugout," I felt that in some vague way they held me responsible for Sister Agatha's death because I was not "a miracle worker." My helplessness made me argumentative.

Dr. Early stared at me for a second, and again snorted, "You medical workers!"

Our mission head was a saintly man, and there is no way of estimating the good he has done. But he inherited his religion within narrow, denominational confines, just as he inherited the pattern for his social behaviour, his emotional reactions, and even his phrasing in times of stress.

I have never been as wise, or competent, a workman as he, but I was astute enough to interpret his words. In those days no medical worker was on a par with the evangelist. My "boss" was simply hurling the religious caste system in my teeth. However, I was spared the childishness of a reply.

Singing, as Congolese always do when nearing a journey's end—but singing softly, chanting now for "the little white mama, asleep under the jungle trees"—the boatmen drove their dugout its full length up on to the sand beside the shimbeck landing.

I heard someone behind me suck in her breath. "Tsch! Tsch! Tsch! Short sleeves!"

And then even I shared the electric shock of the assembled whites. Clad only in a sun helmet and a bathing suit—bare-legged as well as barefooted—Dr. Mary stepped out of her shallow dugout and was bending over to pick up a pair of handmade leather moccasins.

She dipped her feet into them and straightened up. Her glance took in the tongue-tied group and came to rest on me.

"Jiggers! And scorpions!" Her knowing wink told me she had identified me instantly. But I wondered if, away from Tani, she was always this careful, for in the second before she had slipped into her moccasins I had caught a glimpse of badly scarred feet, one of them with two toes missing.

I glanced sideways at Dr. Early and saw him drawing in a long breath that was a menace to his threadbare shirt. Dr. Mary saw it too.

"Oh Lem, don't be so stuffy about my bathing suit," she scolded in a good-natured tone. "I've been in dugouts that rolled over and it's enough of a job to fight current even in a bathing suit. I'm wet as a dishrag just from the spray."

To illustrate, she had turned up the short skirt of her Gibson girl costume and was wringing water out of it.

I waited for the storm to burst, but instead my colleagues crowded around Dr. Mary and greeted her as cordially as they had first greeted me.

LATER that evening, as we sipped tea and nibbled the precious cakes again brought out of the locked tins, I realised that these people were genuinely fond of Dr. Mary, and that she knew it and discounted their envy and criticism as a wise mother overlooks peevishness in a tired child.

Dr. Mary had very few questions to ask about Sister Agatha's illness and death. She already knew everything we could tell her, for even when the drums are silent, gossip seems to float from village to village on the African breeze.

She sensed my feeling of frustration and more than once she assured me: "There wasn't anything you could do. One way or another folks kill themselves all the time. Some think it a virtue, and others become obsessed with the importance of their playtime chores. All of them think they ought to be highly respected for their self-imposed slavery—and it does fight boredom."

I was eager for Dr. Mary to visit my "hospital." There were a thousand questions I wanted to ask her, particularly about my outstation work.

Did one notify a village ahead of time that one was coming? And how? Or was word carried by the jungle grapevine? What did one do immediately upon entering a village? Was I well enough acquainted with the language now so I could dispose with the services of an interpreter? (I knew I was not.)

I had suspected on more than one occasion that my "linguist" lost the thread of my meaning in a hopeless confusion of circumlocutions courtesy that got neither me nor my patients anywhere at all. Too, the boy was beginning to irritate me beyond measure. He was the African version of an intellectual, and he would have

nothing to do with manual labor of any kind.

Translating—improvising would have been a truer word—was his work and, not only had he steadfastly refused to render the smallest "hand service," but of late he had also begun to nag me for a toto, a small boy to perform menial tasks for him.

"Kick him out," was Dr. Mary's blunt advice. "Kick him out, but don't hold his insolence against him too much. To teach a man to read is one thing. To change his outlook on life is quite different. Literacy is power in Africa, and social power and humility of spirit do not go hand in hand in a primitive village any oftener than they do in America."

She gave me a quick smile.

"Besides, when you're on your own, Ellen, you'll understand a lot more of what is said around you than you do now, because you'll have to, and then too your patients will love teaching you. They can't help you now because your 'linguist' stands in between and won't tolerate any interference."

"I wouldn't have judged, from the heat and the humidity, that this was as healthful a climate as it is," I told Dr. Mary as we walked over to the hospital the next morning.

She shot me a quick glance.

"The kids never have anything wrong with them but an infected toe now and then, and very minor abrasions on their arms and legs," I explained.

"These abrasions—do they look as though they had rubbed against the bark of a tree or had fallen on gravel? But still absolutely clean?" Dr. Mary asked.

I nodded, and my white-haired companion threw back her head and laughed merrily.

"The totos are having an awfully good time with you," she chuckled at last. "They love bandages. They look upon them as ornaments, and wearing them makes the youngsters feel important. So they rub their arms and legs with the underside of an eeyoo leaf—their fathers use eeyoo leaves to sand down their drums and stools—and when a little blood appears, they run straight to you. They wear the bandages until they rot and drop off, don't they?"

I felt deflated, but Dr. Mary did not let me dwell on my embarrassment.

"What about your other patients—the strangers, that is—the men whom you never saw before and probably never will again? I know about the mission folk—their little ills mostly come from malnutrition. They need meat, Ellen. Africans are meat eaters, and you can't change a man's eating habits over night without doing him harm."

She paused, then went on: "In their villages they hunt almost every day; here in the compound they become men of the workbench and there is no time left in which to stalk and kill the game they crave and need. Why don't you, as a doctor, do something about that, Ellen?"

I was already used to being called a doctor, but I quickly denied right to the title to Dr. Mary.

She brushed my protestations aside.

"The African native draws wonderful distinctions among his own witch doctors, but so far as you and I are concerned, they see no difference between us. They'll expect as much from you as I'm able to give them. No matter what kind of case is brought in to you, pray and go to work on it."

I thought of Sister Susanne's tooth and wondered if I should tell Dr. Mary about it, but she was speaking again.

"Do you get any women among the strangers?"

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**STOP PAIN FASTER**

Please turn to page 76



I SHOOK my head. So far I had had no strange women patients and I didn't know why.

I said, "The men have infected sores and terrible ulcers, and once I treated a young fellow whose arm and neck had been bitten by a leopard. He was in terrible shape before they brought him to me, Doctor, and—except for Sister Agatha, that is—he's the only patient I've lost so far."

"The strangers are always in bad shape before they come to you. Just resign yourself to that. If the witch doctor can cure them, he does. He sends his hopeless cases to us. If we cure them, well and good; if they die—well, that maintains his prestige and tears down ours."

We were both silent for a moment, and then my companion asked gently, "What about those patients who don't come to you?"

"Why don't they come to me?"

"Fear. Fear of you who are unknown to them. Fear of the trip from their villages, for they believe that when they leave the influence of the friendly spirits of their villages, they are exposed without protection to all the evil spirits of the jungle. Fear of their relatives who may disapprove of such a bold step. Fear of the wrath of the witch doctor—unless he has sent them."

She gave me a quick smile. "Just a little advice from an old-timer to a greenhorn: make friends with the witch doctors if you can, Ellen. And if worst comes to worst, don't antagonise them any more than you have to. Remember, many of them are very intelligent, most of them are clever, and all of them have behind them centuries-old tradition."

She added, "So do you, for that matter, but the witch doctor's tradition is known to his people; it's the framework on which community life is built. Your tradition is unknown to them, and sometimes when they try to adapt to it, utterly ridiculous mistakes are made. Not only in medicine, but in all walks of life. Did you ever hear what happened to Mrs. Early when she first came to Africa?"

I shook my head, and Dr. Mary told her story.

"Mrs. Early decided to institute what she called 'social afternoons for

the native women,' not realising that a half day spent gabbing and guzzling tea would be looked upon by their menfolk as demoralising. The natives couldn't understand what it was all about.

"A dozen or more of the women came, freshly polished with castor oil and smelling to heaven as a result, and with their best bark loin-cloths wound around their hips. Mrs. Early had never seen so many bare breasts in her life; she told me that she put her hands up over her face and cried from embarrassment. Then she lectured the women—through a 'linguist' of course—on immodesty.

"It must have been hard for a woman of Mrs. Early's generation to say the things she felt she must to the male interpreter—and heaven only knows what the linguist, in turn, said to the women. Anyway, the bewildered women were instructed somehow to go home and come back the next day with their breasts covered.

"They did, but they used the only bit of cloth they had for the purpose—their loin-cloths. From their waists down they were as bare as the limbs of a fig tree in January."

Dr. Mary eyed me sharply, but my nurse's training had knocked out of me whatever prudery my Victorian mother had instilled. We both laughed.

"And don't let that pompous husband of hers fool you, either," Dr. Mary went on. "That stuffy air of his is just a pose he puts on when he doesn't know how else to face a situation. He's had his experiences too. Once, not more than ten or fifteen years ago, he had some important visitors from back home—members of the governing board or something like that—I don't know just what.

"Well, Lem wanted to make an impression on them, and when they suggested that they visit a native village untouched by white man's civilisation except through missionary influence, Lem had some notion of doing himself proud.

"He picked out a village carefully. Then he sent instructions to the men that they should come out to meet the

## White Witch Doctor

Continued from page 75

visitors, and that they should have some refreshments prepared for them. And he sent each man four or five yards of merikani—figured calico, you know—with instructions to wear it on the big day instead of their old, half-rotten, animal skins.

"But they weren't to wind the calico around themselves until the visitors were arriving; he wanted them to look unusually fresh and clean.

"Now, Ellen, that village acted in the very best faith imaginable, and this is what happened: The white men who had actually had the greatest effect on the lives of the elders of that village, and whom they remembered with the deepest respect, were the last of the Arab slave runners. There Arab slavers worked in loin-cloths and ponderous turbans.

"Consequently when the village went to meet their guests they wore elaborate headpieces of merikani

and nothing else. They'd followed Lem's instructions to the letter; there wasn't an animal skin in evidence in the whole village.

"They had refreshments too. Wonderful refreshments! Goat and monkey stew. And there was enough palm wine and mealie beer for the guests to drown themselves in: if they'd wanted to. They could smell the alcohol in the palm wine and let that alone, but mealie beer at its ripest smells and looks like nothing else on earth than a bride's first attempt at custard.

"The visitors were good sports, and before Lemuel could stop them they had sampled the beer. The woman got sick right away, too sick fortunately to notice or care much what her husband was doing; he liked the stuff and got drunk as a hoot owl. He danced and sang and in general made an ass of himself.

"The villagers to a man loved him, and for years they begged Lemuel to try to persuade their white brother to come back and live with them. As inducement, they offered him free a harem equal to the size of their chief's."

As Dr. Mary chatted on, we rounded a bend in the path and came in view of the three huts which had once been her hospital and were now mine. I stopped and stared. The dozen, or at best two dozen patients who would normally have greeted me were lost in a sea of mahogany-hued bodies.

My companion strode forward, calling a greeting to this one and that, until she stood directly in front of the central hut. There she stopped, turned, and saw me still staring.

"Come on," she called. Then when she saw the surprise in my face she explained, "Remember, because of my age if nothing else, I'm the Big White Witch Doctor, and you're only the Little White Witch Doctor."

"Goodness," I exclaimed, "how old does one have to be to become as big a witch doctor as all this?"

"I'm seventy-three, Ellen," she answered simply.

My mouth fell open. Seventy-three and on the mission field? I didn't believe it. Except for her snow-white hair, Dr. Mary certainly did not look a day over forty-five.

Dr. Mary was not wasting time on my reaction to her words. She turned to me briskly.

"Well, let's get to work. That's why we're here," she said in her most business-like manner.

First she stood up in front of the throng and harangued them. "What were you saying?" I whispered when she had finished.

"I told them that of myself I haven't the power to heal, that it all comes from Muungu—the biggest God—that only He can ease pain and mend broken bodies." She paused to laugh lightly. "After all, it's the truth, and it makes Lemuel feel better—and maybe makes his work a little easier."

There were no eeyore cases that morning. The small fry, gathered in a knot off to one side, watched every move of this famous white witch doctor of whom they had heard their elders speak with such loving respect. In the front ranks of the assembled mob were not the sick folks but Dr. Mary's old friends.

I never saw such patience and stamina as she displayed that morning. Every man and woman was remembered and greeted by name.

It seemed to me that surely all the halt, the blind, the ulcerous of Africa passed before us that day, and when evening fell there were as many more waiting to be treated.

Sometime during the afternoon, limp with exhaustion, I burst out: "You're fooling about your age. You can't be seventy-three."

"Maybe I can't, but I am," Dr. Mary answered. "And don't you begin talking about my retirement. This is my home and these are my people, but the Board secretary in the United States has a one-track mind. Her little suburb is home for everyone else, and if you don't agree you're 'a problem.'"

To be continued

### Famous jewel in color

FOR the first time the Hope Diamond, the world's most celebrated jewel, has been photographed in full color.

Its present owner, New Yorker Harry Winston, permitted French actress Denise Billecard to wear the precious gem and pose for a photograph under the watchful eyes of armed private detectives.

The photograph was taken specially for A.M., the Australian Monthly.

Its reproduction, in approximately natural size in the October issue of A.M., gives Australians their first glimpse of the fabulous jewel.

The Hope Diamond has a sinister history. Disaster has befallen almost everyone who has owned or worn it.

The story of this most unlucky of all diamonds is told in A.M. for October.

A.M., the magazine for men and women, is now on sale. Price is still only 1/-.



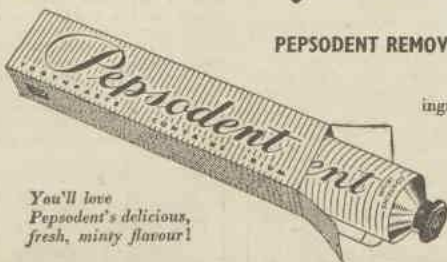
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 7, 1950

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# Clements

A black and white photograph of a bottle of Clements' Tonic. The bottle is dark with a light-colored label. The label features the brand name 'Clements' in a script font at the top, followed by 'Tonic' in large, bold, serif capital letters. Below 'Tonic', there is smaller text including 'SWEETENED' and 'BOTTLED IN LONDON'. The bottle is shown at a slight angle, with its cap visible at the top.

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4310771>





## "How soon can I get up, Mummy?"

"He's so keen to be up and doing again after all these weeks in bed . . . yet he still looks very pale . . . and his little legs look so thin underneath the blankets . . ."

"Thank goodness Marmite is available again. A little every day, served as a broth or spread on thin bread and butter, will soon give him back his appetite . . . make him boyishly hungry again . . . help him to put on all the weight he has lost lately . . ."

"They say it is one of the richest known food sources of the precious Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, too. That means that it will help his

nervous system . . . help him to enjoy the full benefits of all the foods that he eats . . ."

"It must have been such a worry to mothers during the war when Marmite was hard to get. Now all I have to do is run round to the corner store and get all the Marmite I need . . . all Johnnie needs, I should say . . ."

"A week, the doctor said, and all going well he'll be up again and back at school . . ."

"When can you get up, Johnnie? Why, I think tomorrow for a little while. Maybe, if you're good, Mummy will even let you up today!"

# MARMITE

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**W**AVING his cigar about, A.K. said: "Hold it, m'boy! Let me finish! She arrives to-day . . . and goes straight on to Sydney. I've cabled my friend there, Bob Swift. He's lining up a concert tour for her. She wants to make the trip. We want her here, but not yet. This Australian business solves everything. How do you like it, Jim?"

Jim spun an ebony paper knife on the desk. He was not sure how he liked it. "It sounds all right. Did she give any reason for wanting to visit Sydney?"

"She's a coloratura," said A.K. "They don't have reasons. And that's why I want you to take charge, Jim. Go with her. Give her anything she wants, as long as it doesn't cost money. Treat her like a sister. Take that secretary of yours, Smith, along with you. Vanderdeen calls our prima donna, quote, a handful, unquote. Most of them are. Smith might help. She seems a level-head. Got all that?"

"Yes, A.K."

"The three of you will take the San Francisco plane to-night, and connect with the Clipper for Honolulu, Suva, Noumea, Sydney. Four days. A wonderful trip, m'boy. Wonderful. I envy you. If I were a younger man . . . Jim waited the few brief moments it took A.K. to consider that one.

"And now," said A.K., snapping out of it, "we come to the small matter of expenses." He reached into the drawer of his desk and took out his paring knife.

Thirty minutes and two grey hairs later, Jim tottered out of A.K.'s office and went looking for Smithy.

"Run off home and pack a small grip," he told her. "We're off to sunny Australia."

"Well," said Smithy. "At least it's winter, down there!"

## New York to Sydney Continued from page 13

The Sydney-bound Clipper dived on over the blue Pacific.

Mlle. Mimi Bois, blonde and very chic, took the lei from around her neck with one languid hand while extending the other in the general direction of two enchanted Australians who sat across the way.

"Ah, aloha," she sighed. "So romantic, n'est-ce pas? I loved your Honolulu, Jimmy."

"And I'm sure Honolulu loved you, Mimi," Jim Staner said gallantly.

"It should have," said Smithy. "What other visitor has left a trail of lip-rouge and Vol de Nuit all the way from the air base to Waikiki and back again?" She glanced at Jim, who was busily rubbing one corner of his mouth with a linen handkerchief. Mimi was enthusiastic, if not always accurate.

"Ah, rose big bronze men on ze surf beach," sighed Mimi. "Don't you love ze men, Smithy? I think you do. One of zem, no?"

"Not me," Smithy said. "I'm a career woman."

"Zen you are a woman foolish," Mimi assured her. "A career . . . pou! I have a career. I snap my fingers at it . . . pou!" She snapped her strong, slender fingers at the two Australian men, and increased her spell over them.

A small doubt entered Jim's mind and curled up in a dark corner there.

Smithy took a magazine from the rack and pretended to read. The two enchanted Australians sat and beamed at Mimi.

"Aloha, aloha," Mimi said experimentally, and giggled. "To me, ze sounds like an English on ze telephone!"

"Ah . . . lunch!" said Jim, spying the air hostess with her pad and pencil.

The Clipper flew on to Suva, by way of Canton Island.

Some hours later, Mimi said: "Ze English I do not like. Who but ze English could be so cold in ze hot climate? Suva I did not like very much."

"I don't believe I've ever seen men run so fast . . ." Jim said.

### RIVETS



"In the other direction," Smithy added.

"Pou!" said Mimi. "To me it is just for the fun. I love one man, but I like all ze men. But ze English . . . zey have ze long legs, ze cold nose, ze big dignity . . . like ze stork."

The two Australian heads bobbed as they followed the flight on Mimi's hands describing the Englishmen. Their smiles brightened when hers did.

"Ah, but now we come to Noumea, yes? You will love zis French island, Jimmy! And you, Smithy!"

Smithy shrugged, but smiled.

"Yes, and perhaps ze French will make ze big eyes at you, and sigh . . . like zis . . ." Mimi sighed. "And kiss for you ze hand?"

"He'll be a dead wolf if he does," Smithy laughed.

"Well, in any case, we'll only be there a few hours," Jim put in, rather stiffly.

Mimi made wide eyes at him. "But Jee-my, we make ze stopover at Noumea, yes? Monsieur Vanderdeen, il dit . . ."

"Well . . ." said Jim, doing some swift mental arithmetic. "A.K. has pared down the expenses. Well . . ."

"But of course we make ze stopover at Noumea," Mimi said definitely. "No?"

"I guess . . ." said Jim, weakening.

"What can we lose," asked Smithy, "but one coloratura and our two jobs?"

**T**HE small doubt in Jim's mind awoke and stretched its arms. It began to grow.

"You know, Tom, I reckon a short stopover at Noumea might be a good idea," said one of the Australian men to the other, who had been thinking along just those lines.

A phalanx of woolly-headed boys carried their grips to the service car. Into the car went Mimi, Smithy, Jim, the two enchanted Australians, and the dozen other passengers who made up the flight. Someone called for "Jules." A rotund man with a bristling moustache and a sun-burned complexion came running out from the nearest shed and jumped into the car.

In a moment they had left the base behind them and were rolling along under a cloudless blue sky. Jules sang gaily of his lost love, chasing her up the scale until she was beyond his range. Then Mimi caught and held her with a sustained high note that bought the heads around and the driver from his seat.

"Name of a cabbage!" Jules shouted as the car swung off the road and went bumping across an uneven field of grass. "The lady of the wall of the cabaret of Pierre Vergale!"

"The names of two cabbages!" cried Mimi. "But where is my Pierre?"

"But here, in Noumea," said Jules, waving his arms in an expansive gesture.

The car stopped its wild flight, bumping into the trunk of an ancient palm tree.

"Idiot! I know that he is in Noumea!" said Mimi. "That is why I am here. But where in Noumea?"

"Where else but at the cabaret?" Jules asked her.

"I say, look here . . ." one of the less enchanted passengers said for the others.

Please turn to page 81

## Everyone needs this Highly Concentrated Nourishment...

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WITH an imperative command, Mimi said, "You will take me to Pierre, immediately."

The doubt in Jim Staner's mind had fled. Certainly had replaced it. "But, Mimi..." said Jim.

"To the cabaret of Pierre Vergule!" cried Jules, backing the car from under the clattering fronds of the palm tree and heading for the road again.

Jim found that he could not compete with the irrepressible Jules, who continued to shout over his shoulder to the detriment of all other conversation.

"For three years the photograph of the lady on the wall of the cabaret of Pierre Vergule has been the wonder and the puzzle of Noumea. For three years, since he has returned from his journey to Paris, the heart of Pierre has been broken. But who was the lady he has never said. I think that now his will be a good heart again."

Everyone looked at Mimi, and Mimi looked out the window at the white houses that went flashing by. "The cabaret!" Jules shouted, bringing the car to a sudden halt. Everyone looked out the windows at the square white building with the simple legend over the arched doorway, "Pierre Vergule."

Everyone, that is, but Mimi and Jim and Smithy. For with a glad cry Mimi had left the car and was speeding towards the doorway. Inches behind her was Jim, with the shade of A. K. Hammer upon his shoulders. Smithy made a comparatively unhurried third.

Inside the cabaret, Mimi switched on the lights and faded the evening shadows. There were tables and chairs against the low windows along one wall, while a polished bar ran half the length of the other.

There was a small shell for the band, and on the wall above and behind the shell, softly lighted, was a large framed art photograph of Mimi. Below, within the shell, there was a piano. The floor of the cabaret had been waxed for dancing. Mimi went gliding over the waxed floor to the piano.

"But, Mimi, listen..." said Jim, for the tenth time.

"No, Jimmy. Silence. You must listen," Mimi told him. She sat at the piano and struck a smooth chord. She began to sing.

"If you don't mind," Smithy said, "I'll sit this one out. At the bar."

She took Jim's arm and led him to that side of the room.

"Au clair de la lune..." Mimi sang, deep in her throat, making the words throb.

"Mine is straight rye," said Smithy, installing Jim on the business side of the bar.

"Mon ami, Pierrot..." Mimi throbbed.

Jim vaguely opened a bottle of ginger ale and splashed some of it into two tall glasses.

"Pretez-moi ta plume..."

"Does all this seem somehow familiar to you?" Jim said dazedly. "It seems to have happened before, some place..."

"It has," Smithy told him. "And here comes the handsome hero now."

"Pour ecire un mot..." sighed Mimi as a door in the rear wall was flung open.

The man from the back room was tall, dark, and very handsome, and his dark eyes flashed as he said, "Who dares to sing that..." Then, as his gaze swung from Jim and

## New York to Sydney

Smithy at the bar on over to the girl at the piano, he cried, "Mimi!" and rushed towards her.

"Pierre!"

"Mimi!"

"Needle's stuck," Smithy said to Jim, and raised her glass of ginger ale. "Here's to A.K.'s blood-pressure."

"Pierre!" cried Mimi.

"Ma chérie!" said Pierre.

"Mon amour!" said Mimi.

"My job!" groaned Jim.

"I think you had better spike these drinks a little," said Smithy, passing her glass back to him. "This French rye hasn't much kick in it."

"My Mimi, you have come back to me," said Pierre.

"To stay, always," said Mimi.

"But what of the opera, chérie?" Pierre asked, holding her in his arms.

"Yes, what of the opera?" said Jim, splashing soda into Smithy's ginger ale.

"The opera?" said Mimi. "Pouff!"

"But, chérie, three years ago you said..."

Mimi stopped him, and said gently, "Yes, I know, Pierre. I was a silly little schoolgirl then. I would not listen to love." She paused to wipe a small tear from her cheek.

"Everything, it was the career. You asked me to come back to Noumea with you. I said no... the career! I was to be the prima donna, no? And so for many years I have worked, worked, worked to become a great singer."

Now Mimi's voice rose a little, and Jim, whose French was somewhat rusty, could follow some of it. Smithy was not missing a word of it.

MIMI'S voice rose even higher. "Then one night, I am a prima donna, suddenly," she said. "I sing. Everybody cheers. I go to my dressing-room. I sit myself down. I think, I think of you, Pierre. And suddenly it means nothing to me to be a great singer. Nothing! Every thing is to love! I get up. I must go to you. But how? I think only of that. I do not think of the career. To the career, I say..."

"Pouff!" said Smithy.

"Oui... pouff!" Mimi said, smiling at Smithy. But she turned again to Pierre. "And then to my dressing-room came a man, an American, with a big contract and a big fountain-pen. Will you come to New York, Mimi? I think. I think, yes, I will go to New York. But not to stay. I think quickly."

"There is a plane from America to Australia. That goes to Noumea. Then I say to the American, yes... I will sign the contract. But only if I can go in the plane to Sydney, where I must sing. He thinks. He says yes. I sign the contract. Voilà! I am here!"

Smithy sighed into her ginger ale.

"There is a girl who can really think on her feet," she said admiringly.

"And tread on mine," Jim said.

"But then, Mimi," Pierre said, holding her at arm's length and preparing to be forlorn. "This means that you will go away from me again?"

"Not ever!" Mimi said.

Pierre was a little slow on the uptake. "But the contract..."

"Pouff!" Smithy advised him.

Mimi's smile was as bright as a star. Pierre looked to her. She nodded, smiling. "It does not mat-

Continued from page 80

ter, chérie, the contract. I will not sing in the opera again. From this time, I shall be the chanteuse of the cabaret of Pierre Vergule. And we will be very happy, yes?"

Jim splashed some more ginger ale into his glass and drank it neat. This was the end of not one, but two careers. Vaguely he noticed that Smithy had gone away somewhere. Pierre and Mimi stood together in the centre of the floor. There was Smithy over by the piano.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Smithy announced in a clear voice. "In honor of this solemn occasion, I shall now sing a catchy little number from 'Samson and Delilah.'" She sat down at the piano. No one laughed. They all listened.

It was winter in Sydney. The skies were blue and the sun shone warmly. There was a cheerful nip in the air. Smithy's arm was linked with Jim's as they walked around the square from the rear of the cathedral and came to George Street. A tall policeman directed traffic in the Town Hall square, moving cars and trucks and taxis around him with the grace of a matador.

The venerable Sydney trams went rumbling down the centre of the roadway. The exits from the Underground station ejected people in the manner of rabbits from a row of magicians' hats. On the wide steps leading up to the Town Hall pigeons strutted in the sunlight.

"They've put the new posters up," Smithy said, nodding. She squeezed Jim's arm, and he smiled down at her.

They read from the boards that stood in front of the wings of the Town Hall... "Second Concert..."

Susan Smith, soprano...

"It's not a debut at The Met, or Paris, or Milan," Jim said. "But it is a start. I guess it's a good one."

Susan said nothing. There are times when words are not enough, and this was one of them. Susan was very happy.

They walked on the sunny side of George Street and came to the G.P.O. The clerk at the telegraph counter handed Jim a cable. Jim read it and grinned.

"Your cable quote lost Mimi but Smithy quoted 'em in Sydney unquote stop are you mad stop don't answer that stop I am stop Why wasn't I told Smithy could sing stop can she stop if she is talent sign her stop..." Hammer.

Jim took a blank form and leaned on the counter as he wrote, after the address, "Susan Smith is definitely talent stop anticipating your instructions signed her to life contract this morning stop Sydney is a wonderful place for a honeymoon stop will return in fall stop feel New York may be too hot for us right now stop love and kisses from Jim and Susan Staner stop."

Then they went laughing down the G.P.O. steps to Martin Place and the flower-sellers' booths, where Jim selected a bouquet of red roses for the bride. The traffic stopped when Susan kissed him.

"It's like old times," the flower-seller told the audience. "I haven't seen a feller kiss a girl in Martin Place since the war ended."

And then the audience cheered, and what else could Susan do but take an encore...

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## Should we marry before getting our own home?

By KAY MELAUN

Should an engaged couple wait until they get a roof of their own before they marry, or should they get married and take a chance on living in a suitcase or with in-laws?

More pertinently, will inadequate housing cripple their chances of a happy marriage?

**OPINIONS** on the question differ according to temperament, background, tastes, training, and outlook.

Here, however, are the ideas of some of the thousands of young men and women who are fighting for a home in a house-hungry world.

This is how they are facing the difficulty and, in one instance, how they have dealt with it:—

Joan is a secretary, blonde, capable, and quiet. She would have been married a year ago if she or her fiancé could have found a flat or a house.

Now they have secured a bed-and-breakfast room and are going to take a chance on married happiness in it. Joan will keep on working to save money for a home.

"We're sick and tired of waiting," she said. "We could have got married and lived with either of our families, but that is something we will not do."

"We feel we'll be happy anyway and anywhere so long as we're alone together."

Marie, who works in the same office, has a different point of view.

She said that neither she nor her fiancé would consider getting married without having a house or flat to move into.

"I like to be sure," she explained. "I like to know that, although we will be facing the adjustments that marriage entails, at least we won't have to cope with such things as not having anywhere to hang our clothes or having to abide by someone else's rules and regulations."

"It's fatal otherwise. After a bit of that sort of living, couples begin to fight like cat and dog."

She instanced a couple, aged 22 and 26, who have been married more than 12 months and who have not yet unpacked their wedding presents.

"You might call us conservative or timid in wanting and waiting for security. I prefer to think we're prudent."

Inez' wedding is fixed for May, but if she and her fiancé haven't got a home by then they're going to marry, even if it means months—or years—of shifting from room to room.

She said: "The hazards of losing each other if we don't get married seem to us just as great as any snags we'll strike together."

Maureen will live with her fiancé's people. In a soft voice inherited from Irish ancestors she denied that "it never works out."

"We'll be able to save more this way, and the more money we have the quicker we'll have a home of our own."

"I'll keep my job on so long as I don't have a baby."

"After all, everyone has to give and take within one's own family, so it shouldn't be much harder to do that with in-laws, especially when they're nice ones."

As opposed to these about-to-weds, Vic has been through it. He got married five years ago after a chance acquaintance had offered him a house for six weeks.

After the honeymoon they moved to a series of boarding-houses, each more nightmarish than the last, until they were lucky enough to rent a boatshed.

Labor and love—and his deferred pay—converted it into a paradise of privacy after months of boiling eggs on a gas-ring, queuing up for a bath, and being drawn into other people's quarrels.



**OPTIMISTIC.** Young couples are confident of getting somewhere to live. Absorbing reading for most is *To Let* columns.

But when heavy rain fell they were washed out.

Meanwhile, Gwen, his wife, was pregnant. Her married brother rescued them by offering the verandah of his house.

"That was the worst time of all," shuddered Vic. "It was harder to cope with the tension that grew up in an overcrowded house with in-laws than all the other physical discomfort and uncertainty put together."

By a fluke, they managed to get a house in a cramped and heavily built-up area. It was damp and decrepit and dingy. They had to put in a copper and a bath-heater, but it was a refuge while they tried to build.

With the prospect of their own house, they had another baby, this time a son. But the building venture was a failure.

"We lost another £200—our entire savings," said Vic.

This last blow seemed too much.

"Our nerves were like violin strings," Vic said. "Instead of bringing up the children 'by the book,' as we'd sworn we would, we caught ourselves shouting at them."

"Between us and our hopeless situation our daughter—she's three-and-a-half now—was driven into asthma which the doctor says is emotional in origin."

"She still wakes up screaming: 'The water's coming in! The water's coming in!'"

Then two months ago Vic and Gwen managed to buy a house in a seaside suburb.

"It's another mad step in the dark," he confessed. "We have no money, and we'll be paying for it forever. The tenant hasn't vacated yet, but we feel we're at the end of a long, long road."

"Already, because we've relaxed and given our nerves a chance, our daughter's health is improving."

"Yet we both say we don't regret getting married so rashly."

"You might call us—and especially me—selfish. What we've gone through might have busted another marriage, and it certainly harmed our elder child."

"But our bad times, when we were two against the world, have bound us together in a way that good times couldn't have done."

"We're quite sure—we sometimes discuss it—that, put to it, we would go through it all again to get what we have now."

ALL PERMS STAY FRESHER . . .

LAST LONGER

just 3 simple steps

All permanent waves, whether salon coiffures or home treatments, will last longer and stay fresher when you "damp-set" your hair with Velmol. A Velmol "Damp-set" works on any hair-do in just 4 minutes, and because it prolongs hair glamour, hairdressing actually costs less. Here's how to preserve your next perm.

1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it.
2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair.
3. Arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb just as you like it.

You'll be delighted how your hair gleams with soft sheen; how silky-soft and natural-looking it stays. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for



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Yes! until she took De Witt's Pills, even the simplest of household tasks used to be sheer torture. Then she found the reason behind those back-breaking pains. It was sluggish kidneys, the often unsuspected cause of many a lingering ache—many a sudden stab. You see, the kidneys have the essential task of expelling waste products from the system. If these impurities are allowed to circulate and settle in the joints and muscles, trouble follows. In the world-famous De Witt's Pills you have a medicine specially made to restore tired and sluggish kidneys to their normal healthy activities.

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For Kidney and Bladder Troubles

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Good Advice to Sufferers on How to Withstand Corns so they Come Out Easily and Painlessly.

If you are suffering from hard, throbbing, burning corns—take good advice and put a drop of Frosol-Ice on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wither up and then you can lift it out with your finger-tips. Get a bottle of Frosol-Ice to-day from your nearest chemist and get rid of corns—core and all.

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## THE FAMILY SCRAPBOOK . . .

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

"DON'T touch that nasty bug!" "Ugh, how can you stand handling a snake!" "Worms give me the creeps!"

These are but samples of the things grown-ups say to children.

Children aren't naturally afraid of insects, of snakes, or of other creeping, crawling, flying things. Indeed, in most instances, they are intensely interested in them. It's our attitudes of fear and dislike that make them react as we do.

There is no doubt that a growing child can have a "full, rich life" without becoming a bosom pal of some of the lower forms of animal life, but it seems a shame to shut off such interests and there's little point in making him fearful or squeamish. Many a youngster gets a good deal of satisfaction out of observing the crawling, creeping, flying things around him.

Naturally, he must learn the dangers of bees and wasps, of pinching beetles and poisonous snakes;

and he must learn to discover the other harmless creatures.

Parents and other grown-ups can learn to "steel themselves" against reactions they have developed and help their juniors to grow up without a lot of unnecessary fears.

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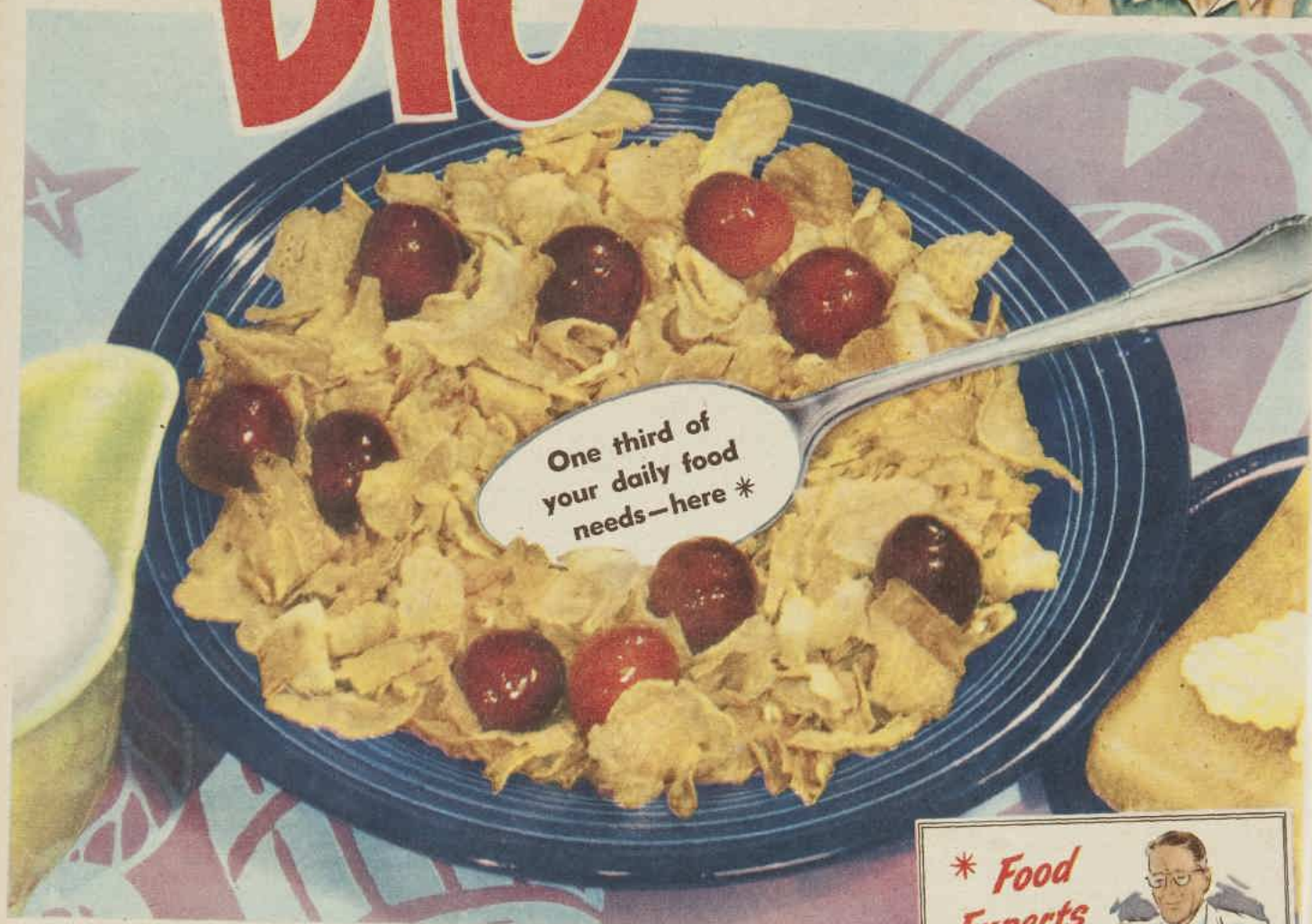
Unnecessary fears. . .



SUCH A

# "BIG"

DELICIOUS BREAKFAST!



**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES** are fresher,  
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**\* Food Experts say...**



"One plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar, plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you one third of your daily food needs."



Food experts say it's not how much you eat for breakfast — but *what* you eat — that counts. The ideal breakfast is a light, but satisfying and energizing meal — such as Kellogg's Corn Flakes. These big, golden flakes not only taste luscious, but are packed with energy value.

Only 30 seconds to serve... no greasy washing up... no messy pots and pans. So serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes to all your family. Remember to say "Kellogg's" before you say Corn Flakes—because nothing else can equal them for flavour, energy value or freshness.

MOTHER KNOWS

**Kellogg's**  
^  
**BEST!**

**Compare the cost with a Heavy Breakfast**



It isn't necessary to quote prices... you know what you have to pay for eggs, bacon, tomatoes, fish, lamb's fry (etc.) these days! One serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes is but a fraction of that cost. What's more, one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and eggs, two big helpings of lamb's fry or three fish!



# Dinner for Six

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

● Careful cooking, the addition of tantalising flavors, and attractive service work wonders with a simple joint of corned beef.

HERE is a menu which does not strain the budget, yet is appetising and sufficiently attractive to serve on any occasion. In addition to dishes illustrated, the recipes include two ideas for using the remains of the corned beef.

Quantities in recipes are sufficient for 6 servings; all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

## MENU

SPINACH CREAM SOUP.  
NEW STYLE CORNED BEEF.  
BROWNED ONION SAUCE.  
CARROTS; BROWNED POTATO PUFFS.  
SHREDDED CABBAGE.  
PINEAPPLE DELICIOUS.  
COFFEE.

### SPINACH CREAM SOUP

Two tablespoons butter or other shortening, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, 2 cups water or vegetable stock, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1½ to 2 cups very finely chopped spinach, pinch nutmeg, squeeze lemon juice, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, water-thin rings of red pepper, parsley, melba toast.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, stock, salt, and cayenne pepper. Continue stirring until boiling; add grated onion, shredded spinach, and nutmeg. Simmer gently 15 to 20 minutes. Add lemon juice. Top each serving with grated cheese and garnish with ring of red pepper and sprig of parsley. Melba toast may be served separately.

### NEW STYLE CORNED BEEF

Three and a half to four pounds corned silverside, 1 sliced onion, 2 cloves, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 2 tablespoons marmalade, browned breadcrumbs, 2 cups stock (use 1 cup water and 1 cup liquid in which meat was cooked).

Wash meat well to remove excess salt. Place in warm water to cover with sliced onion, cloves, sugar, and vinegar. Simmer until quite tender, allowing approximately 40 minutes per pound. Allow meat to stand in the hot stock for about ½ hour before finishing as follows. Lift meat into baking dish, fat side up. Pat dry with clean cloth. Mix egg-yolk, mustard, and marmalade and spread thickly over top of meat.

Sprinkle generously with browned crumbs. Add stock to dish. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with browned onion sauce.

Continued on page 86



## DINNER FOR SIX

● Some of the silverside will be left over after the meal and may be served thinly sliced with salads, or cut into cubes and reheated in white sauce flavored with curry or diced cooked onion.

The remainder of the recipes in the menu on the previous page are printed below.

### BROWNED POTATO PUFFS

Two and a half to three cups mashed potato, 1 dessertspoon butter (or 1 teaspoon butter and 1 dessertspoon dry milk powder), pepper, milk.

Beat butter (or butter and dry milk powder) into hot mashed potato. Season with pepper (and extra salt if necessary) and add sufficient milk to make potatoes smooth and creamy. Pile into six rough heaps on greased oven tray and place in hot oven with the meat until lightly browned on top.

### SCALLOPED POTATOES WITH CORNED BEEF

Four medium-sized potatoes, 2 small white onions, 2 cups diced or cubed corned beef, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 to 1½ cups milk, 2 or 3 tablespoons grated cheese.

Peel potatoes, slice very thinly; peel onions and cut into water-thin slices. Place half the sliced potato in bottom of greased ovenware dish. Cover with onion, corned beef, and parsley. Add balance of potato, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dot with butter. Pour in sufficient milk to barely cover potatoes; top with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1 to 1½ hours, or until potatoes are quite soft when tested with a fork. Serve hot.

### CORNED BEEF BURGERS

Half cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon milk, pinch mustard, 6 small crumpets, sliced corned beef, 6 poached eggs, parsley.

Combine mayonnaise, milk, and mustard; heat over boiling water, stirring occasionally, while preparing crumpets and eggs. Toast crumpets, keep hot. Cut corned beef into convenient-sized pieces, brown slightly on both sides in small quantity hot fat. Poach eggs. Cover each toasted crumpet with the corned meat, top with a poached egg, and spoon a small quantity of the sauce over. Garnish with parsley, serve piping hot.

### PINEAPPLE DELICIOUS

Seven slices of cooked pineapple, ½ cup cake crumbs, ½ cup coconut, 2 teaspoons gelatine, ½ cup syrup from cooked pineapple, 2 egg-whites, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, cherries and whipped cream to decorate.

Dissolve gelatine in heated pineapple syrup. When cold whip with rotary beater until thick and creamy. Fold in cake crumbs, coconut, lemon rind and juice, and 4 slices of the pineapple very finely chopped. When beginning to thicken, fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with sugar. Turn into wetted mould or small loaf-tin. Chill until firm. Unmould, decorate with remaining pineapple slices, cherries, and whipped cream.



## Fish shapes decorate prize luncheon dish

● A special-occasion luncheon dish of salmon, spaghetti, and cheese-flavored pastry shapes wins this week's prize of £5.

Orange crumble and rainbow shortbread fingers also win prizes.

FISH, spaghetti, and cheese-flavored pastry are the appetizing combination in this luncheon casserole. Tiny circles of sweet red pepper form eyes of the fish-shaped pastry topping. Recipe wins £5.

Chop dates, place in saucepan with ½ cup of the orange juice and squeeze of lemon juice. Stir until mixture becomes a smooth, thick paste. Cool slightly, fold in half the orange rind. Cream shortening and sugar with balance of orange rind. Add beaten egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with balance of orange juice. Turn into greased slab-tin. Spread with cooled date mixture and top with crushed cornflakes. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Cut into squares while hot, allow to cool in tin. This mixture makes a delicious dessert served hot with custard, cream, ice-cream, or clear lemon sauce.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Johnson, 4A Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

ANY left-over pastry from the salmon-and-spaghetti savory may be converted into savory biscuits. Roll thinly, cut into shapes, brush lightly with milk or beaten egg-yolk, and dust with finely grated cheese.

Bake in hot oven 6 to 8 minutes, store in airtight tin when cold.

### SALMON-AND-SPAGHETTI SAVORY

Four ounces good shortcrust pastry, ½ cup grated cheese, 2 cups cooked spaghetti, 2 tablespoons shortening, 1 tin red salmon or fish cutlets (12oz. size), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 small tin tomato soup (8oz. size), 1 teaspoon grated onion (or ¼ clove of garlic, finely minced), salt, pepper, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, parsley and lemon to garnish.

Roll pastry thinly on floured board, cut into rounds or "fish" shapes with floured cutter. Brush lightly with milk, sprinkle half thickly with grated cheese. Place second portion on top, unglazed side down. Melt shortening in frying-pan, add flaked fish, and fry lightly. Add parsley, tomato soup, onion, salt and pepper. Cook gently 10 minutes. Mix with spaghetti and lemon juice. Turn into greased ovenware dish; top with pastry shapes. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes. Serve piping hot with lemon and parsley to garnish.

First Prize of £5 to Miss L. Fisher, Woongoolba, via Yatala, Qld.

### RAINBOW SHORTBREAD FINGERS

Six ounces shortening, 2oz. sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. custard powder, pinch salt, a little milk, 1 tablespoon cocoa, pink coloring, lemon-flavored warm icing.

Cream shortening with sugar. Work in sifted flour, custard powder, and salt, then sufficient milk to make a stiff paste. Divide mixture into 3 equal portions. To one portion add pink coloring; to another add the cocoa blended to a smooth, thick paste with milk. On floured board press or roll each portion to a long, narrow strip. Join the three layers, one on top of the other, with the pink layer in the middle. Lift carefully on to greased oven tray. Bake

in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. When cold, top with lemon-flavored icing and cut into finger lengths.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Lawrence, Neath Ave., Dover Gardens, S.A.

### ORANGE CRUMBLE

Threequarters cup stoned dates, 1 cup orange juice, squeeze lemon juice, 3 dessertspoons grated orange rind, 2oz. shortening, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, crushed cornflakes.

The  
mozzies  
are  
back!

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# Want something **NEW** for dessert?

"SO EASY WITH MELLO," SAYS BETTY KING

Nothing simpler, nothing quicker, than smooth delicious Mello. Just add milk (fresh or made from powdered) and bring to the boil. Mello tastes so good — is so good — alone or with your favourite fruit. You can serve it in so many scrumptious

ways. Try the recipes in every Mello packet — each one tested and recommended by popular Home Economist, Betty King.

Try this simple Betty King suggestion — fun to fix, grand to eat.



*Betty King*  
Betty King, popular  
Home Economist

Just add Milk  
Serves 4



## Mello Lazy Daisy

1 packet Chocolate Mello • 1 pint milk (fresh or powdered) • 4 bananas • Cherries, jam or jelly. Slice 3 of the bananas into a serving bowl. Make Mello according to directions on the packet. When cool, pour into the bowl, and swirl gently with a spoon to stir the sliced bananas through the Mello.

For eye-appeal, slice the remaining banana thinly and arrange flower-fashion around centres of cherries (or jam or jelly if you have nothing else on hand.)

Generous helpings here for 4 — and don't be surprised when you hear "More Mello, Mum."



## 3 HEAVENLY FLAVOURS

### VANILLA

True vanilla flavour. Spoon it over berries, peaches, plums. Top it with cherries. Twin-flavour marvel with jelly. Or pour it over stale cake as a simple Mello-marvellous trifle.



### CHOCOLATE

So scrumptious you'll try it again and again—with apples or pears, or partnered with junket. A deliciously different cake filling — a rhapsody with ice-cream. Compliments catcher every way.



### CARAMEL

Taste tells. And what a story! Ideal as a sauce for fruit or pudding; perfect in piecrust. Wonderful shredded with coconut, extra smooth, served cold with cream.



KEEP ALL THREE FLAVOURS ON HAND. MELLO IS A WONDERFUL STANDBY.



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... actually grows lovelier with use

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The first to make Chenille in Australia

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PART of the garden and home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Heine, of Killara, Sydney. Balcony is sleepout in hot months.

## House and garden planned as one

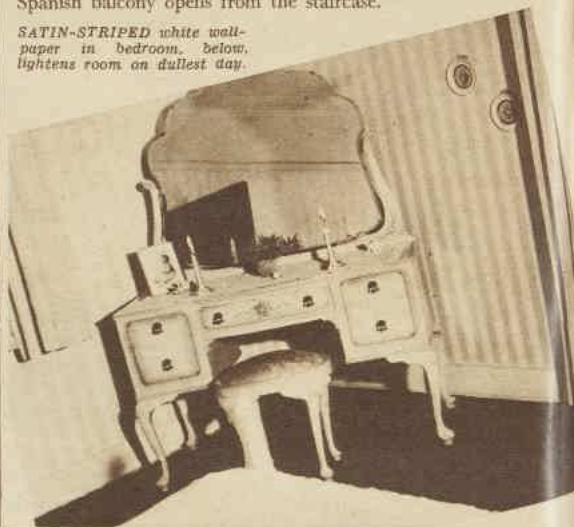
WHEN a house and garden are planned together more pleasant vistas are obtained from the windows, and the effect is more harmonious than if they were planned separately.

"Twelve Trees," the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Heine, of Killara, Sydney, illustrated here, was planned in this way, and there is a view of the garden from every room.

On the ground floor wide double doors open on to lawns and gardens.

The lofty design of the exterior is repeated in the high, beamed ceiling of the lounge-room, on to which an unusual Spanish balcony opens from the staircase.

SATIN-STRIPED white wall-paper in bedroom, below, lightens room on dullest day.



COLOR is given to cream lacquered French bedroom suite by hand-painted flowers which stand out with delicate clarity. Wall miniatures and French lace bedspread are in character with other furnishings.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 7, 1950





FLOWER BORDERS line the crazy path that leads to the front door. White shutters keep out summer glare and heat. Garden is planned so that the best views are obtained from ground floor of house.



LOUNGE ROOM has cedar and mahogany high-beamed ceiling. Cream walls outline Spanish balcony, left. Mahogany chairs are placed for enjoyment of fireplace, with unusual tiled recess, above.



WIDE arched doorways opening at both ends of sunroom to front and back gardens are ideal for coaxing summer breezes through room. Walls and woodwork are snow-white. Wrought iron furniture of honeycomb design has crisp lime-green padded chairs and couch.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 7, 1950

### Helping mothers help themselves

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

IN the recently issued annual report of a city women's hospital it was stated that there had been only one maternal death in 5000 births at the hospital.

Pre-natal supervision and the education of mothers in care of themselves before their babies were born and afterwards were the reasons given for this very low mortality rate.

The great importance of close co-operation with doctors and clinics before the birth of a child was stressed.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, provides a free service to help expectant mothers, thousands of whom have expressed appreciation of the assistance they have received.

Free leaflets on all aspects of pre-natal and post-natal care are obtainable from the bureau. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed with requests for information.



Mothers! post this coupon

Sanitarium Health Food Company,  
148 Fox Valley Road, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Sir,

Please forward me a copy of your new book on baby care. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover packing and postage costs.

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Go gay in  
Haslam Dress Fabrics  
this Spring

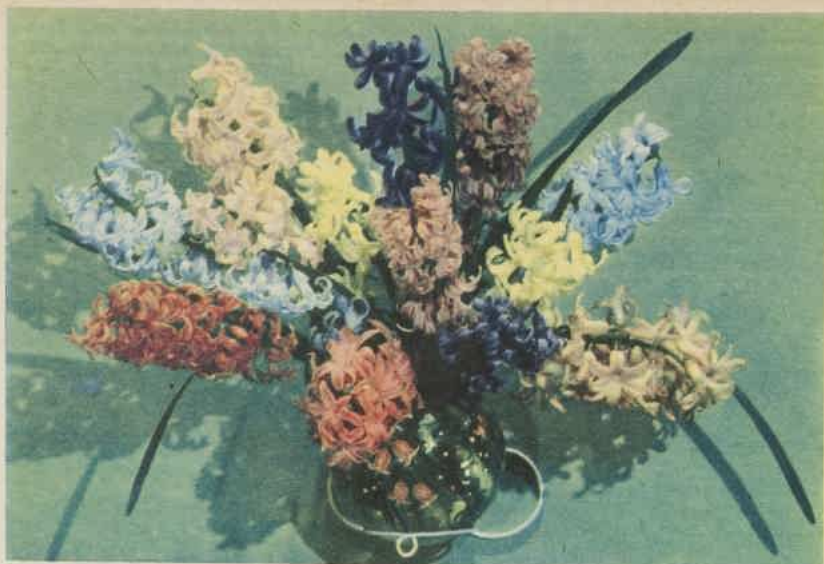
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Haslam Fabrics are manufactured throughout in Lancashire England, and are guaranteed to give the fullest satisfaction.

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A FEW fine blossoms such as hyacinths, arranged in a low, round bowl, look attractive from any angle.

GLADIOLI and dahlias (right), arranged by Mrs. Leot Tunnington, of New Zealand, dramatise a corner by correct selection of color and unusual angle of arrangement.

LONG-STEMMED streptocarpus and arum lilies, enhanced by the addition of fruit, in a striking display arranged by Miss Sue Arnold.



## Flowers last longer this way

**F**LOWER arrangements such as those on this page lend color and grace to living-rooms. As flowers are expensive to buy and take a long time to arrange, it is desirable to prolong their life as far as possible.

Following are some hints that will be helpful in preventing early fading.

**HYACINTHS:** For longer keeping, squeeze substance from cut ends of stem and plunge into cold water to which five drops of oil of peppermint have been added. **GLADIOLI:** Scald or burn ends. Add five tablespoons of vinegar to each quart of water in vase. **SWEET PEAS:** Plunge their stem ends into hot, then cold, water, add 8 drops of alcohol to 1 pint of water.

**ANEMONES:** Allow  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of vinegar to 2 cups of water. **DELPHINIUMS:** Add 1 tablespoon of pure alcohol to 1 pint of water. **IRISES:** Three drops of oil of peppermint to 1 quart of water. **DAISIES:** Eight drops of oil of peppermint to 1 quart of water.

**FERNS:** Submerge in water for 12 hours, shake well. **EVERGREENS:** One tablespoon of glycerine to 1 quart of water. **PETUNIAS** and **COSMOS:** One teaspoon of sugar to 1 pint of water. **MARGOLDS:** Two tablespoons of sugar and 1 tablespoon of salt to 1 quart of water. **LILY OF THE VALLEY:** Allow  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of vinegar to 1 pint of water. **LILAC:** Do not remove green leaf near flower head.

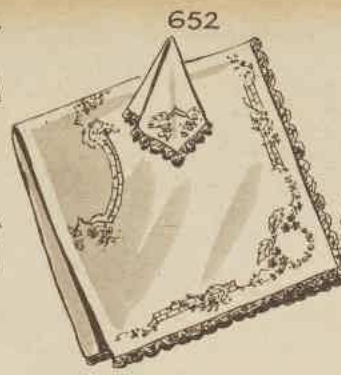


MIXTURE of spring flowers is exciting and a joy to arrange. These beauties are in a medium-sized bowl with wide mouth. An arrangement like this will lend grace and color to hall, living-room, and buffet table.



**TULIP GLORY.** These blooms and the hyacinths pictured at the top of page came from the garden of Mr. C. A. S. Boag, Emerson Grove, Bundanoon, N.S.W. His garden, with 30,000 tulips in bloom, is now open in aid of N.S.W. Home for Incurables.





## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

**No. 650.—BOY'S SUIT**  
Summer suit with suit-waister, cut out ready to make, in British headcloth, in lemon, green, sage-blue, natural, and white. Pockets traced ready to embroider. Prices: Suit—length 18in., 2 years, 9/6; 18in., 3 years, 10/6; 20in., 4 years, 10/11; 22in., 5-6 years, 11/9; postage 1/5d. Suit-waister—3 years, 1/6; 2 years, 1/8; 4 years, 2/11; 5-6 years, 4/2; postage 4/10d. Complete outfit—2 years, 12/11; 3 years, 13/11; 4 years, 14/9; 5-6 years, 15/11; postage 1/3.

**No. 651.—GIRL'S FROCK AND BONNET**  
Cut out ready to make in British headcloth in lemon, green, sage-blue, natural, pink, and white. Design is traced for embroidery. Prices: Frock—length 18in., 2 years, 9/6; 19in., 3 years, 10/11; 20in., 4 years, 11/9; 22in., 5-6 years, 12/7; postage 1/5d. Bonnet—2 years, 1/9; 3 years, 1/11; 4 years, 4/2; 5-6 years, 4/8; postage 8/4d. Complete set—2 years, 13/3; 3 years, 14/9; 4 years, 15/11; 5-6 years, 16/6; postage 1/3.

When ordering Needlework Notions, please make a choice of color. C.O.D. orders not accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

**No. 652.—SUPPER-CLOTH AND SERVIETTES**  
Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen, or sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green, also British cotton in green, blue, lemon, and pink. Lace to finish not supplied. Prices: Cloth—24in. x 36in., linen 12/11, cotton 7/9, postage 1/-; Serviettes—11in. x 11in., linen 1/3 each, cotton 1/- each; postage 2/4d.

**No. 653.—DUCHESS SET**  
Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen, or sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green, or organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Centre mat is 11in. x 17in., and small mats 8in. x 10in. Lace to finish not supplied. Prices: Linen 7/6, postage 8/4d.; organdie 4/11, postage 8/4d.

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Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen, or sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green, also British cotton in natural, green, blue, pink, and lemon. Cushion cover measures 18in. x 18in. Prices: Linen 8/11, postage 10/5d.; cotton 4/6, postage 8/4d.



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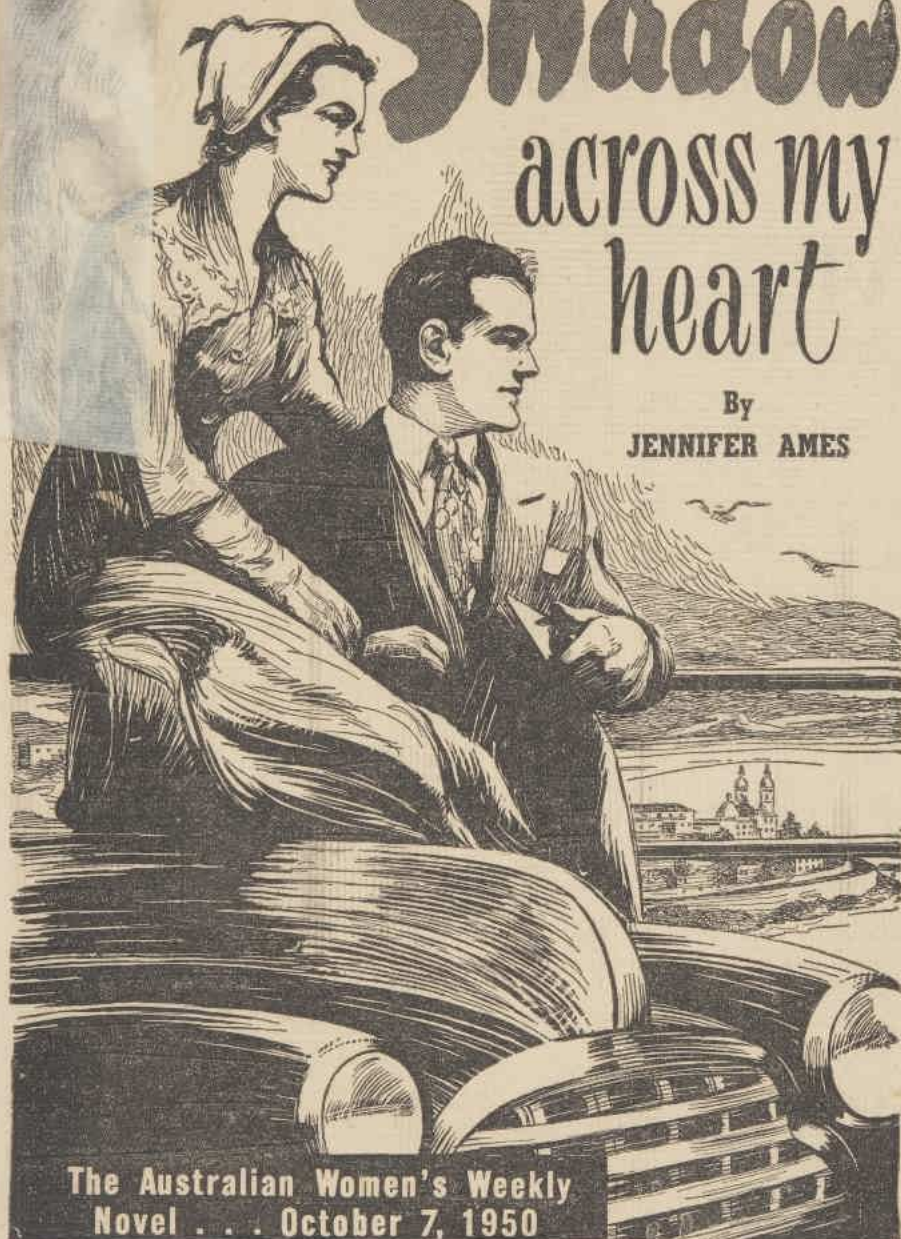
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# Shadow across my heart

By  
JENNIFER AMES



The Australian Women's Weekly  
Novel . . . October 7, 1950



# Shadow Across My Heart

By JENNIFER AMES

MISS MARSHBANKS, of the All British Employment Agency, looked down her long thin nose. "That's just the trouble," she said. "Almost every girl these days wants to be a lady. A companion, a governess, or lady nurse. No one these days seems to want to do hard work."

"But can't one do hard work even if one's a lady?" Margery protested. "And anyhow I thought the word lady had gone out of fashion."

"Not, apparently, with those who come to me looking for a job," Miss Marshbanks returned caustically. "Every incipient nursery governess wants to go abroad these days and live as one of the family. I've a hundred applicants for every post offered."

"I suppose so," Margery agreed. Her small vivid face was flushed. She added apologetically: "But being a governess is about the one thing I could do, and I am genuinely fond of children. Besides..." She broke off.

Miss Marshbanks, with her bored, impatient manner, wasn't the sort of person one could easily confide in. Margery felt she couldn't tell her that every day she stayed in England keeping up the pretence of not caring for Robin was torture.

"Well, Miss Redford," Mrs. Marshbanks said brusquely, "I've taken down your name and the particulars of the job you require. Should anything turn up I'll communicate with you. Good day."

"Oh, thank you," Margery murmured. She rose and made for the door. She didn't quite know what she'd hoped for, but her sense of disappointment was acute.

She was walking back along the corridor, her head bent, when she almost collided with a man.

He raised his hat and passed on. The girl who was both reception clerk and switchboard operator looked up as she passed.

"Any luck, dear?"

Margery grinned wryly. "Not that you'd notice. Miss Marshbanks said girls who want to look after children and go abroad are two a penny."

"What about the fellow who's just gone in? He's wanting a nursery governess for a little boy of six, and he lives abroad. The Riviera. I know because I had to ask him what he wanted before I let him through to Miss Marshbanks. Sounds like a

dandy job to me, a villa on the Riviera, one child, and I bet by the look of him he's got plenty of money," the girl said.

"Miss Marshbanks has probably hundreds of others on her books waiting for just such a job," Margery said.

The girl sniffed. "She never does take kindly to girls with looks, especially if they're wanting to be nursery governesses. Says too often she has complaints from the wives. But this fellow who's just gone in told me he was a widower. He said he wanted someone at once. Could you go at once?"

"Oh, yes, the sooner the better!" Margery cried.

The sooner the better... How much longer could she pretend to be a good sport? Living in the same house as Robin, being treated by him in an affectionate brotherly way after what had gone between them...

ROBIN'S parents had taken Margery to live with them after her own parents had been killed in an air-crash. And, as long as she could remember, she'd loved Robin.

She had heard from Robin himself of his love for Greta Rawlings, his partner in many amateur tennis games at Wimbledon. He had taken her into the garden after supper, and as she was silent after the first shock at his news he said, "I'm not ashamed of it, and yet I am because I think I'm hurting you. I feel such a brute for having to hurt you."

"It's no use saying I'm sorry," he went on, "for I can't be sorry for loving Greta. She's... she's so vital and exciting, yet, in a way, I'll always love you, too, Margie."

She was thinking of all this and suddenly became conscious of the switchboard receptionist saying, "If you want to get out of the country all that bad, there must be a fellow mixed up in it. I'm sure you'd suit that fellow who's just gone in to see Miss Marshbanks. Why don't you bust in with some excuse?"

"But what excuse could I have? I'm afraid..." And then suddenly: "Oh dear, I've left my gloves in Miss Marshbanks' office!"

"There's your excuse," Betty chorused.

Margery hesitated, then she raised her head slightly and the small proud

chin to a defiant angle. What did anything matter so long as she got out of England for a time?

"All right, I'll have a shot."

Betty grinned. "Good luck."

Margery paused for a moment outside the door, which was slightly ajar.

She heard the man's harsh, not unpleasant voice saying: "I want someone who's absolutely trustworthy, Miss Marshbanks, a girl who won't have her head turned by luxury living. I want someone who has initiative and judgment, who is genuinely fond of children..."

"My cue," Margery thought. "I have my fingers crossed anyhow." She knocked and before Miss Marshbanks had finished calling "Who's there?" she was inside.

"I'm so sorry, Miss Marshbanks. I've left my gloves..." She paused, a little breathless.

The man had risen. He said courteously: "Can I help you find them? Did you drop them on the floor?"

"I was sitting just there."

"Here they are."

Miss Marshbanks said nothing. She merely sat before her desk, looking down her long thin nose.

"I'm so sorry to have interrupted..." Margery began.

"That's quite all right," Miss Marshbanks said in a voice which said plainly it wasn't all right at all. "But since you have found your gloves, Miss—er—Redford, perhaps you'd be good enough..." She broke off, but her eyes clearly indicated the door.

Margery started to move towards the door, then she stopped. Suddenly she felt not only desperate but angry. What right had this woman to be rude to her?

She burst out: "You won't forget me, will you, Miss Marshbanks? I am awfully fond of small children and quite capable of teaching them. I think I can guarantee I'm perfectly honest and trustworthy, and I do so want a job abroad." She paused. Miss Marshbanks' thin, sharp-featured face had gone a brick-red.

"Will you kindly, Miss—er—Redford..." she was beginning when the man interrupted. His voice sounded less harsh than formerly. It was even faintly amused.

"I wonder if this young lady would consider the job I am offering? At least, we might have a talk about it."

"Oh, yes!" Margery cried eagerly, and added, flushing: "I... I mean,



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are you offering a job similar to the one I'm wanting?"

"From the way you spoke one might almost have thought you'd known the sort of job I was offering," he remarked.

She couldn't be sure but, for a moment, she imagined there was a twinkle in his eyes.

"I... oh... if you're offering the sort of job I want, it is coincidence."

"It is, and oddly until this moment I've never believed in coincidence." He turned towards the elder woman. "Where could I interview this young lady?"

"We have a room for interviewing," Miss Marshbanks snapped. "But really, Mr. Thornton, I am not at all sure Miss Redford would be suitable for your post. I have on my books several other young ladies who I'm convinced would be more suitable. If you would be content to wait..."

He broke in. "That's just it. That's one thing I'm not content to do, Miss Marshbanks. I want to get this thing settled to-day. If you would be so kind as to show me where I can interview this young lady?"

Miss Marshbanks pressed a bell. "My secretary will conduct you to the interviewing-room."

THE interviewing-room, so called, was at the end of a long corridor. It was a cubby-hole of a room, with a board floor and a dirty window.

"Cosy little place," Mr. Thornton commented. "Somehow I don't think you and I will reach any decision here, Miss Redford." He smiled.

"It's about lunch time. Let's go out and have lunch. It's always so much easier to talk over the luncheon table."

Margery's rather large mouth turned in a smile. "It certainly is. And I'd—I'd love to lunch."

Breakfast had been early because Robin was going to Gloucestershire to play in a tournament with Greta. Since his success in Wimbledon his firm never seemed to mind how much time he took off for tournament matches.

"Come along, then."

"You live on the Riviera, Mr. Thornton?" Margery asked when they were seated at the luncheon table.

He nodded. "I have a villa between Nice and Monte Carlo, in a little place called Fleurie. There's a small but quite pleasant beach. Robert loves bathing."

"Yes, please tell me about him, Mr. Thornton."

He smiled then, but not at her. Scolded, she knew, at a sudden vision of his son.

"He's a grand youngster, at least I think so."

"I'm sure I'd adore him," she said eagerly.

His smile faded. He said, curtly: "Don't adore him too much. I think Robert has had too much adoration."

Again she waited for him to say more, but he didn't, and once again the conversation lagged.

"Look here, Miss Redford," he said after a long pause. "I must tell you that courage is one of the attributes required for the position I have to

offer. But there are other qualities necessary as well. I want someone who has her head well screwed on, who wouldn't be influenced against her own judgment. Someone who will think things out for herself and not be swayed by gossip, malicious gossip."

"I don't think I'd be swayed by gossip."

"Good. Can you leave on Monday? The sooner Robert has someone to look after him, besides..." But he broke off.

"Does that mean I'm engaged?" she asked, feeling rather breathless.

Once again there was a pause. His slate-grey eyes, that were so bleak, were looking her over.

"Yes, you're engaged," he said at last. "I feel I can trust you. I want you to trust me. I want to ask you to trust me no matter what..." But again he broke off. "Do you think you could trust me, despite anything that may be said, Miss Redford?"

"I..." Under his direct gaze she felt her color rising once again. "I... I think I could. I think I do."

"Good. Remember you've said that. You may need to remember it. And now while we're having coffee let's get down to business details."

The following Monday Margery found herself on the Blue Train bound for the Riviera.

"I've wired my sister-in-law, Mlle. Labols, to expect you," Fernley Thornton had said when giving her her ticket and cheque for the first month's salary.

"She's French?"

"Yes. She and her brother, Pierre Labols, live in the villa. I'm away a great deal."

She stared excitedly at the names she'd heard of all her life on station platforms, St. Raphael, Cannes, Juan-les-Pins, Nice, and then almost before she realised, the train had pulled up before a small station with the sign FLEURIE.

She was standing on the platform looking about her when she heard her name spoken.

"You are Miss Redford, is that not so?" a man's voice said.

She turned and smiled. "Yes, I'm Margery Redford."

"I am Pierre Labols. My sister asked me to come and meet you."

"That was very nice of you."

"But it is a pleasure, and now I've seen you it's even more of a pleasure." His brown eyes smiled straight into hers.

"I'll get a porter to see to your luggage. I've the car outside."

It was a dark blue limousine with red leather upholstery. "Oh, what a lovely car!" she exclaimed. "Is that yours?"

He laughed. "My income doesn't run to cars like this. This is Fernley's car. It was new a month or so ago."

"If I had a car like this I wouldn't let anyone drive it but myself," she said as she climbed inside.

Again he laughed as he got into the driver's seat. "Nor would I, but Fernley doesn't mind. I use anything of his I like."

"He must be exceedingly good-natured."

"Good-natured? No. Indifferent," he said, and started the car along the winding road up the hillside.

The Villa Aurora had been built on the hillside. It was a large pink structure, attractively designed, and it stood surrounded by an enchanting garden that went down in terraces to the beach.

"How lovely. How truly lovely," she sighed.

"You think so? We are so used to it. I, for my part, would love a few months in a land where the skies were grey, the air keen and invigorating."

As they talked they'd climbed the steep steps on to the terrace. Now as they both paused to catch their breath a small figure rushed out through the open french windows. He wore blue bathing trunks and nothing else.

"Why did you go without me, Pierre? Why did you?" he shouted. "And has the old hag come?"

"Whatever are you talking about, Robert? What old hag do you mean?"

"Why, the old hag who's coming out from England to be my governess. Auntie Yvette said she would be an old hag."

Pierre burst out laughing. "But this is the lady who has come to teach you, Robert."

The little boy was staring at Margery. "This is the lady. But she isn't a lady. She's a girl!"

Margery laughed. "Thanks awfully, Robert, and I know we're going to have grand fun together. Will you show me where to swim? I adore swimming."

"Do you? You like swimming? I didn't think you'd like swimming. Auntie Yvette said..."

Pierre broke in. "But your Auntie Yvette was merely pulling your leg, as they say in England, Robert. She wanted your new governess to be a nice surprise for you."

"Do you think so, Uncle Pierre?" The boy looked doubtful. "You mean she really is nice? What has she brought me?"

AGAIN Margery laughed. "Maybe I can find something in my suitcase when I unpack it."

"Hurry and go up to your room," Robert shouted, jumping up and down excitedly. "Hurry and get me my present!"

"What is all this noise?" A small thin woman in her early thirties had stepped through the open door on to the terrace. "Robert, my darling boy, what are you doing? And you will catch cold if you don't put on more clothes."

"Yvette," Pierre said. "This is Miss Redford, Miss Redford, my sister, Mlle. Labols."

"Oh. How do you do, Miss Redford? I hope you had a pleasant journey."

"A very comfortable journey, thank you."

"Let me take you to your room, Miss Redford. Juan will bring up your luggage when he has fetched it from the station."

"Thank you."



## SHADOW ACROSS MY HEART

Margery followed the Frenchwoman into the house. It was a lovely house. A wide curving staircase led up to the railed gallery that overlooked the lower hall.

Some of the bedrooms went off this gallery, but Mlle. Labois led Margery past them, down another corridor, and up another flight of stairs.

Here the Frenchwoman pushed open the door and showed Margery into a room at the back of the house. But it was quite a delightful room, with a bathroom and a balcony.

"I hope you will be comfortable," Mlle. Labois said formally.

"I'm sure I shall be," Margery smiled at her.

"After you have unpacked, tea will be ready. I know the English like tea."

"I confess it is one of our weaknesses, but please don't put yourself out on my account."

"That is understood."

Mlle. Labois was making for the door when Margery asked: "Oh, Mlle. Labois, which is Robert's room? Is it the one next to mine?"

The Frenchwoman stopped. She turned towards Margery, and there was a look on her face which startled the girl. It was not only intent, it was hostile.

"No, Robert's room is off mine, on the floor below," she snapped. "Robert has been my charge, my special charge, ever since his mother's death." With that she turned once more and left the room.

"Well," Margery said. She said it aloud, she was so astonished. She was under no illusion now but that the Frenchwoman resented her arrival, and suddenly she was remembering something her employer, Pernley Thornton, had said: "Don't adore him too much. I think Robert has had too much adoration."

As a little later she was on her way down to the drawing-room, Robert dashed out of one of the bedroom doors that went off the gallery.

"Have you my present? Have you my present, Miss . . . ? Oh, I've forgotten your name!"

"You can call me Margery."

"Oh, can I . . . ? And is that my present in your hand?"

"Yes. Here are some English books I thought you might enjoy and some sweets."

"Oh, goodie, give me the sweets. . . . Would you like to come and see my room? I've got a grand new racing car-daddy bought me last time he went to Paris. I've got a fort too. He brought that from England."

"I'd love to see your things," Margery said.

"This way," Robert said. He led her through the open door into a bedroom. It was a very feminine-looking bedroom. Margery gazed about her in surprise.

"But this isn't your room, Robert?"

"No, it's Auntie's room. My nursery's through here."

He pointed to another door which led out of the bedroom.

But how extraordinary, Margery thought, that the only door to his nursery led through his aunt's bedroom. She was passing through the

room when her attention was caught by a photograph on the mantelpiece of a young woman in the middle twenties.

There was little doubt who she was, for there was a distant resemblance both to the boy Robert and to Mlle. Labois. Seeing that she was looking at the photograph Robert announced: "That's mother. She's dead."

"Yes, I gathered that." She added gently: "I'm—I'm sorry. Did you know her, Robert?"

"No, I didn't know her. She's been dead years and years and years. But I can remember my other Mother," he went on, as though anxious to convey information. "She hasn't been dead so many hundreds of years. She can't have been, can she, because I remember her quite well."

"Your other Mother," Margery echoed faintly. "But—but, Robert, you can't have had more than one Mother!"

"But I have had." He told her importantly. "I've had two Mothers. Two Mothers and both dead."

"What on earth are you saying, Robert," Margery gasped. "You mean you've had . . . your father married again? You had a stepmother and she died too?"

The little boy went on dancing up and down and chanting as though he were extraordinarily proud of the fact: "Two Mothers and both dead. Two Mothers and both dead!"

"Hush, Robert, you mustn't shout like that about people who have died. It—it is a great tragedy. . . ."

**R**ATHER at a loss, Margery paused, and, in the pause, a voice behind her said: "Death is not always a tragedy—for those who are left alive, Miss Bedford!"

Margery swung round sharply. Mlle. Labois was standing directly behind her. She must have entered the room very softly, for Margery hadn't heard a sound.

"Death," the Frenchwoman continued, "is, at times, a merciful release for those who are left behind." Again she emphasised the last half of her sentence and in her voice was a note that Margery was at a loss to describe.

"I—I see," she stammered. "I'm sorry to have butted in here, Mlle. Labois," she said, "but I thought I was coming into Robert's nursery. He wanted to show me some of his toys."

"I understood I had told you that Robert's room was off mine."

"Yes, but surely there's another entrance?"

Mlle. Labois' thin lips tightened. "If you knew much about small boys, Miss Bedford, you would know that too many entrances or exits encourage them to run round the house in the mornings and disturb those who try to sleep. My brother-in-law was bedridden for some time and I did not wish Robert to disturb him in the mornings."

But since Mr. Thornton engaged me to look after Robert, it—it does seem a little difficult that I shall always have to come through your room. I mean," she added rather

lamely, "I shall feel embarrassed wondering if I'm disturbing you."

"That can be arranged. You will only need to enter his room in the evenings when you are putting him to bed. In the evenings, at that hour, I shall be in the salon."

"Oh . . . oh, I suppose that will be all right then," Margery murmured. But she didn't feel happy about the arrangement.

"Come along. Come along." The little boy was tugging at her hand. "I want to show you my car and my fort."

The nursery was a charming room with two french windows that opened out on to a balcony.

She admired all the toys that Robert was showing her. And most certainly they were toys worth admiring. Never in her life had she seen a little boy with more numerous or more expensive ones.

"Goodness," she exclaimed, "you are a lucky little boy. Your daddy must love you very much indeed to give you all these wonderful toys."

"Yes, perhaps he does."

There was a note of such indifference in his voice that she exclaimed sharply. "But of course he loves you an awful lot, Robert! If you only heard the way he talked to me about you. If you'd only seen the way his face lit up when he spoke of you, you'd never doubt it."

He was looking at her curiously. "You think he loves me? Auntie Yvette says . . ." But he broke off. His small face colored and he glanced quickly towards the open door.

This time it wasn't mere curiosity that made Margery ask, for she felt definitely here was something she not only wanted to put right but which it was her duty to put right.

"What does she say?" she asked gently.

"Oh . . ." He seemed to pause, he was biting his lower lip with his small even baby teeth. Again he glanced nervously towards the door, and this time she fancied there was a suggestion of fear in his grey eyes that reminded her so much of his father's. Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind. He leaned towards her and when he spoke he spoke almost in a whisper.

"Auntie Yvette says he wouldn't have married my second Mother if he had loved me very much. But she said I wasn't to tell that to no one. You won't tell her I said it, will you?" And once again that look of fear showed in his eyes.

Margery was both horrified and angry.

"Then your Auntie Yvette is quite wrong," she said, speaking hoarsely because of the intensity of her feelings. "I know your daddy loves you, Robert."

"Do you?" He spoke doubtfully, but eagerly too. "But he never kisses me. He's not kissed me since I can remember."

"Men don't kiss other men," she told him, smiling.

"Don't they? But I'm not a man. I'm only a little boy."

And quite surprisingly, and alarmingly for Margery, he started to cry.

"Oh, Robert, my dear, my poor little



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sweet." Impulsively she put her arm round about him and pressed him against her. "You're so wrong, so very wrong, my pet. I know your daddy..." But she broke off. Mlle. Labola was once again with them. With a gesture that was almost fierce she snatched the boy from Margery's arms.

"Why are you making him cry?" she demanded. "You have been here less than half an hour and already you make him cry. Robert never cries. With me he is the most happy child..." My darling, my darling, my little love, what has made you cry?"

She was crooning over the child, caressing him with her hands in such a possessive way it made Margery feel faintly sick. She got to her feet. "If my tea's ready I'll go down and have it, Mlle. Labola."

As she went on drinking her tea she fell to thinking about that scene in the nursery, and was interrupted by a voice saying:

"Allo, enjoying your tea, Miss Redford?" Pierre had come in from the terrace.

"Yes, very much, though," she smiled. "I understand your sister doesn't entirely approve of people who drink tea."

He laughed. "Who's been telling you tales out of school? Yvette approves of few things in this world but Master Robert, but one learns not to be worried by her prejudices. If I started worrying about the many things in my character she disapproves of I'd be in my grave right at this moment!"

"Oh..." She found herself feeling faintly relieved. Perhaps the animosity in Mlle. Labola's manner wasn't directed especially against herself.

"The only way to get on with my sister," Pierre went on, "is not to cross her in anything."

"Oh..." She said it again, not quite happily. "But isn't it a little difficult not to cross her in any way? I mean," she was stammering, "sometimes one has to cross someone in the line of one's duty."

"In the line of one's duty!" He mimicked her voice and laughed again, as though when she'd said was the greatest joke. "But surely you're not like that, Miss Redford! You are too pretty to be like that, so conscious of duty. Only the very dull and plain are like that."

**P**IERRE'S words brought a flush to Margery's face. "I'm sorry you think I'm a prig," she said shortly. "Not all all." He dropped easily on to the couch beside her.

"It will be more of a pleasure than I can possibly tell you to have such a charming companion," he went on. "I'll drive you into the Casino at Nice, the Palais de la Mediterranee. You can try a little gamble or, if you don't gamble, you can watch other people gambling, and if one is a student of human nature that is more amusing than any theatre."

Robert ran into the room, he seemed to have completely recovered from his recent outburst of tears.

"Oh, are you still drinking your old tea, Margery?" he called. "But hurry,

Don't forget I am to show you the place, and if you stay indoors any longer it will be dark."

She jumped to her feet. "All right, I'm coming this minute, Robert."

She ran down the terrace steps through the garden to the gate. But, of course, Robert was there well ahead of her, calling: "Come along, slow coach. You are slow."

At the gate he pointed downwards. "That's our private beach there, but the big plage is just round the point and the big hotel too."

"I suppose you often have tea at the big hotel?" Margery suggested, as they walked along. "Or you lunch there with your daddy when he's here?"

A shadow fell over the small vivid face. "No, we don't. Daddy never goes to the big hotel. He never goes anywhere when he's down here. He just sits in the garden or goes out in the boat."

"The boat?"  
"Our yacht. It's having something done to it at the moment. In Cannes, Daddy," he told her with surprising seriousness, "doesn't like people. No one ever comes to the house. I wish people would come though. People are exciting, don't you think?"

She found herself momentarily at a loss for words. What would account for Fernley Thornton's apparent hermit-like attitude while he was down here?

As they turned the corner of the point they came close to the hotel, a real luxury palace.

"Let's go over and look in at the hotel," she said impulsively.

The child looked doubtful, but at the same time eager. "Oh, do you think we could? Daddy never goes there and Aunt Yvette won't let me. She..."

"But I'm looking after you now," she reminded him. "And I think it would be fun to go into the hotel."

"Oh goody, goody," he was jumping up and down again excitedly. "Let's go into the hotel. Can I have a jus de fruit, Margery? I like the one with the apple flavor."

"Why not? I'll have one too. It'll be fun sitting down among all these people, won't it, Robert?"

"Fun, fun," he echoed. "You're fun, Margery. Oh, gee, I know I'm going to love you!"

They chose a table rather on the outskirts of the fashionable crowd, but where they could see and hear the orchestra.

Two women whose voices sounded rather pronouncedly English were sitting at a neighboring table. Margery heard one of them say: "And where did you go for your walk, my dear?"

"Oh, just a little way. I felt slightly tired after the journey. What a lovely villa that is just around the point. The big pink one with the terraced garden and all the flowers. Who lives there?"

The other woman laughed. "Oh, that's the Villa Aurora, the home of our local Bluebeard! We call it Bluebeard's Villa."

"Your what?" the other woman gasped.

"Our local Bluebeard. My dear, it's

quite a story, or rather a scandal. He

But the orchestra had started up once more, their voices were drowned in the music. Margery was left feeling stunned and slightly sick. What on earth had they meant? It was obviously some sort of a joke, but...

"Margery, what is a Bluebeard?" Robert was looking at her very solemnly.

She felt the color rushing up into her cheeks. "He—he was just a man in a story, dear. No one of any importance, really."

**I**T was dusk when Margery brought Robert back to the villa. Shadows lay like a patchwork quilt about the garden, and Margery felt there was something sinister about it.

She gave herself a sharp mental shake and said: "But that's nonsense! It's undoubtedly some silly local joke. But how very silly and—and cruel!"

"You are very late. It's past Robert's bedtime. Where have you been, Miss Redford?" Mlle. Labola was standing in the hall.

"I'm—I'm sorry," Margery found she was stammering. "We went to the hotel to have a drink."

"A drink?"  
"I don't mean an alcoholic drink. I think the name is jus de fruit."

"My brother-in-law does not allow either his son or any one in the villa to visit the local hotel. I hope that will be understood in future, Miss Redford. And now if you would be good enough to put Robert to bed. As I said it is long past his bedtime." She turned on her heel and walked away.

In spite of her annoyance at this incident, Margery was to enjoy her evening when Pierre drove her into Nice. He drove her up the Moven Corniche and stopped the car so that she could look down. The moon was rising. The lights of Nice were glowing on a royal-blue velvet background. Faintly she could discern the line of the Promenade des Anglais which Pierre pointed out to her.

"But it's like fairyland!" she cried. "What an enchanting place. Whoever could bear to leave it?"

"Fernley, for one," Pierre commented as he started the car again. "He never stays long if he can avoid it." "But wasn't he bedridden for over a year here after the war?"

"Oh, yes." He grinned and added: "He couldn't very well get away from here then!"

"I suppose your sister nursed him?"  
"At the end. His wife nursed him in the beginning."

"His wife?" Margery felt her pulses stir with excitement. Perhaps she would now hear something about the mysterious "second mother" to whom Robert had referred. "You mean his second wife? Robert said something about her."

"Yes?" He caught her up quite sharply. "What did he say?"

"Only—that she was dead." And then because there was something awkward, even frightening, about the sharp pause she rushed on:



## SHADOW ACROSS MY HEART

"But what a tragedy for Mr. Thornton to have lost two wives, and he's so young."

"My sister and I don't consider the loss of the second Mrs. Thornton such a tragedy," he commented, and for once his voice was lacking in its usual gay charm.

"Robert seemed to like her anyhow."

"It is easy to win a little boy's affections when one loads his stomach with candy from abroad," Pierre said shortly.

"From abroad? Then she wasn't French?" For the life of her Margery didn't know why she didn't drop the subject, but somehow she couldn't. Something stronger even than her curiosity was driving her on.

"No, she wasn't French." That was all he said, and this time she felt she couldn't pursue the subject. They dropped down out of the mountains into Nice. People were pouring into the Casino.

**P**IERRE took Margery's coat and left it with his in the cloakroom, then he led her through the magnificently decorated halls to where the select who play roulette and baccarat were showing their passes and entering through swinging doors into the games rooms.

"Come along up to the desk, I'll get you a card for the season," he said.

"Do you think I'll need one? I can't afford to gamble."

He laughed. "If people only gambled who could afford it the Casino would be bankrupt in a week! Anyhow, I'm going to have a small fling on the tables to-night, and then afterwards we shall have supper and champagne on my winnings. I hope!"

After the noise and gaiety of the outside halls the atmosphere in the gaming rooms was hushed, almost solemn.

Pierre had changed several thousand franc notes into chips of a hundred francs each. He put a few into Margery's hand.

"Change those into louis," the croupier will give you change and, if you don't understand the game, try your luck on red or black until you get the hang of it."

She did as he told her, but despite the fact that several times she won on the red she found that she couldn't get very excited about it. "I think I'll try on some of the numbers and then when the money's gone I'll be gone."

She tried her own age, twenty-one, and lost.

She tried Robin's age. Twenty-four. Eighteen won.

She'd think of someone else's age for her last try. She had a sudden vision of Mr. Thornton's fine drawn features. How old was he? Thirty? She tossed the chips on to the thirty.

The wheel spun, the ball rolled, dropped into one of the slots.

"Le trente noir," the croupier called.

"Goah, I've won!" Margery was so astounded she laughed aloud.

One of the croupiers was pushing a whole stack of chips towards her. She had no idea how many, but it looked a staggering amount. As she gathered them up she heard a voice saying in her ear, "You're expected to give something to the croupiers when you win. 'Pour les employees,' it's called."

"Oh—oh, thank you very much." With a shaking hand she pushed a hundred franc chip towards the croupier who slipped it through a slot in the table before him.

"I could see you were new at it and I thought you might like to know, but pardon me if I was butting in," the voice in her ear said again.

Now that she was no longer so flustered as a result of her unexpected win, she was able to think of the voice. It was a soft voice, an American voice.

She glanced round for the first time and saw that the man's face looked as American as the voice had sounded. He was wearing the uniform of an army major.

There is something about uniforms which, even in peace days, is reassuring. Margery found herself smiling back at him with the greatest friendliness, which she mightn't have done otherwise.

"It was awfully kind of you to tell me."

"And now that you are a rich young woman are you going to continue plunging madly on numbers? I must say I admired your courage."

She shook her head. "I think I'll pack up for the evening. Is that dreadful? I'm afraid I'm not a real gambler at all."

"I think you're very sensible. What about coming to the bar and having a drink? Or are you with someone?"

"I'm with someone, but he . . ."

She paused and glanced towards the far end of the table where Pierre, a few minutes previously, had slipped into a vacant chair. He was leaning forward, completely oblivious of every one and everything. "He appears to be rather occupied at the moment," she ended lamely.

"Good," he said. "Then we'll go over and get that drink."

He ordered drinks, a brandy for himself, and as he helped her up on to one of the high-polished stools he remarked: "I'm here for a few weeks on leave from Germany."

"You're with the American occupying forces?"

"Yep. In Nuremberg. I'm here at the Ruhl Hotel. All our fellows go there. You must come along and have a meal. That is," he glanced towards the table they had recently left, "if you're not heavily tied up."

"I'm only heavily tied up in that I'm here in a job."

"Are you? Something frightfully intellectual?"

She laughed merrily. "Oh, dear, no, I'm merely looking after a little boy in a place called Fleurie."

"Fleurie?" He repeated the name in a startled tone of voice. "Did you say Fleurie?"

"Yes. . . . Do you know Fleurie?" He was silent for a moment. It

seemed to Margery a curiously long moment. "I've never been there," he said at last. "I—I knew someone who lived there once."

"Did you?" She didn't know why she should feel suddenly apprehensive. "But she doesn't live there now?" she suggested when the pause had somehow lasted too long.

"She doesn't live there now." He repeated it. "She's dead."

"Oh . . . oh . . . I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry, too." His voice grated and he looked all at once quite different from the pleasant young officer she had been talking to a moment before. "I'm more than sorry. She was my sister. The sweetest kid. They said she committed suicide."

"They said what?" Margery gasped in a horrified voice.

"They said she committed suicide," he repeated. "But I don't believe it. I'll never believe it. Valerie wasn't the sort who would ever commit suicide. Do you know what I believe?"

He looked directly at Margery, but not seeing her. Seeing perhaps someone else. The dead sister. "I believe she was murdered," he said.

Once again that wave of apprehension that bordered on positive fear rushed over Margery.

"How — how dreadful," she stammered.

"When I got the letter from Thornton, the guy she'd married suddenly . . . Why, what's the matter? And, say, you've spilt your drink."

Margery had no idea why she'd cried out, nor why the glass should have slipped through her fingers. For afterwards she told herself that she'd known all along that the sister he'd been talking about had a definite connection with the Villa Aurora and with Fernley Thornton.

"I . . . oh yes, I have, haven't I? I'm—I'm sorry. But you see, I was startled, naturally, since I'm in a job at the Villa Aurora. I'm looking after Mr. Thornton's little son, Robert."

**T**HE American in his turn stared at Margery, and a dull red crept up to his temples. "Gee, I seem to have put my foot into it, don't I? I guess I've opened my mouth too wide. Naturally had I known I wouldn't have said that to you."

"But you'd go on thinking it, wouldn't you?" she whispered.

The red flush in his face deepened. "Maybe, but don't fret yourself too much, Miss . . . Miss . . ."

"Redford," Margery supplied, "Margery Redford."

" . . . Miss Redford, for I haven't a thing to go on, just, as I told you, I knew Valerie so well. But, of course, she may have gone queer all of a sudden and done it. Let's drop the subject."

"No . . ." Automatically she reached for the other drink he'd ordered for her. "No . . . You've said too much. We've got to go on talking. I've got to show you you're wrong. It—it couldn't possibly be as you think."

"You know the crowd at the Villa Aurora pretty well then?"



## SHADOW ACROSS MY HEART

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"No, I . . . I only arrived to-day, as I told you."

"I see." His pleasant American voice had gone grim again. "Then why don't you think it could be as I say?"

"Because . . . Because it just couldn't be. You shouldn't go around saying things like that! You could be had up for slander or something."

He laughed again. This time it wasn't pleasant laughter.

"Miss Redford, if I think my sister was murdered, and I do, you don't imagine any threat of slander would scare me off. There were only two of us, Valerie and I. She was a few years younger than me, and I worshipped the kid. Both our parents are dead. I was away in Japan with the army of occupation and I guess that's why someone thought they could get away with it, there wouldn't be too many inquiries going. It wasn't as though she had folk over here to speak up for her."

"She had her husband over here," Margery reminded him.

"Yep, and he should have. Had he known Valerie well, let alone loved her, he'd have known she couldn't have done it. That's one thing I'll never forgive him for, not saying she couldn't have done it. But I gather he was a semi-invalid at the time, recovering from war-wounds." He frowned, then went on talking.

"Valerie was nursing him. She was over here nursing during the latter part of the war and met Thornton in a field hospital. They sort of got married almost at once and then she came down here with him. She wrote me at the time she thought maybe he'd be an invalid always. I take it he's recovered since."

"But if she thought that—that he'd always be more or less of an invalid, don't you think that may have preyed upon her mind and—"

"No, I don't," he snapped back. "She married him believing that, and Valerie wasn't the sort once she'd taken on a job to go back on it. Besides, he was recovering. I gather he's as fit now as ever he was."

"Yes, he—he certainly looks quite fit. Have you seen him?"

"No, and I don't want to. I'll never forgive him for letting someone get away with the suicide theory. He must be, at best, a spineless sort of a guy . . ."

"But he isn't, he isn't like that at all!" She found herself defending Fernley angrily. "He's—awfully nice, and I'm sure he isn't in the least spineless." She broke off breathlessly, half-surprised at herself for being so very much in earnest, almost vehement about it.

He was looking down at her curiously. "Well, Thornton's certainly got a hot defendant in you, Miss Redford. You know him very well?"

"No. I've—only met him twice, as a matter of fact."

He raised his eyebrows. "There was something faintly mocking about the expression on his nice-looking face."

"Only twice, and you're about to double up those little fists of yours and pitch into me bodily for his sake. He sure must have made an impression on you. I gathered from Valerie's letters he was by way of being an

attractive guy. Be careful you don't fall for him and make the third wife who's committed suicide—or been murdered, Miss Redford!"

Margery's face was deadly white. "You're saying such dreadful things. Even though you may be prejudiced and think your sister was—was murdered—which I don't believe for a minute—how can you presume to think the first Mrs. Thornton was? She—she died quite naturally . . ."

"But she didn't, that's just the point," he broke in on her. "Don't you know?"

Margery heard her own voice. It sounded quite flat.

"Know? Know what?"

"Of course, as you say, you've only arrived to-day. You mayn't have heard. I don't suppose it's a thing any man would want to brag about. But for your information I'll tell you that the first Mrs. Fernley Thornton committed suicide, too, in almost the exact spot and in the same way as my sister was purported to have done."

"Oh." The sense of horror which engulfed Margery was suddenly so great she couldn't say anything more. She sat there looking at the man facing her and feeling quite physically sick. She didn't dislike him. It was obviously what that Englishwoman with the loud voice had been hinting at when she'd called the Villa Aurora Bluebeard's Villa.

The American was saying, "I hope it hasn't been too much of a shock for you, Miss Redford. But I'm not sorry for having told you. If you were my sister I'd want you to know. If someone had warned her . . ."

But he broke off.

MARGERY finished her drink and got down off the stool.

"Thank you, but I don't think I need to be warned really. I can't help feeling that since Mr. Thornton has suffered two such tragic losses the least one can do is to be decent and not gossip maliciously about it. I sympathise with you in the loss of your sister, Major."

"Durban, the name is Derek Durban."

"But," she went on, "I do think since you admit you have nothing on which to base your suspicions other than a knowledge of your sister's character, you ought, at least, to be careful what you say and to whom you say it. I feel very strongly that you should make these insinuations against my employer."

"Look here, Miss Redford," Derek said quietly, "my sister, apparently, thought the world of Fernley Thornton and trusted him. I can see you're willing, even eager, to rush into battle for his sake. I don't know the guy, but it seems pretty obvious he has that effect upon women. I beg you to be careful. Even if you're half-way in love with him now, pull yourself up and take a good, think about it. Remember two women have loved him before you and they're dead."

There was a pause.

"Good-bye for the moment," he said, holding out his hand. "I've got a date to meet some buddies of mine at the Ruhl." And he strode away

from her, past the tables, through the gaming-room doors.

Margery was still standing there when Pierre found her. He had been winning and was too flushed with victory to notice her strange tension.

Then, delighted to hear that she too had won, he carried her off to supper.

A waiter poured their champagne. She reached for the glass and drank it down quickly.

He wagged a finger at her playfully.

"You'll have to curb your awful passion for drink in front of my sister, at least. She doesn't approve of females taking strong liquor. She'd think you weren't a fit person to take care of Robert." Suddenly the laughter went out of his face. His dark eyes were serious. "Would you mind if I gave you a word of warning, Miss Redford?"

"Every one seems to be warning me to-night," she said flippantly before she had thought.

His dark eyes opened wider. "Every one has been warning you? Who else has been warning you to-night, Miss Redford?"

Quickly, she replied, "Oh, some American was warning me against plunging recklessly on numbers."

"Americans are always full of good advice, which they never attempt to live up to themselves."

The tone in which he said it made her ask: "You don't like Americans?"

"No, I don't," he returned curtly.

"And I hope you paid no attention to this man's advice. But," his tone altered again; his hand covered hers on the table. "I want you to pay some attention to what I say, Miss Redford, for I want you to stay a long time with us and I want you to be happy."

"You gave me some advice earlier to-day. You advised me not to cross your sister," she reminded him.

"I repeat that advice, but I want to say something further. Yvette likes to think of herself in her dead sister's place with regard to the boy. It would be unwise to try and take his interest or affection away from her. Very unwise, Miss Redford. It might even prove," he paused for a long moment before he said the word, "dangerous."

"Dangerous?" She was startled.

"But—but how could it possibly be dangerous?"

"Miss Redford," he was still speaking in a curious, deliberate way. "I can only suggest to you that to try and take Robert's affections away from his aunt is not a good idea. It's been tried before. Fernley's second wife tried it and she—"

He broke off.

"And she's dead," Margery heard herself finish for him, and once again there was a pause.

"Yes, she's dead," he agreed in the same curious voice. But the next moment he appeared to give himself a sharp mental shake.

"She's dead," he repeated in quite a different tone, "but I assure you, Miss Redford, her death had nothing to do with what I'm talking about. Nothing at all. The fact that she tried to steal Robert's affection away from his aunt merely made things unpleasant in the house, and that is what I'm trying to warn you against."



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I'm sure you don't want any unpleasantness."

He added, "It's so much happier for everyone when things run smoothly, and I'm sure that when Fernley arrives the last thing he'll appreciate is any sort of strife between the females of the establishment. Poor chap . . ." But once more he broke off.

As though she were picking the words out of his mind she suggested: "You mean he's had it before?"

Once again his expressive mobile face set in hard lines. "Oh, well, there's bound to be some friction with two mistresses in a home."

"But—how do you mean two mistresses?"

"My sister and that American girl Fernley married. It was a ghastly mistake from the beginning for everyone concerned."

"It must have been a ghastly mistake for her since she took her own life," Margery remarked quietly.

PIERRE glanced sharply, almost, she thought for a moment, suspiciously. "Yes," he said at last, "obviously she knew it had been a mistake too . . . Who has been telling you about it?"

"I've just heard one or two things." But she found she was stammering as though she were guilty.

"Did Fernley tell you?"

"No, not one word about it." She was able to answer that truthfully at least.

She fancied he seemed relieved. "Oh . . . Then where did you hear about it?"

"I . . . I happened to overhear a few remarks passed at the hotel yesterday afternoon."

"Oh. You overheard gossip? Might I know just what it was?" His tone was curt and demanding. Again he seemed different from the charming, pleasure-loving young man he had appeared at first. She found herself resenting his tone.

"After all, I couldn't help overhearing what was said. The women who were talking were right at the next table."

"My dear girl, I'm not blaming you. Every one listens to gossip if they have a chance, especially when it concerns themselves, even remotely. I'm merely asking you what was said. You can't blame me if I'm interested."

"No, of course not. It was only something about these having been two Mrs. Fernley Thorntons and that they both had died—well, not normally."

"You mean they both died by their own hand?"

"Well, yes."

"Don't let it worry you," he said. "There's a perfectly logical explanation to both their deaths, though. I grant you, two deaths in the same way is something of a coincidence."

"Yes, it does seem a coincidence," she agreed in a low troubled voice. "What," she looked up at him, "do you think is the explanation?"

"I'll tell you the whole story," he said. "It's a very sad and a tragic story, but there's nothing so unusual

about it, other, of course, than in the coincidence that they both should have died in the same way and in practically the same place."

He paused, then went on slowly, "My sister Adele, Fernley's wife, was a lovely girl. Yvette was absolutely devoted to her. After our mother's death, Yvette, although only a few years older than Adele, became as a mother to both of us. Especially to Adele. She adored Adele. She waited upon her hand and foot. Nothing was too much trouble for her to do for Adele. It was truly the most ideal household, all of us were so happy."

"All of you?" Margery couldn't keep back the sharp exclamation.

He shrugged. "But, of course, all of us. When Adele married Fernley we all moved down to the Villa Aurora. There was plenty of room and we had never any of us been separated."

"But—didn't you think Mr. Thornton and his bride might want to be alone?"

He sounded slightly hurt as he retorted: "But she would not wish to be separated from her family. Never. Besides, Fernley never suggested such a thing. He was charmed to have us all. But charmed."

"I wonder," Margery thought sceptically. "Or was he merely too good-mannered to say he wasn't charmed?"

"Everything was very happy, but very happy until after Robert was born." His face clouded. "My poor little sister did not seem to recover well and Yvette had to step in and take charge of the baby. Adele grew more and more depressed until one morning," he paused as though momentarily emotion had overcome him.

"Until one morning," he repeated clearing his throat, "she was found in the little summer-house at the bottom of the garden—dead with a revolver at her side."

"How awful!" Margery gasped.

"It was awful. Fernley was naturally stunned with shock, but my poor sister Yvette was half out of her mind. She swore we must all devote our lives to Adele's child and Adele's memory. Certainly she has done so and I, in my poor way, have done my best. Naturally we expected the same of Fernley, her husband, but . . ."

He broke off.

Once again a surge of anger shot through Margery and again she found herself rushing to her employer's defence.

"But surely it isn't healthy for any man, especially a young man, to spend the greater part of his life brooding over someone who's died!"

He looked at her coldly. "That is a point of view. Certainly we didn't expect him to marry again and within two years. Certainly my sister didn't, and especially not when he was bedridden."

"And she died, too?"

"Less than four months after the marriage."

"Four months after the marriage!" She said it as though she could scarcely credit it.

"Four months. She didn't usurp Adele's place for long, did she?"

Margery looked at him and a chill began to creep over her.

She faltered, "You said she died in the same way—and in the same place as your sister did?"

He nodded. "Curious, wasn't it? In the little summer-house by the same revolver."

It was hot in the supper-room, but she found she was shivering.

"Did either of them leave a note, any sort of explanation?"

"Neither of them left a note," he said almost curtly. "And now we've talked enough about it. Come along and dance."

Hot, bright sunlight woke Margery the next morning.

She glanced at her wrist-watch. It was fairly late. She jumped out of bed and started to dress. Was Robert awake? Should she go to his room and see about getting him dressed? But how awkward it was to have to go through Mlle. Labois' bedroom in order to do that! It made her feel both helpless and angry.

This morning, however, Robert solved the problem by dressing himself in bathing trunks and a shirt and dashing up to her room to see if she had any more candy left. The time passed pleasantly until the butler, Just, came up to say that the petit déjeuner for Master Robert and the Mademoiselle had been laid on the sun-porch.

It was heavenly sitting out on the wide verandah in the full morning sunshine with the scents of the flowers mingling with the tang of the sea air. Robert laughed and chatted.

"I asked Auntie Yvette what a Bluebeard was," he announced suddenly. "She said it was a man who killed all his wives. But that lady at the hotel said my Daddy was like him."

"But she didn't mean it, Robert. She was only joking. You know what a good and kind man your Daddy is."

"Yes," the boy agreed, and added: "What presents do you think he'll bring me when he comes home to-night?"

"Your Daddy's coming home to-night?"

"Auntie Yvette had a telegram this morning."

"Oh," Margery took a quick drink of her coffee. It was strange how confused she felt all of a sudden, half-embarrassed, as though Fernley's return affected her personally.

MARGERY and Robert spent the morning and part of the afternoon on the beach.

Fernley was flying down and was expected to arrive at the Villa around seven o'clock.

After she had washed Robert and changed his clothes, Margery went to dress herself.

She was still standing before the mirror when there was a knock and Mlle. Labois came in.

The Frenchwoman looked at Margery, her thin lips tight.

"Oh, Miss Redford," she said. "I just thought I'd tell you there will



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be no need for you to come down to dinner to-night. Since my brother-in-law is coming home I think he'd prefer if we dined en famille. I'll see that Juan brings you a tray up here."

"Thank you," Margery murmured. When Mlle. Labois had gone she sank down on to the bed and stupid unaccountable tears slid down her cheeks. It was silly to be upset. Governesses often did have their dinner on trays in their bedrooms. They were really not expected to appear at table when their charges weren't present.

The door had been left ajar and, as she stood there, she heard Fernley's voice in the hall. She heard him call: "I'm back. Where's Robert?"

She heard a noise of footsteps and voices as they all of an accord seemed to run to meet him. She heard Mlle. Labois' voice, higher pitched than the rest. "But, my dear Fernley, we did not hear you arrive!" And his voice replying with that harsh not unpleasant note in it:

"I picked up a lift from someone I knew at the airport."

"But Pierre has taken the car to meet you."

"Then I don't know what happened to him. I didn't see him when I arrived."

"What can have happened? But he left ages ago!"

"No matter, he'll find I've gone when he gets there and come back. And how do you like your new governess, Robert? Where is Miss Redford, by the way?"

Mlle. Labois said: "I didn't know if you'd wish to see her to-night. I thought you might be tired after your journey."

"But why not see her? After all, she's a new member of the family."

"I scarcely think one would say that a governess . . ." Mlle. Labois was beginning, when Robert chimed in:

"She's nice, Daddy. I love Margery, and I'm sure you'll love her too and, say, can she swim?"

Fernley Thornton laughed suddenly and surprisingly and said, "Run along upstairs and bring her down, Robert. I want to say 'hallo' to her."

Margery had met Fernley twice before, but this meeting with him in his own house was different.

He held out his hand and said gravely: "How are you, Miss Redford? I'm glad you managed to find your way down here."

"I'm glad I managed to find my way down here, too," she returned, and smiled back at him.

His voice sounded almost disinterested as he replied: "That's nice of you. I take it you think you're going to like it here."

"I'm quite sure I'm going to like it here. I love this villa and already Robert and I are the greatest friends."

"Yes." Once again he smiled, albeit fleetingly and impersonally. "I half-gathered from Robert you weren't getting along so nicely."

"I told you I loved her, Daddy. I told you I was sure you'd love her too!" Robert cried, jumping up and down excitedly.

Margery laughed, not without em-

barrassment, but no one else laughed.

"Don't talk nonsense, Robert," Mlle. Labois said sharply. "Your father does not love any of your nursery governesses. You must not talk in that silly fashion."

"You seem to have made a smash hit with my son. Congratulations," Fernley said to Margery. His tone was dry.

Mlle. Labois put in sharply, "I'm sure you'd like to wash and rest after your journey, Fernley. I have ordered the dinner for eight o'clock."

"I'm not tired," he returned. "Air travel never tires me. On the contrary, I find it exhilarating. I thought Robert and I might walk down to the bay." He made a slight movement towards his son, but before it was a definite approach Mlle. Labois had stepped between them.

"But no, Fernley. On your first night home I insist you rest yourself before you take the evening meal. There will be ample time to see Robert to-morrow and the next day. Besides, Miss Redford is waiting to put him to bed."

THE French woman's tone infuriated Margery. She said sharply, "If Mr. Thornton wants Robert to go for a walk with him, I certainly have no objection."

"But I have already explained it is too tiring for Mr. Thornton after his journey, and children, even the very best, can be tiring. Take Robert to his nursery, Miss Redford, and I shall send Juan to your suite with the drinks, Fernley."

Fernley said nothing further and Margery found herself shepherding Robert up the stairs. Once in the nursery the small boy burst into tears.

"I did so want to go out with daddy and I haven't seen what he brought me, either!"

"Robert, darling," She put her arm about the boy's thin shaking shoulders. "I'm sure your daddy wanted you. Next time he asks you to go anywhere or do anything with him you do it, won't you? Don't listen to what anyone says, anyone at all."

"Are you trying to undermine my authority over my nephew, Miss Redford?" Mlle. Labois' voice asked from the door.

Margery swung round. "No, but I do think it would have been nice for Robert to have gone with his father!"

"Miss Redford, I have been in charge of Robert almost from the day of his birth, and I think I know what is the right thing for him to do. I also know what is best for my brother-in-law. And now, if you'll put Robert to bed, Juan will be upstairs with your supper tray," Mlle. Labois said sharply.

It was hateful being banished upstairs to her room, doubly hateful when she was feeling wrought up as she was to-night.

Juan brought the tray. She merely toyed with the food and then went out and sat on the balcony.

There was a knock on her door. It must be Juan come to take the tray. She called: "Come in." From where she was sitting on the balcony she

heard footsteps enter the room, but didn't turn her head.

"You didn't come down to dinner and you've scarcely touched the food that was sent to you up here. I'm wondering if you're not feeling well, Miss Redford."

It was Fernley's voice, harsh but not unpleasant. He was standing in the doorway that led out on to the balcony. She jumped to her feet. "I had no idea it was you, Mr. Thornton!"

"Please sit down, Miss Redford. If you don't mind my standing out here and smoking a cigarette I'd like to talk to you about Robert—and about yourself, if I may."

"About myself?" she stammered. "About yourself," he repeated. He paused, took a cigarette out of his case and lit it. "Do you smoke?"

She shook her head. "No. It's become too much of a luxury. But I like men to smoke."

She fancied he smiled fleetingly, but she couldn't tell because of the darkness. "Sensible girl . . . Now what were we saying?"

"You said you had something to say about me."

"Oh, yes. I was puzzled you hadn't joined us at dinner, and when I saw you had scarcely touched the tray I was wondering if you were feeling ill. Or are you homesick?"

She answered after a slight pause: "I don't think I'm homesick. It's all too new and exciting. And I like Robert so much. He's the grandest little chap. I think I almost love him."

"That's good. He seems to make no bones about his affection for you. Somehow I don't think you'll spoil him either. I think you're too sensible."

"Thank you."

"Then since you're not homesick," he persisted, "why didn't you join us at dinner?"

She couldn't tell him the truth! It would be like telling tales out of school.

"I—I thought you'd prefer to dine alone with your relatives," she murmured.

"I see." She heard the click of his lighter as he lit a fresh cigarette. "I was just wondering if it was your idea you dine alone, or—or someone else's?"

She was silent. Silent for so long he interposed. "I see. Please don't say anything. I understand."

And once again there was a silence.

"You think you'll get along with Robert? And what do you think of him, honestly, Miss Redford?" he broke it presently.

"I've told you. I think he's grand. So full of fun and yet so—so sensible."

"You think so?" He sounded genuinely surprised. "I've always been led to believe he was difficult, extremely so. In fact, by way of being a problem child."

Margery cried in genuine indignation: "I've never heard such nonsense! I know I've only been with him now for one whole day, but I'm willing to swear that far from being any problem child he's the most normal, sensible little chap. He was charma-



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ing to me to-day, showed me round, took me out in his canoe. Who ever gave you that idea?"

This time it was Fernley who didn't answer directly. He merely said: "I rather gathered it. And then he's had a succession of governesses. You are, I believe, the fifth."

"Did they leave or were they given notice?"

He shrugged. "I don't remember each identical case. Anyhow, they left. If you remain you will be the exception."

"Don't worry. I'm going to remain, Mr. Thornton."

"Bravo," he said. "It's nice to know you're here for keeps!"

"I—I meant, of course, unless you wanted to get rid of me."

"Well, that's a point. I might. On the other hand, if you make a good job of Robert, I don't think there's any likelihood of it. For myself—" he paused. She found, in that pause, her heart was beating faster. She found herself almost on tip-toe, waiting.

"For myself," he repeated, and his voice had suddenly almost miraculously softened. "I think you'll do very nicely."

"Thank you."

He had been leaning against one of the supports of the door that led out on to the balcony. Now he straightened.

"To-morrow I might take you and Robert a drive around. We could drive into Cannes. On the way back we'll let Robert bathe at Juan-les-Pins. It's the best beach on the coast."

"I'll look forward to that Mr. Thornton. Good-night."

Margery had known that a definite clash between Mlle. Labois and herself must come soon, but she hadn't anticipated it would come as soon as it did. It came, as it happened, the very next morning when she sat on the sun-porch over the petit déjeuner with Robert.

The girl had been telling Robert about his father's plan for the day's outing when Mlle. Labois appeared.

"I understand my brother-in-law wants to take his son out for the day," she said to Margery. "In the circumstances it seems a good opportunity for you to 'pack and write any letters you may wish to, home to England."

Afterwards Margery hoped her face didn't betray the disappointment she felt. Ever since Mr. Thornton had mentioned it last night she had been building upon this outing.

"Last night I was under the impression Mr. Thornton had invited me to go along with them," she said.

The Frenchwoman sniffed. "My brother-in-law is a kind-hearted man. He would think you might be lonely. It was your part to assure him you were perfectly content to remain behind."

Despite her anger Margery suddenly grinned.

"But I'm not, Mlle. Labois, that's just the trouble. I want to go on this outing probably quite as much as Robert does, and I believe that when Mr. Thornton invited me he was genuine about wanting me to come."

There was a pause. The dark eyes of the elder woman snapped.

"You do not believe what I say to you? You are determined to thrust your presence upon my brother-in-law?"

Margery got up from the table. There was no trace of laughter in her voice now as she said: "To avoid any misapprehension in the future, I think it would be best if I asked my employer, Mr. Thornton, if, in accepting any invitation he may happen to give me, I am 'trusting myself upon him,' as you so kindly put it. I think for me to do that would be the most satisfactory course for every one concerned."

She made a movement as though she would go, but Mlle. Labois intervened. When she spoke again it was obvious she was controlling herself only with an effort.

"I do not think that the best thing you could do, Miss Redford. I prefer that you do not worry Mr. Thornton about such a trifling matter. I merely spoke in your own good—as an elder woman and one who understands not only the workings of this household but the mentality of her own brother-in-law. However, since you, apparently, do not welcome advice, however disinterestedly meant, we shall drop the subject."

Mlle. Labois turned and went back through the french windows into the drawing-room. Margery heard herself draw in a sharp breath. Had she won or hadn't she? But whoever had won it most certainly hadn't been pleasant.

"You are coming with daddy and me, aren't you, Margery? You're not going to take any notice of what Auntie Yvette said?" Robert was tugging at her hand and looking up at her anxiously.

She laughed and hoped the boy wouldn't hear the anger behind her laughter. "Of course I'm coming, Robert! Don't worry. Your aunt doesn't mean half what she says."

"You don't think she does?" He sounded relieved, or perhaps he was just pleased that she was coming with them. "I'll go and find daddy."

"Robert," Margery caught hold of the little boy by the shoulders, "don't say anything to your daddy about—about what your Aunt said just now. We don't want to worry him, do we?"

"Okay, I won't say anything." He wriggled from under her hand and was gone.

The gaily colored dresses of the women gave the Boulevard Croisette at Cannes something of the appearance of a flower garden.

Standing on the promenade looking down at it, Margery cried: "Isn't it gay! I never thought any scene could be so gay and colorful!"

"You like gay things, don't you?" Fernley asked.

"Yes, of course. Don't we all like gay things?"

"Then I'm afraid you won't like me. I'm not in the least gay." His voice was almost curt.

"But everyone can be gay if they

want to be! The wish to be gay lies in one's own heart."

"Sometimes circumstances outside one's control determine whether one is gay or sad," he remarked.

He was gazing straight out to sea and she had the feeling he was withdrawn. But after a few minutes he turned towards her again. "Would you show me your secret of happiness?" he asked. "Of being able to forget? I don't know what unhappiness you've had, but you seem to have conquered it. I thought happiness lay in trusting people, especially people of whom one was fond. I've found there are few people in life, if any, who don't let one down. Can one have happiness in life knowing that almost without exception the people one cares most for will inevitably let one down?"

The question confused her. She didn't quite know how to answer him. "I don't see that you're justified in saying that those whom we—we love must inevitably let us down. Look at the thousands of married couples who are happy. They haven't let each other down."

"One can only speak from one's own experience." His voice was grey and bleak again.

"But at your age you can't have had so very much experience! I—I mean you may have been unfortunate."

She was stammering badly. "Unfortunate?" He caught her up. "Yes, I suppose it is unfortunate to lose two wives, but they are dead, so I suppose they are even more unfortunate. It would seem it is so difficult to live with me that two women have preferred death."

That he said it in such a quiet matter-of-fact voice seemed only to make it worse.

"That's nonsense, absolute nonsense!" she cried. "I don't know why they—they died..." But she broke off.

"You mean why they took their own lives?"

"If they did," she whispered. "What do you mean?" he asked sharply. "There can be no doubt about it. All the evidence, the police..."

"Did you investigate the—the deaths yourself, Mr. Thornton?"

"No." His voice was once again curt, his expression withdrawn. "The first time I was too stunned with the shock to be of much use. The second time I was, as you may have heard, bedridden. Incidentally, might I ask from whom you heard the story?"

"I overheard something at the local hotel."

"You've already patronised the Grand? It's a hotbed of scandal. I thought my sister-in-law might have made it plain to you that I don't like any members of my family or of my household going there."

"She did say so, but only after I'd been. I took Robert in to have a juice of fruit."

Suddenly taking her courage in both hands she burst out: "Mr. Thornton, don't you think it wrong to avoid any place because if one goes there one may be forced to overhear malicious gossip? To me it looks like an admission of weakness. Surely the best way to kill gossip is to walk boldly



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in everywhere, face up to everyone. One can't forever keep Robert away from hearing something. . . . Wouldn't it be better if you told him yourself in your own way?"

"How can I tell my own son, especially a boy of his age, that two women, his own mother included, disliked me so much that they preferred death at their own hands to going on living with me?" His voice was indescribably bitter.

"You mustn't put it like that. . . . And I'm sure that isn't the truth!"

"What do you think is the truth?"

"I—I don't know." She raised her eyes to his almost imploringly. "How can I know?"

"And now," he remarked in the pause, "let's call Robert up from the beach and go and have lunch."

ALL through this conversation Robert had been playing on the beach not far from them. When his father called he came, but with obvious reluctance. They all three climbed into the car and drove along the Boulevard Croissette to the Carlton Hotel.

"This car goes wonderfully, doesn't it?" she commented.

"It's going all right to-day," he returned. "But apparently Pierre had trouble with it last night. Something went wrong and he had to take it to a garage between the villa and the airport. That's how we missed each other. I must have driven past when he and the car were in the garage."

As he finished speaking he circled the half-moon of the drive before the hotel and immediately the porter was opening the car door.

"We'll go on to the verandah and have an aperitif first," he remarked.

Margery glanced across the wide sunlit verandah when they were seated, and a young man wearing the uniform of an American Army major stood up and bowed. Margery felt that her whole body was frozen.

She had just thought when talking to Fernley that the past should be forgotten, but now she knew it couldn't, not by Fernley, anyway. His past in the shape of his second wife's brother was bearing down upon them.

"Why, hello, Miss Bedford," Derek said in his soft pleasant American voice. "I saw you from across the way and couldn't resist coming over and having a word. I hope I'm not bothering in on something?"

"No, of course not." Was that her voice? It sounded so faint. There was a pause. They all seemed to be waiting for her to perform the introductions.

She coughed to strengthen her voice. "Mr. Thornton, this is Major Durban. Major Durban—Mr. Fernley Thornton," she said.

The pause which followed seemed the longest Margery had ever known. The American finally broke it.

"Did you say this was Mr. Fernley Thornton?" he demanded.

Fernley nodded briefly. "My name's Fernley Thornton. So you're Derek, Valerie's brother? It's queer we should meet like this."

"Very queer," the American agreed. His voice was hoarse. "I've been want-

ing to meet you, Thornton," he went on, clearing his throat. "I've been wanting to ask you why you were such a spineless cur as to let the world think that my sister Valerie took her own life."

Margery drew in a quick gasping breath.

Fernley's tall thin body had stiffened. She saw his hands clench.

"Why do you say that?" he asked. "What possible justification can you have for saying that Valerie didn't take her own life?"

His reasonable reply seemed to throw the American off his stroke. He floundered. "I know she didn't. I not only knew that kid like the palm of my hand, but I had her letter."

"What letter?"

"A letter she wrote me just before it happened. The letter in which she said—"

He broke off. He added explosively: "Why should I tell you after the way you behaved?"

"There's no reason why you should tell me, of course," Fernley's voice was still reasonable, almost unnaturally so. "All the same, I'd be glad if you would. We're just going to have lunch. Won't you join us?"

Derek hesitated as though he didn't know whether he should or not. Margery felt he had often planned this meeting, but somehow it wasn't going as he had planned it.

"All right," he said at last, but grumpily. He sat down in the chair Robert had recently vacated to go over and play with a little girl.

Margery rose. "I'll take Robert on the beach," she suggested.

Fernley made a gesture to stop her going. "Don't go. I think you know something about it and I'd like you to hear what Derek has to say. Besides, you and he seem to know each other."

"We met the other night at the Casino at Nice," she murmured.

Fernley looked at her. "So it wasn't at the local hotel you heard the gossip."

She felt the color rush into her face. "I—I did hear something there," she stammered.

"I admit I talked to Miss Bedford when I learned she was employed at your villa," Derek said. "Maybe I said too much to her, but that's how I felt."

"Why didn't you come and see me?" Fernley suggested. "Quite apart from the fact that you're my brother-in-law and I'd heard a lot about you from Valerie. If you had something on your mind about your sister's death surely I'm the one to say it to?"

Derek wore the look of a small boy who had been rapped across the knuckles. He looked morose and at the same time half-ashamed.

"I didn't think you'd be interested in what I thought after the way you let whoever was responsible for my sister's death get off scot-free by concurring in that lying suicide story," he rumbled.

Once again there was a pause. When Fernley spoke his voice was cool, even uninterested.

"What possible justification can you have for suggesting that your sister

was murdered?" But he seemed to hesitate over the last word.

"I told you," Derek still sounded morose and angry. "I knew that kid like the palm of my hand. I know she couldn't do such a thing. Suicide's a coward's way out. She wasn't a coward. There was no kid in the world less of a coward than Valerie. But you married her, Thornton. You should know her as well as I do."

Once again there was a pause. Fernley's face was expressionless when finally he replied: "I married your sister, Derek, and though I had the highest regard for her I didn't know her so very well. Scarcely at all."

"But you must have known her well to have married her!" The young man was stammering slightly.

Fernley's lips tightened, but when he replied his voice was gentle. "I've said I didn't know her very well, but I've said, too, I had the highest regard for her. Suppose you tell me about this letter you spoke of."

For a moment Derek was silent, then he said slowly: "The letter reached me, as it happened, after I'd got your cable telling me of her death. The news came as a complete shock, but after I'd read the letter I felt more at a loss than ever."

"Why?" Fernley asked sharply.

"Well," the younger man was scratching his head. "She said she was feeling happier and more content with her life every day. She said that once she hadn't believed she ever could be happy again, but now she was beginning to feel she might be. . . . But that's what I couldn't understand either. She must have been happy when she married you. You married for love, didn't you?"

Again Fernley didn't answer directly. He merely said quietly: "Did she say anything else?"

"Not much, only that she kept emphasising that at last she really believed she was going to be happy. That's what gives the lie to all this suicide bunkum."

"I see your point," Fernley agreed. "Thank you for telling me she thought she might be happy with me eventually," he murmured. "It helps a great deal in knowing that."

DEREK looked nonplussed. "What do you mean by 'eventually'?" he demanded. "She must have thought she was going to be happy with you, otherwise her marrying you doesn't make sense. But I guess she meant when she married you, you were an invalid. She knew you were going to get better. That must have been it."

"Yes, probably," Fernley said.

But the very way he said it made Margery feel certain it wasn't the explanation. There was some mystery connected with Fernley's second marriage.

Robert's presence helped during lunch. During the first part of the meal, conversation ran along general lines, almost studiously so. Margery concentrated upon Robert, seeing that he ate those things he should eat.

"But Auntie Yvette never makes me eat salad," he protested.

"Had Valerie lived she'd have



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taught you that salads are the best thing in the world for children," Derek said. "We Americans believe in salads."

"But my second mother wasn't going to live. I heard Auntie Yvette say to Uncle Pierre she wasn't going to live, so she couldn't have made me eat horrible salads," the child remarked. The silence that followed was short and frightening.

"Robert doesn't know what he's saying. You mustn't invent things like that, son," Fernley said severely.

"But I wasn't inventing it, Daddy," Robert cried indignantly. "They thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. I was standing at Auntie's bedroom door. I heard Auntie Yvette say that my second mother wasn't going to live much longer. She told Uncle Pierre he needn't worry as she wasn't going to go on living. She said she'd soon be as dead as my first mother and it was quite right that she should be."

**F**ERNLEY said sharply. "You mustn't say these dreadful things, Robert!" He turned to Derek. "For heaven's sake don't pay any attention to Robert. If you know anything about little boys you'll know they have powerful imaginations."

"I don't know much about little boys," Derek said slowly, "but on the other hand I'm not prepared to discount everything he's just said." His voice was grim, resolute, even defiant.

"Then don't discuss it here," Fernley said in a low, agitated voice.

"I get you," Derek laughed curtly. "Since he can repeat something once he may do so again."

Margery, noticing the intent way Robert was looking from one to the other of the two men, said urgently: "This is a lovely lunch, isn't it? That heavenly lobster and then that delicious steak as well. I've never tasted such food."

The conversation for some time ranged around food, then Derek remarked: "Oh, Miss Redford, it may amuse you to know that that beau who took you to the Casino the other night was in there again late yesterday afternoon. And boy, was he losing a packet! The way he was gambling I thought he must be insane."

Fernley interposed: "Who was this beau, Miss Redford?"

She laughed. "No beau, it was M. Labois who was kind enough on my first night here to drive me into Nice to show me some night life."

"At what time was this you saw him there yesterday, Derek?" Fernley asked sharply.

Derek frowned. "I went to the Casino at six-thirty and left an hour later. It was during that time."

But that was the time Pierre should have been meeting Fernley.

"Oh, I see," Fernley murmured. His manner was offhand, uninterested.

The waiter suggested coffee on the verandah, but Derek excused himself, saying he had a date with some brother officers at the Club.

"Come over and see us before your leave is up," Fernley invited.

"Oh, I'll be there," Derek returned. He gave Fernley rather a curious look.

"As a matter of fact, I'm moving over to the Grand at Fleurie at the end of this week."

He left them, and the other three presently went to the beach.

Margery agreed with Fernley that the beach at Juan-les-Pins was the best possible beach for kiddies. It was sheltered, and the sand was clean and golden.

"You're coming in with me, aren't you, Margery?" Robert asked.

She laughed. "Try and keep me out of the water. I'm just dying for a dip." She hesitated, half-turned back towards her employer. "Are you coming in too, Mr. Thornton?"

He appeared to hesitate, then suddenly and surprisingly he said: "All right. I admit it looks tempting. I haven't a costume with me, but I suppose I can hire something."

Margery felt very elated as she slipped into her own costume in the small clean bathing hut. She felt in some way she had gained a major victory.

After their swim they sat sunbaking on the sand, and at last Robert, getting tired of inactivity, said: "I think I'll take out one of those little boats. Have you got sixty francs, Daddy?"

When they were alone, Fernley said suddenly, "Miss Redford, I want to ask you a straight question and I want you to give me a straight answer. Do you think that I murdered my wives?"

She cried sharply, in horror: "But, of course I don't, Mr. Thornton! What an idea. What object would you have in murdering them? It wasn't as though they were rich and you wanted their money."

He smiled, fleetingly.

"No, it certainly wasn't that if I murdered them. I asked you before and you didn't answer. Do you, in your heart, think I murdered them?"

"I don't, I don't, Mr. Thornton!" She found her voice hoarse. It didn't sound like her voice at all.

"Why not," he asked sharply. "You don't know all of the story, or even half of it."

"At least I know you, Mr. Thornton."

"Do you? I wonder."

The question echoed in her own mind. She'd only met him three times before to-day, why did she believe so unquestionably he wasn't a murderer? Why did she? It wasn't hard to find the answer. Her heart told her the answer. The sense of awareness of him she had when he was with her told her the answer.

That night, at Fernley's request, Margery came down to join the family at dinner. She was rather uneasy about the welcome Mlle. Labois would give her, and she paused a moment in the doorway to whip up her courage when she heard Pierre's voice. It was angry and hoarse. He was speaking in French.

"But you'll have to give me the money, Yvette. I tell you I signed a note for it. It's due to-morrow. I've got to have it or they may put me in jail."

"And where do you think I am to get so much money from all of a sudden?" his sister demanded.

"I don't care, but you've got to get

it. You inherited all Adele's money, and it was considerable. You were careful to see she left it to you before — well, never mind. You saw to it she didn't leave any of it to her dear little brother."

"She didn't think enough of you. You'd been in too many scrapes. Besides, she loved me. She was me." Her voice had a curious hissing sound.

"Oh, bosh. Sometimes I think you're quite mad, Yvette! Anyhow, I've got to have that money."

"Why don't you ask Fernley for it?"

"Not to-night. As a matter of fact I was going to, but he attacked me because he heard I'd been gambling and losing at the Casino. What right has he to lecture me? And how did he know?"

"Perhaps the dear soft-voiced little governess told him. I swear she's here to spy on us."

"She's merely a fool," Pierre answered. "Anyhow, I don't think she's sense enough to spy."

"You say that because you, too, are attracted by that stupid pretty face of hers."

"You don't think Fernley's serious?" he exclaimed in a startled voice.

Once again she drew in her breath. "He'd better not be! Do you think I'd have a chat like that taking my darling's place? You know I've sworn no one shall. I swore it as a solemn oath when she died. I remembered my oath when he brought that woman . . ."

"Yvette, can't you shut up? Must we go through all that again and again? I tell you I can't stand it. It gets on my nerves! I feel like shrieking out the truth!"

"Stop, Pierre! Must you about it from the rooftops? You have been up all night gambling and now you don't know what you're doing or saying. Gambling with my money, because it is always I who must pay your debts, losing our fortune . . ."

"We haven't got the fortune yet," he broke in on her.

"Not yet, but we shall!" Her voice rasped suddenly.

**T**HERE WAS A pause in the room. And in it, Fernley's voice behind her exclaimed loudly: "For heaven's sake, Margery, what are you doing standing there stock still in the drawing-room doorway?"

Margery heard Mlle. Labois draw in a short horrified breath. She heard Pierre swear softly under his. She found herself stammering weakly: "I — I was just wondering if I should go back upstairs for my bag — my compact."

"But you're standing so still," he persisted. "As though . . . as though . . ."

"As though she'd been listening to what was being said in the drawing-room," Mlle. Labois said it challengingly, threateningly almost. She swung round towards Margery. "Was that what you were doing, Miss Redford? I cannot think it is a very nice thing to do."

Fernley broke in. He sounded embarrassed and annoyed. "It's sure Miss Redford wouldn't deliberately listen in on any conversation, Yvette."



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The Frenchwoman shrugged. Again Margery noticed the suppressed fury in her voice as she replied: "Whether she intended to listen in or not, it seems she has done. And, in order that there should be no misunderstanding, and to save you from having things repeated to you that might make you uncomfortable, Fernley, I shall tell you the whole truth. Pierre has been gambling. He's asked me for the money to make good his debts, but I, who feel in so many respects a mother to him, have been reproving him."

"I asked him why he does not make a clean breast of everything to you, but he, poor boy, is afraid."

"Did you hear some of this?" Fernley turned directly to Margery.

She stammered. "Just a few sentences. I—I realised they were having words, I—I was afraid to break in, in case it might embarrass them."

But neither Mlle. Labois nor Pierre believed her. She saw that at once. Fernley had half-turned away from her, but from what she could see of his face it looked grim.

"I told you I'd heard you'd been gambling," he said shortly to Pierre. "But I didn't know you'd landed yourself badly in debt. You'd better come up to my room in the morning and we'll talk about it."

"Oh, thank you, Fernley. You are much, much too kind."

Nothing more of importance happened over dinner, nothing until they were back in the drawing-room once more, and Fernley told them of his meeting with Derek and Derek's intentions to visit Fleurie.

"The young man seems to have got it into his head that his sister didn't take her own life," Fernley said.

"She didn't take her own life?" Mlle. Labois' voice was shrill. "But naturally she took her own life! The police, did they not say so? And how else could it have happened?"

"How else?" Fernley appeared to shrug. "I told him all that, but he appeared unconvinced. He said he was quite certain his sister hadn't committed suicide and he was going to prove she hadn't. That she was murdered."

"But what nonsense. Absolute rot! As Yvette said, the man must be mad." Pierre flung it out jerkily. "How could he possibly say such a thing? It is ill-loued, scandalous. I hope you told him so, Fernley."

Fernley said nothing. He merely sat there, drinking his coffee, his face as devoid of expression as usual. Only his eyes were alive. Margery noticed suddenly that his grey eyes were no longer bleak but alive.

He crushed his cigarette out on the ashtray on the mantelpiece. "I'm rather tired. I'll be pushing off to bed."

The last thing Margery wanted was to be left alone with Mlle. Labois and her brother. But after Fernley had gone she had a feeling they didn't realise she was there. They seemed to have too much else on their minds. Neither seemed even to notice as she excused herself and said good-night.

The next morning Fernley didn't appear. Margery heard he was ill in bed—and that the doctor had been

sent for. He wasn't the English doctor who had treated him through his long illness, but a Frenchman, Dr. Lefevre, new to the district. He arrived soon after lunch. Margery was resting on the big swinging seat on the porch.

When the conversation between Mlle. Labois and the doctor started she was half-asleep. She didn't even hear them walk out on to the porch, nor how the conversation had begun.

She was first fully conscious when she heard Mlle. Labois say: "But it is an old trouble for him, Doctor Lefevre, a very old trouble. I assure you. His stomach has always troubled him, even before he was so severely wounded at the end of the war. It is severe gastric trouble. Dr. Edwards said so often. We have to be so careful what we give him!"

"Is that so, Mlle. Labois? You interest me. The patient himself did not mention this old complaint of his, but from my own observations, I agree it's a severe gastric attack."

The Frenchwoman exclaimed, her voice half-exasperated, half-affectionate. "He has always hated the idea of being ill, and even when he is ill it is so difficult to get him to admit it. I cannot tell you how difficult he was during the long time he was convalescing from his war wounds."

"You nursed him, Mlle. Labois?"

AFTER a brief hesitation, the Frenchwoman said, "I nursed him for a while, after his second wife's death. I would have nursed him during his entire convalescence—believe me, M. le Docteur, I wanted to, but the doctor insisted he go into the clinic at Cannes. He suggested that the associations of his second wife's death here were not conducive to the patient's recovery."

"And he was suffering from this gastric trouble then?"

"But yes! Although I cook everything for him with my own hands he is still sick!"

"Curious he didn't mention any of this to me," the doctor said again. "It will certainly help me in prescribing for him. Will you have these prescriptions made up at the chemist's with all possible haste? I shall look in again in the morning."

They were gone, Mlle. Labois back into the house and the doctor hurrying down the garden steps to where his car was waiting. Margery closed her eyes again, but she found she couldn't sleep. She found instead she was very wide awake. She was obsessed by a sense that some danger threatened Fernley.

"I must ask him if he's suffered from gastric trouble before," she thought. "However sensitive he is on the subject I feel I want to know."

Robert and she took the canoe out the following morning and paddled themselves round to a small beach in one of the inlets to have a picnic lunch.

"I've brought something very special for our picnic, Margery. Something very special indeed. Something that daddy likes very much," Robert announced importantly.

"Have you?" she smiled. "What's over's that, Robert?"

"Honey," he announced triumphantly. "Daddy loves honey and so do I, though Auntie Yvette hardly ever gives me any. But when you were packing the basket Juan brought down daddy's tray and I saw a little pot of honey on it. So when Juan wasn't looking I sneaked it off and wrapped it up in a napkin. Look, here it is!"

He dived into the basket and produced a small earthenware pot which he'd wrapped up in a soiled napkin.

Margery laughed. "What a thing to do, Robert, though I don't suppose any one will miss the honey! But you've got to eat your hard-boiled egg, your ham, and your salad first, and then I've packed some chocolate eclairs. I can't see how you're going to leave room for your honey afterwards!"

"Oh, I'll have plenty of room, plenty of room—only I do like chocolate eclairs too," he added.

He certainly liked chocolate eclairs, so much so that when it came finally to eating the honey he looked at the small earthenware pot doubtfully. "I haven't much room for the honey, Margery," he complained. "But perhaps if you'll give me a tiny piece of bread I'll manage a little."

Margery smiled and cut the bread. Robert spread the honey, took a mouthful or two, made a face and then said: "I don't like this honey much, Margery, it tastes funny."

She laughed. "It's only that you're full, Robert."

"You taste it, Margery," he insisted. "It isn't really nice at all!"

"Let's give the rest to the fishes then," she suggested. "I'm sure they'll be awful grateful."

They threw the remainder of the bread and honey into the water. Presently they repacked the picnic hamper and decided to paddle back to their own beach again.

It was on the brief journey homewards that Robert suddenly said: "Oh, I do feel so sick, Margery. I think I am going to be sick."

Almost at once he was violently ill, and it left him weak and shaken.

"Lie down in the boat, Robert," Margery said to him. "It won't take me any time to get us home. You must have a touch of the sun."

When they returned to the villa she took him straight up to his nursery. Mlle. Labois, who had been out, arrived after she had got him into bed and Margery told her what had happened, adding, again, it must be the sun.

"But Robert is so used to the sun," Mlle. Labois said.

"I can't think it was anything he ate," Margery said. "He ate the same things I did with the exception of a mouthful or two of honey."

"Of honey?" For a moment Mlle. Labois' voice was unnaturally shrill. "But where did you get honey to take on the picnic? It is all locked away in the cupboard. I have the key."

"I'm afraid Robert took a pot off his father's breakfast tray," Margery said.

Mlle. Labois' face seemed suddenly drawn. With a fierce gesture she swung towards the little boy and clasped him in her arms.

"Did he have much of the honey?"



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Tell me quickly, did he have much of the honey?"

"No-o, only a mouthful or so," Margery was so astonished she found she was stuttering. "But Mlle. Labois, What . . ."

But the Frenchwoman's attitude had changed again. "It is nothing really, Miss Redford, but I was a little upset since from a tiny child honey never has agreed with Robert."

"We threw the bread and nasty tasting honey to the little fishes," Robert said.

"I hope Mr. Thornton is better this evening?" Margery murmured in the pause.

Mlle. Labois gave her a suspicious look. She said stiffly: "He is better, thank you. He has refused food all day, and though I do not agree since it will make him very weak, all the same he is better."

"Is there anything I can do for him?" Margery asked.

Mlle. Labois gave her another hard look.

"No, no, what could you do for him, Miss Redford? Robert is your charge, I am looking after my brother-in-law. Besides, now he is ill he would not want to be bothered with strangers."

Margery felt annoyed that she had emphasised the word "strangers". It may have been responsible for her growing resolution to go in and see how Mr. Thornton was for herself. And surely she had a good reason for seeing him? She was directly responsible to him for Robert and she ought to report that incident about his having been sick in the boat.

All the same she felt quite nervous when she presently knocked at Fernley's door, and heard his voice call: "Come in."

She entered the room quickly, almost guiltily, saying, "I was wondering how you were and if there was anything I could do for you?"

He was sitting up in bed with a navy blue robe over striped silk pyjamas.

"Oh, hello, Miss Redford," he said. He even smiled. "This is nice of you to have come. I've been wondering when you were going to pay me a visit. Why have you stayed away so long?"

"I thought you mightn't want to see anyone!"

Momentarily he seemed satisfied. Once again he smiled slightly and said: "Well, I admit that yesterday I wasn't feeling up to seeing anyone. I can't think what was the cause of it. I must have eaten something."

She said slowly: "But the day before, you and I ate practically the same things, Mr. Thornton. We had lunch together, and the four of us ate an identical lunch, didn't we? And in the evening we all ate the same food here."

"Yes." He was frowning. "That's right. We did eat the same things; and you—you haven't felt any ill effects?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Queer," he muttered. She had to ask the question. "Mr. Thornton, are you subject to these attacks I mean, have you been in the past?"

Once again he looked at her in astonishment.

"Certainly not. That's why I can't understand what's come over me these past two days. I'm better today, of course, but hungry."

He was smiling at her now, and it was such a young smile her heart turned over. "I'm looking forward to a grand breakfast in the morning."

"Eggs and bacon?" she suggested, smiling too.

"Oh, no, I don't think the doctor would quite order that. I'm going to have broches, croissants, butter and plenty of honey."

"Honey?" Margery found herself repeating the last word. And suddenly she cried: "Oh, Mr. Thornton, please don't eat any honey!"

Fernley stared at her in amazement.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" he asked sharply. "Why shouldn't I eat honey?"

"I . . . It was a stupid thing to say, Mr. Thornton, but I—I must have been thinking that Robert became ill after he'd eaten honey at lunch. At least he was awfully sick in the canoe coming home and Mlle. Labois said he was allergic to honey."

"Allergic to honey? It's the first I've heard of it."

"He really was sick. Very sick, poor darling."

"But he's all right now?" His voice was edged with anxiety.

MARGERY smiled. "Oh, yes," she said. "He's perfectly happy sitting up in bed coloring pictures with crayons."

He smiled then. "And is that why you were warning me not to eat honey for breakfast? I suppose you thought like father like son. We might both be allergic to honey."

"Well, something like that. But," somehow she felt she had to defend herself, "he did say the honey had a nasty taste."

"Maybe that was the bees' fault. Now I come to think of it, the honey I had the other morning didn't taste as good as usual."

"It—it was your honey Robert had. He took it off your breakfast tray."

"I see." His voice was a little cool. His face, too, was expressionless.

"You thought the honey might be bad, though I've never heard of honey being bad. But I shouldn't worry about it. Undoubtedly it was a coincidence that both Robert and I should have been affected by a similar complaint."

"Of course, Mr. Thornton."

There was a pause. Juan came in, presumably to tidy up the room, and Margery left.

As she went out, she remembered she hadn't unpacked the picnic hamper. Since she wanted to cause as little trouble as possible she decided it would be a good idea to go down and do it herself. She went through the kitchen into the scullery and saw that the hamper had apparently been left on the floor just as it had been brought out of the canoe.

She unstrapped the lid and started to unpack it. Her hand slipped into the small compartment where she

remembered putting the earthenware jar of honey. But there was no jar of honey. It was gone.

Derek arrived at the Grand Hotel on the Friday and the following afternoon called at the Villa Aurora. He arrived when they were all having tea on one of the terraces. The whole atmosphere was so normal and friendly Margery found herself praying it would last. And it might have lasted, but for Derek's arrival.

It seemed to Margery that the atmosphere changed instantly while Fernley was greeting him.

"Ah, hello, Derek, glad you came along. What can I offer you, tea? Or would a drink hit the spot better?"

Derek smiled. "You know we Americans aren't great tea drinkers. A Scotch if you've got one, though please don't let me put you out in any way."

"I'm lucky in that I've a fairly good supply of whisky at the moment. But let me introduce you to the family first. You know Miss Redford, don't you? And Robert, of course. This is my sister-in-law Mlle. Labois and her brother, Pierre Labois."

"How do you do?" Derek bowed to the group, but he smiled at Margery.

Fernley turned to her. "You might go and ask Juan to bring the drinks out here. It's nice being out in the fresh air after a few days in bed."

"You've been ill since we met the other day?" Derek asked.

"Yes. Some sort of poisoning."

"Poisoning?" Mlle. Labois caught him up sharply. "But, my dear Fernley, the doctor assures me it was a gastric attack."

"Was it?" He shrugged. "I didn't know I was prone to gastric attacks. It certainly seemed to me more like some form of poisoning. Food poisoning probably. I told the doctor so when he came to-day. I suggested that if I had died it would have been a good idea to have a post mortem."

"You are morbid, Fernley, and I will not have you speak like that," Mlle. Labois said.

"It's absurd talk, anyway," Pierre laughed. "Major Durban has not come here to talk of people dying."

"That's just where you're wrong, M. Labois," Derek put in quietly as he seated himself in a deck-chair. "That's just what I have come here to talk about—death. The death of my sister."

No one spoke. He went on, and Margery's impression that he was ruthless increased. "I find it queer to think of my sister dying here, in this lovely country amidst all the sunshine. Valerie loved sunshine and beautiful things. That's why I'm never going to believe she took her own life. That's why I'm determined to prove she didn't."

Mlle. Labois leaned forward. She spoke with apparent earnestness. "Major Durban, may I say something? We all appreciate your distress about your sister's death, but do you not realise the man most distressed by my poor brother-in-law? It was a great tragedy, we all agree, she was such a very sweet girl, but that



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things happen and what is the use of torturing ourselves for ever about them? You do not realise how deeply we felt it, we who were on the scene of the tragedy . . .

She broke off, wringing her hands. Margery found herself half-persuaded she was sincere.

"Okay," the American cut in brusquely. "I'm prepared to believe you, Mlle. Labois. I guess you were all distressed, but you can't have been as distressed as I was. I am her own flesh and blood."

"But surely," Mlle. Labois murmured, "her husband . . ."

"A guy she'd known, as I understand, less than a month before she married him and, at the time, himself an invalid? No, I knew Valerie. I know she didn't take her own life and I'm going to prove she didn't. I hope," he glanced towards Fernley, "you're not against my doing this?"

"Go ahead," Fernley said. "If you can prove anything to the contrary I'll be glad."

"I'll prove it all right," the young man said grimly.

**FERNLEY** invited Derek to say on for dinner, but the young American said he had a brother officer and his wife motoring over from Cannes to dine with him at the Grand.

"I was hoping Miss Redford would be persuaded to come and make up a fourth," he said.

It was Fernley who answered.

"That's a grand idea."

Mlle. Labois said firmly:

"But do you think you will be able to manage it, Miss Redford? These late spring evenings Robert does not go to sleep very easily."

"But of course she must go," Fernley insisted again. "If need be, I'll put the young scamp to bed myself."

"Oh, would you, Daddy, would you?" Robert cried out, and immediately pounced upon his father's knee, hugging him enthusiastically around the neck.

"That's all settled," Fernley said, turning towards Margery and laughing. "Run along and change. I'll cope with Robert."

It was a pleasant evening. The food was excellent, there was a good dance band, and Derek's brother officer and his wife were two exceedingly charming Americans.

And then tension suddenly leapt back into the atmosphere for, while Major Curtis and his wife were dancing and Derek and she were sitting it out, he turned to her directly and said: "I understand the local nickname for my brother-in-law is Bluebeard. Do you think there's any justification for it?"

"No, no, of course not! I think it horrible and—crude!"

"I managed to dig up some old newspaper accounts of her death," he went on. "Naturally I made all the headlines. But there were some things that struck me as queer. If Valerie wanted to bump herself off, why did she go down to the summer-house to do it, to the very spot where the first wife had bumped herself off? It was all too dramatic and

Valerie was too sensible a girl to go in for drama.

"It came out at the inquest, too, that they thought she'd been taking drugs recently. That I just can't understand. She wasn't the drugging sort, if you get me. I wish I'd been here at the time. I wish I'd searched through that summer-house . . . By the way, is it still there?"

"No, it was burned down."

"Very convenient—for someone," he muttered.

The others had returned to the table and the conversation lapsed. But the evening was no longer gay and pleasant.

She suddenly realised that Major Curtis was talking to her.

"You must both come over as my guests to the tennis tournament at Monte Carlo on Monday," he was saying. "I understand there's going to be some pretty good play, and I see there are a number of your fellow countrymen playing."

"Are there?" She added by way of making conversation: "A friend of mine played at Wimbledon this year."

"That so? What's his name? I may have seen him play."

"Robin Craven."

"Robin Craven!" he repeated the name. "He's entering for the singles and also the mixed doubles with a girl named . . ."

"Greta Rawlings," Margery supplied.

And then she laughed. She laughed because it was such a relief that she could say the name and not care.

They all made plans to meet on the Monday, though Margery said she could only come if the Curtises didn't mind her bringing Robert.

"Not at all. The little chap may enjoy it," Major Curtis said hospitably.

After the others had left, Derek said: "You're not in a hurry to go home? It would be nice to have a chat."

"No, I'm in no hurry."

"Why don't we clear out and go for a drive? I hired a car when I came here. It's parked right out in front of the hotel."

"Yes, a breath of air would be nice," she agreed.

Derek said: "We'll drive on into Monte Carlo and have a drink."

"That would be lovely," she murmured.

Very soon they were on top of the pass and already could discern the bright jewel-like lights of Monte Carlo.

Indeed as they started the steep breath-taking almost frightening descent it seemed to Margery that Derek was almost recklessly fast. The car was gathering speed each moment. Almost at the same instant Derek spoke.

"The brakes are gone. I can't control her any longer. Throw open the door and jump," he shouted.

"Jump?"

"Yes, don't lose a moment. Jump, and I'll try and run her up an incline."

It wasn't easy to wrench open the door. It wasn't easy to nerve herself to jump out of that madly racing car. But, at last, after what seemed

hours, she had the door wrenched open, she had gathered herself together, closed her eyes, and then . . . She had jumped. She must have for she felt the rush of air and then she was rolling, rolling. . . .

There was pain somewhere. She thought it was in her arm, but she wasn't sure. And then for a few moments she must have lost consciousness, for when she could think clearly again she was lying against a tree, staring up at the stars.

Where was Derek? What had happened to the car?

She started to stagger up the road in the direction she'd come. When she turned a bend she saw by the side of the road an overturned car. It was on fire, and she started desperately to run towards it.

Derek wasn't in the burning car. Margery stumbled over him in the darkness as she ran towards it.

She knew he wasn't dead as she bent over him, fumblingly feeling for his heart.

He might have concussion. Somehow she must get help for him at once. In her concern for him she had almost forgotten the pain in her own arm, which was hanging limply by her side. Vaguely she remembered having passed something which looked like a house or a cafe at the top of the pass.

She could go back there, ask for help, telephone . . . telephone to Fernley.

Telephone to Fernley . . . It was the first thought in her mind.

Somehow she reached the cafe, and roused its proprietors.

"We must telephone the gendarmerie at Monte Carlo," Madame said.

"Yes, and I must telephone my employer, Mr. Thornton," Margery whispered. "But—wouldn't Monsieur go down and see if there is anything he can do for Major Durhan?"

Monsieur would. Madame telephoned the police reporting the accident. They took the particulars and said they would arrive presently with an ambulance. Then Margery telephoned the Villa Aurora.

The next moment she heard Fernley's voice.

"Is that you, Margery? This is Fernley Thornton speaking. What's happened?"

**K**EEPING her voice as calm as possible, Margery told Fernley briefly what had happened.

"All right," he said. "Tell me just where you are and I'll be along at once. If the police or the ambulance arrive before I do, tell them I'm on my way."

"All right, Mr. Thornton."

The police came and the ambulance men. They were directed to the scene of the accident. Then Margery heard the sound of another car, and in a moment the door was thrust open and Fernley stood there.

"You all right, Margery?" He flung the words out.

"Yes, I'm all right. It's only my arm. It seems to be stupidly useless."

"Oh, my very dear . . ."

She didn't know how it happened, but, in that same moment, he strode



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over to where she was standing, half-leaning against the bar counter, and took her closely into his arms, so closely it seemed for a moment she must suffocate.

"My very dear," he said again. "Oh, if they should have . . ." He broke off, but he continued to hold her. And presently as he held her against him she found tears forcing their way into her eyes. She was too happy.

She told him the police and the ambulance had gone down to the scene of the accident. He nodded. "I'll go too."

He half-turned to go, but he didn't go. Instead, with a quick, almost savage gesture he had her in his arms again. "My darling, I've been nearly out of my mind," he said, and this time he kissed her.

MARGERY didn't know how long it was before she heard the sound of cars returning. She heard voices again, Fernley's and others and, a few moments later, Fernley was at her side once more.

"He's all right. He's in the ambulance. They're taking him into hospital at Monte Carlo."

The police questioned Margery then and she told them all she could. "Did he make any reference to the brakes before? Did he mention they were faulty, perhaps not working too well?"

She shook her head. "No. He told me he'd hired the car recently and it seemed to be going quite well."

"The car was not completely burnt out. We may be able to make an examination," the police officer commented. "And now perhaps Miss would let the police surgeon look at her arm?"

The examination was painful, but the report satisfactory. No bones were broken, it was merely a severe muscular strain. He put her arm in an improvised sling and Fernley said he would get his own doctor to attend to it in the morning. During all this time Fernley and she had not looked directly at one another, but she, at least, was terribly aware of him every moment . . .

When at last they drove off together in his car, he seemed completely withdrawn.

Presently he began to question her about the accident. Why were Derek and she going into Monte Carlo, who had suggested it, had they planned the trip all along, merely waiting for the other two to go?

"I have a definite purpose behind my questions," he said, and his voice was curt and impersonal. "Did any one know that you and Derek were going to drive into Monte Carlo? Could anyone have heard you saying you were going to?"

"I don't think so," she murmured, crushing down her cruel sense of disappointment. "We only decided to go at the very last moment." She added sharply, "You don't think there was anything wrong? I mean, it couldn't have been other than an accident?"

"You think it could have been other than an accident?" he turned the question.

"No, I . . . I . . . How could it have been?"

"I don't know." She saw his lean shoulders move in the faintest suggestion of a shrug.

When they arrived at the Villa he merely handed her out of the car saying he'd phone the doctor and leave a message for him to come round first thing in the morning. But before she turned away from him he said a curious thing.

He said it very gravely, holding her hand and looking directly into her eyes: "During the next weeks you'll have to use your common sense, Margery. You'll have to ask yourself if what seems to be could be. You'll have to trust your heart more than your eyes, my dear."

She tried to think what he could mean while she climbed wearily up to her room, but she was too tired to think anything out that night.

Fernley went to his bedroom, and for a while he stood by the open window of the sitting-room that adjoined his bedroom, staring out on to the faintly silver curve of the bay. His face had, as usual, that expressionless look to which he had schooled himself, but his grey eyes had a tender light in them that they were wont to have.

For a moment something very like a smile touched his lips, but it was gone a second later when he heard a light tap on his door. He turned to call "Come in."

It was his sister-in-law, Miss Labols, and she was carrying a tray with a glass on it.

"I thought you would be tired, my dear Fernley, after all the worry of the accident, and the drive there and back. I have made you what you call the hot toddy, not that I approve. The cognac is always so much better than whiskey, especially when one is an invalid."

Fernley said sharply: "But I'm not an invalid!"

The Frenchwoman shrugged. "Ah, but that is so typical of the men. They never do take precautions, nor even proper care of themselves until it is too late."

"You're not expecting me to die, are you, Yvette?"

"Oh, no, no, my dear Fernley. How could such a thought have come into your head?" She spoke vehemently, a shade too vehemently, and her sallow, unattractive face flushed.

Fernley's grey eyes narrowed. "I'm glad you're not. Far from expecting to die, I am, as it happens, planning to get married again."

"What?" Her voice was shrill, and momentarily she seemed to have lost control of herself. "But, why—why and whom? Who are you planning on putting in my darling Adele's place this time? Not that little fool of a nursery governess?"

"When and if I bring my affianced down here you will be greatly surprised to find out who she is."

"You mean—it is not the little governess?"

"I can't think how you got it into your head that I was keen on Miss Redford. I admit she is quite a nice little thing. But, no. The fiancée I'll bring down here shortly will be someone quite different."

"You mean it is someone in London, in Paris perhaps? But I did not know you knew any young lady in London or Paris well enough!"

"You don't know all my friends, Yvette. As I said, you will be surprised . . . As a matter of fact I'm leaving here in the morning to call on her."

"You're leaving here in the morning to — to call on this young woman you're going to marry?"

"Didn't I say I was?"

"But—but . . . we thought you were staying much longer this time! We had planned for you to stay."

"That's all right. I'll be back shortly—with her, I hope. Anyhow, I leave first thing in the morning," he added, very decisively.

She looked at him sharply, her black eyes narrowed. After a moment she said, "You are going in the morning then, Fernley? But I do not believe that you go to see a fiancée. I believe you go on business. That is true, is it not?"

"It may be." He smiled more naturally this time and she appeared to be satisfied.

"I will see you get your petit déjeuner early, and do not forget your toddy, my dear Fernley," she said as she left the room.

Margery stirred restlessly and opened her eyes into the darkness. She had heard something somewhere that had penetrated her sleep. She raised herself on her good elbow, still staring into the intense blackness and listening.

After a few moments, she heard it again. A muffled sound that came from the floor below, but, to her ears, completely unmistakable. The sound of a child's desperate sobbing.

Robert was crying and he was her responsibility. She sprang out of bed, thrust her feet into slippers, slipped on a dressing-gown, ran softly down the stairs to the floor below.

AT Miss Labols' door, Margery paused to knock, but when there was no reply she opened the door and switched on the light. The room was empty, the bed hadn't been slept in, and from the adjoining room still came the sound of that desperate sobbing. She crossed the room quickly and went into the nursery. Robert was sobbing noisily in the dark. Instantly the boy's arms went round her neck.

"Margery, Margery," he sobbed. "I had such a dreadful nightmare. I'm so afraid."

"Hush, darling, hush, there's nothing to be afraid of now. It was all a silly dream."

But the little boy only clung to her tighter. "Oh, Margery, don't leave me. I'm terribly frightened. I couldn't close my eyes if you left me. I couldn't even pretend to go to sleep."

She laughed softly, reassuringly. "You old goose, there's nothing at all to be frightened of, but if you'd rather I'll stay here with you till you go to sleep."

"But I can't go to sleep with the light on," he objected.

"Very well, I'll switch it off then."



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"I'll sit right here beside you and hold your hand until you've gone to sleep." She crossed the floor and switched off the light. "Here I am. Give me your hand."

For a few minutes she hummed a soft tune under her breath, but presently she ceased. After a while she could hear by his steady breathing he was asleep. She was just about to tip-toe softly out of the room when she heard voices in Mlle. Labois' bedroom. The voices belonged to Pierre and his sister.

They must have come in only a second before and the conversation must have been started before they came in. Mlle. Labois was saying: "Whatever you say, Pierre, there's no excuse for you. These gambling debts are getting too much. I settled the last one, but I told you I wouldn't do it again. Why should you expect me to?"

"You know why I expect you to, Yvette. It wouldn't be nice for you if I dropped a hint in Fernley's ear, would it?" His voice was ugly.

"You wouldn't dare!" She was breathing hard and the words came out like a hiss.

He laughed lightly, maliciously. "Why don't you think I'd dare? Do you think I'm afraid you'd bump me off? What method would you use, my dear Yvette? A revolver shot or a little arsenic in my breakfast honey?"

"You don't know what you're saying, Pierre!"

"Don't I? Of course I do — and you'd better remember I do. It isn't kind — or wise — of you not to offer to help me out when I'm in financial trouble. Besides, I've earned my fifty thousand francs to-night. Look at that little job I did for you."

"But it wasn't successful. They didn't die."

"No, but one can't hit the bull's-eye every time like you, my dear Yvette." His voice waxed sarcastic. "And, after all, what is fifty thousand francs? A bagatelle. Nothing compared with what we shall have. How much longer now?"

"I—don't—know. He's going away to-morrow. He's..." But she broke off.

"Did you find out if there was anything between him and the governess?"

"I don't think there is. Not unless he's very clever."

He laughed again, and again there was that malicious note in his laughter. "Fernley may have many noble attributes, but I've never thought him that."

"You've always underrated him, Pierre, because he is not like you," she returned dryly. "But I don't think there is anything serious between him and the Redford girl. On the other hand I think there might be danger from someone else."

"Has he said anything?" he asked sharply.

"No-o. Nothing definite," she said aloud. "One never knows when Fernley is joking or not. But it is disturbing he is going off again so soon."

"You mean it may alter things?"

"I—don't—know."

"We can't wait much longer. I'm fed up with delay," he said irritably. "You could stop him going, Yvette. Another gastric attack, eh?"

"Hush, Pierre!" He laughed. "That's very clever of you. I must say! Almost too clever. You very nearly did your beloved little brother-in-law as well as our precious brother-in-law. If he'd eaten more of that honey..."

"Hush, be quiet, Pierre," she called again furiously. "You don't know what you're saying. And whatever you do know, don't say it!"

"All right, mum's the word, and I agree it's safer—for both of us. But if you play your cards carefully I don't see how you can slip up. You've been singularly fortunate. One might almost say you are inspired at your particular—ahem—profession."

"I don't want sarcasm from you of all people," she said harshly, and added: "I'll get you the money this time. Wait over there."

Pierre said: "It would be just too bad if our dear Fernley was ill again and couldn't leave the house to-morrow." He laughed again and Margery, crouched beside Robert's bed, heard his footsteps die away along the corridor.

**F**OR the moment Margery could think of nothing but that danger threatened Fernley.

She must get to him at once, she must warn him. She couldn't wait till morning. And then she realised all of a sudden she was virtually a prisoner. There was no door out of the nursery other than through Mlle. Labois' room, and even if the French-woman did eventually go to sleep she had always boasted that she was an exceptionally light sleeper. But somehow she must get to Fernley.

French windows opened out on to a small balcony, beneath which a strong vine covered the wall. She tiptoed out, climbed carefully over the low railings, felt tentatively for a foothold on the vine below, and a few seconds later was climbing rapidly down.

She was preparing for a final jump when she felt herself caught from behind. She might have screamed had not a hand been placed quickly over her mouth.

"Hush, for heaven's sake. . . . And anyhow, what's the idea?"

She almost gasped her relief aloud. It was Fernley's voice. His arms were holding her.

"I. . . I wanted to see you. Please let's go somewhere," she said urgently. "Somewhere where we're alone."

He caught something of the desperate earnestness in her voice and the quiet tender smile with which he'd been regarding her faded. Without another word, he led her quickly down to the summer-house.

She plunged straight into her story. When she finished she found she was shivering, though it was quite warm in the summer-house.

He stood up. "Look here, you're cold, child. I shouldn't have kept you out here all this time talking, even though..." But he broke off. In the

pause he put his hands on her shoulders.

"There are two things I want you to do for me, Margery. One is to go straight to bed now and sleep. Put all thought of what you've told me out of your head. That's an order."

"To-morrow when you wake try to forget it too. At least act as though you'd forgotten it, or rather as though you'd never heard it. It's important, important for me, important for you . . . for your safety, my dear." His voice was very grave all of a sudden.

"I'll—I'll try, Fernley," she whispered.

"Bless you, child." He kissed her, but this time on the forehead and half-absentmindedly. She felt faintly chilled. She didn't want him to regard her as a child.

The first thing she knew the following morning was that Robert was tugging at her arm, saying: "Margery, wake up. Do wake up. Petit déjeuner has already been put out on the terrace and daddy is going away."

"Your daddy going away?" she echoed. So Fernley was going after all. But why? He'd said nothing to her last night about his intention.

"Yes, he's flying all the way to London."

"I won't be a few minutes dressing, Robert. I'll meet you downstairs."

Juan was hovering about, ready to start serving when she came down.

She drank a cup of coffee and was about to pour herself out a second cup when Fernley stepped out on to the porch.

At the sight of him dressed for travelling Margery felt her heart contract. So he actually was going away!

"Hallo, Robert. Hallo, Miss Redford. I wonder if you'd give me a cup of coffee out of your pot?"

"But, of course."

Pierre had glanced up from the paper. "My dear Fernley, didn't Juan bring up your petit déjeuner? I thought I heard Yvette order it ages ago."

"Oh, yes, he brought it all right, but I didn't fancy it then."

"Shall I ring for Juan to bring you something more?"

"No, this cup of coffee is all I want."

While this brief exchange was taking place, Margery, having poured the coffee for him, was busy with her own cup. Busy with her hands, but her gestures were mechanical.

Fernley hadn't looked directly at her, and his voice when he addressed her was completely impersonal. Was that all part of an act for Pierre's benefit?

Suddenly Fernley pushed back his chair and said: "I'm afraid I've got to dash for the plane. Will you drive me over, Pierre, and bring the car back?"

Pierre sprang up too. "Of course, only too delighted, Fernley."

Fernley turned towards Margery. He held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Miss Redford, take good care of Robert. Remember, I leave him in your charge."

Mlle. Labois joined them and at that moment the telephone rang.

"I had better answer it," Mlle. Labois muttered, and hurried in-



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side. Very soon she was back, saying stiffly, "The telephone call is for you. It is from the Clinic in Monte Carlo."

Margery went to answer the phone and was surprised and pleased to hear a voice say: "It is I, Derek. I wanted to know how you were."

"I'm quite all right. My arm's just sprained a little. But you, Derek, how are you? I'm awfully glad to hear your voice."

"Are you, Margery? That's nice of you, I'm not so dusty. The doctor says a slight commotion, and I'll be as fit as ever in a day or so . . . I've been thinking of our date for the tennis tournament over here on Monday. I've already been on the phone to the Curdises and our little outing has been postponed until Wednesday. How will that suit you?"

"It suits me fine," she returned. "And I can't tell you how glad I am your injury isn't serious."

"Wednesday then? Could you and the little boy make your way over here? I may still be in this place, although they've promised to let me out for the day."

"Have the police found out definitely what went wrong with the car?" she asked.

"Not yet, but they've promised me a report later to-day. Well, so long for the present. I'll phone you again about arrangements for Wednesday."

Wednesday was a lovely day. Robert was up early, excited at the thought of going into Monte Carlo, though he had his doubts if he'd enjoy the tennis.

They caught a train that wound along the flowering mountainside, until they came to Monte Carlo. They alighted almost in the midst of the lovely Casino gardens and there found Derek waiting to drive them to the tournament.

The car was chauffeur driven with an enclosed tonneau. Robert promptly insisted upon sitting in front with the chauffeur. Margery and Derek sat inside. Margery was glad. It would give them a chance to talk before they met the others, and she did want to know what the police had said about the car. But at the same time, she found herself half-afraid to ask the question, for already she felt she knew the answer, and it was a frightening answer.

So instead she asked him about the Clinic, and he said the medical attention was excellent and the hospital itself perfectly run. Then his pleasant blunt-looking face clouded slightly. "I must say I was a little hurt that Fernley didn't offer to have me looked after at his villa, and especially that he hasn't been to see me at the Clinic."

Margery remembered that she, too, had felt faintly disappointed in Fernley for having refused to have Derek in the villa when the police sergeant had suggested it. In the light of Derek's relationship to him it had seemed not only inhospitable, but childish. She didn't comment on that part of Derek's remark, but said hastily: "But he couldn't come and see you, Derek. He left for London the next morning."

"He did? queer he said nothing to

me about it that afternoon I had drinks with you all."

There was a pause, then she took her courage in both hands. "Derek, what have the police found out about the car? When I asked you over the telephone you said you'd tell me to-day."

His young face was suddenly stern. "The police have found out beyond all doubt the brake connection was cut. It didn't snap or break. It was cleverly cut, and it must have been cut—deliberately."

"But — but who and why?" she faltered, though in her heart she felt she knew the answer.

"As for why," Derek said, "I should say that someone didn't like me raking up all that old scandal about Valerie's death. And I've a feeling that when I find for certain who cut that cable I'll also find out who murdered my sister, and when I do . . . His hands clenched on his knees."

"When I do," he repeated and his voice rasped. "It's going to be just too bad for that someone."

Before Margery had time to comment, they had reached the sports ground where the tournament was being held. Major and Mrs. Curtis were waiting for them outside the main entrance.

Margery found herself looking about for Robin. She wondered how he'd done in the tournament, and she wondered also why he hadn't written her he was coming.

**R**EMEMBERING their conversation the other night, Major Curtis said: "I suppose you're wondering what's been happening to your pal Robin Craven? Or perhaps you've been following the results in the local paper?"

She shook her head. "I'm afraid I haven't. How's he been doing?"

"He's out of the singles, but he's still in the mixed doubles with a Miss Rawlings. They seem to be doing pretty well. Incidentally, they're playing on the second court at two-thirty. If you care to we'll go along and watch the match."

"Yes, I'd like that."

They got to the court in good time and had excellent seats. As Robin and Greta with their opponents walked on to the court, he saw Margery sitting in the front row. He started, then waved to her, but she had a feeling he greeted her slightly self-consciously. Greta glanced in her direction too and nodded briefly. It wasn't, Margery thought, a friendly nod.

Robin and Greta won their match after a good tussle.

Robin sat with the others through the first half of the next match, but since it wasn't very inspiring, they left and were wandering across to another court when Robin, changed, his blond hair shining with water, dashed up to them. He grasped both Margery's hands and kissed her on the cheek.

"Margery, you don't know how good it is to see you! How very good!" There could be no doubting his sincerity.

"It's good to see you too, Robin." She introduced him to her friends.

"I hate to take you from your party," Robin said presently, "but couldn't you break away and have a cup of tea with me? We've so much to talk about."

Before she had time to reply Derek spoke: "But, of course you must go, Margery. We'll miss you having tea with us, but I guess we'll bear up." He grinned engagingly. "And I'll do one nice thing for you. I'll take young Master Robert off your hands and give you a break."

She looked round. "I don't know where he is." She smiled guiltily. "I'm afraid I'm not a very good governess!"

"The best sort of governesses never fuss their charges," he returned.

As they sat down to tea in the refreshment marquee, Robin remarked: "You seem to have made a number of good friends down here."

"Major Durban is a connection of my employer's." She added: "Is Greta going to join us for tea?"

He looked defiant and gully. "As a matter of fact she's playing in the women's doubles. I—I rather took the opportunity to get a word with you. I'd have rushed up and spoken to you when I first saw you to-day, but— . . . oh heck," he ran a hand up through his curling fair hair and added, somewhat sheepishly: "There's no getting away from it. Greta's difficult. The fact is, she is frightfully jealous, and especially of you."

"Greta is jealous of me?" She repeated it to gain time. Once how much pleasure those words would have given her! Now they merely filled her with a sense of unhappiness for him. "I'm sorry, Robin. There's no need for her to be."

"No need!" He, too, repeated her words and sat glumly stirring his tea. He cleared his throat and added: "I don't suppose I should be telling you all this, but I've always confided in you, ever since I can remember."

She asked tentatively: "But—you love her, don't you, Robin?"

"Oh yes, yes. When I first met her and we became engaged I was crazy about her. I still am, but I'd give anything if she'd be more rational about things, especially about you."

She could only say: "I'm awfully sorry, Robin, but surely she'll get over it? Especially if you don't give her any cause."

At that moment a voice behind Margery said: "Well, so this is where you've been! I might have known it. I don't suppose you were interested enough to see me play my match, were you?"

Robin had risen to his feet. He was stammering and he'd gone red in the face. "I—I met Margery and I thought it would be nice to take her to tea. Hang it all, Greta . . ."

"But, of course, it was lovely of you to take her to tea! I'm so glad I couldn't imagine anything I'd like better. It was nothing, absolutely nothing that I was sweating my heart out on the court trying to win one of the most difficult matches I've ever played in. Please don't think about it for one single moment. No, not for one moment."



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"Greta, sit down and have some tea," Robin said irritably. "Must you always make a scene? As you know, Margery and I..."

"Of course I know all about you and Margery," she broke in again. "Have I been hearing anything else ever since I became engaged to you? Margery this, Margery that, and how perfect she is. She never fussed you, she never quarrelled, she always put herself out to do everything to please you. In fact she was a regular doormat!"

"Greta, how dare you..."

"Please, please..." Margery found herself distressed and embarrassed to the point of tears. "Don't feel like this, please Greta. It's only because Robin and I were brought up together like brother and sister that he—she thinks I'm all right."

**G**RETA took Margery up sharply. "Like brother and sister, eh? I don't think you regarded him as a brother when I first butted in. In fact I'm sure you didn't. And since then I've very much doubted if he regarded you as a sister. Still, it's awfully nice we're all together again, isn't it? So very jolly!"

"Sit down and have some tea and shut up, will you?" Robin said through his teeth.

"Oh, do you think..." Greta was beginning, her face scarlet, her dark eyes blazing, when there was another interruption and, although in her heart she disliked and feared him, the interruption was so welcome that Margery almost gasped aloud her relief when Pierre came up to them.

"Ah, Miss Red-ford, I was about to order tea and happened to see you over here. Am I breaking in on a private party or am I welcome?"

He smiled with all his gay charm and flashed his teeth and Margery could do nothing else but introduce him to Greta and Robin. Greta said promptly: "But this is lovely! So much nicer a foursome than a threesome, don't you think? Do sit down and join us for tea."

They all had tea and it wasn't a happy meal, not at least for Margery and Robin. Greta, undoubtedly out of jealousy and spite, blatantly threw herself at Pierre's head.

Margery couldn't help wondering how Pierre had happened to be at this tournament, she'd never heard him mention he either played or was keen on tennis when the subject had been discussed before—had he deliberately come because he knew both she and Derek would be here?

She excused herself presently and said that she must get back to her friends and see how Robert was getting along. Robin, with a fierce glance at Greta, who was still flirting outrageously with Pierre, said he'd accompany her.

Once they were outside the marquee he burst out: "How some women can go nuts over the Latin type beats me! All those insincere compliments and the show of teeth. But obviously she's fascinated by the fellow."

So Greta's little act has achieved what she wanted it to do, Margery thought, and thought, too, how extra-

ordinarily people acted when they were in love. Before they reached the others he said savagely: "All right, if she's going out with that Frenchman to-night, what say you and I go out, Margie?"

"No, thanks again, Robin. If two people are playing at making each other jealous it must end in disaster, don't you agree?"

He hesitated, then he said soberly: "Perhaps you're right. You always are right. You must have a bad impression of her from to-day, but there are times when she's sweet, awfully sweet."

"I'm sure she is," she agreed warmly, and she hoped and prayed that Greta would come to her senses in time. Not only that she'd learn to control her temper, but that nothing disastrous would come of the flirtation that she had started with Pierre Labois.

Margery was to hope this even more fervently in the days that followed, for, from what she could gather, Pierre and Greta were practically inseparable. He made no secret of the fact that, whenever she wasn't on the courts, she was out somewhere with him. What Robin was doing and thinking, Margery didn't know.

She felt so strongly about it that one evening when Pierre brought Greta back to the house and had left her for a few minutes alone in the lounge, Margery, finding her there, burst out: "How can you play around with Pierre like this, Greta! Don't you realise how Robin must be feeling? Don't you care for him at all?"

Greta looked at her coldly. "It's natural you should be concerned about Robin, but rather funny you should seem to want me to go back to him. But I suppose it's an act. You want to be able to take him back from me with a clear conscience, is that it?"

"No, it isn't. I'm awfully fond of Robin, as you know, but..."

Greta broke in again. "Oh, yes, I know. Why don't you do something about it?" Her voice broke on rather a high note.

"We don't want to do anything about it," Margery returned quietly. "Robin and I are not in love with each other."

"See you!"

Margery suddenly got angry. "We are not. Robin told me how much he loved you the other day and surely you don't need me to tell you that he's a grand fellow? Why, you can't compare him with—" But she stopped short.

"With Pierre?" Greta caught her up.

"All right, with Pierre," Margery returned hoarsely. "You can't, Greta. Robin's everything that's fine, while Pierre..." But again she broke off.

"Are you trying to tell me that Pierre isn't everything that's fine?" Greta interposed coldly.

Margery hesitated. She knew it would be unwise to reply truthfully to that question, she knew it might even be dangerous for herself and yet she felt, too, that Robin's happiness was at stake.

"Greta, can't you see for yourself that he's nothing compared with Robin?"

"You are trying to put me off Pierre, aren't you? Might I ask, since you keep asserting you're not in love with Robin any longer, have you fallen in love with Pierre?"

Margery had no time even for the vehement denial she would have uttered, for Pierre himself was in the room.

"Now what are you two girls squabbling about?" He smiled charmingly, sally. "Come, let a mere man in on it, and doesn't a mere man love to find himself the subject matter of a feminine conversation! I could wish for nothing better!"

"Then you've certainly had your wish to-day, Pierre," Greta said, throwing a challenging look at Margery. "We've been talking of nothing but you. Or, rather, Margery has been talking of nothing but you, you and her precious Robin."

"And can I ask what you've been saying about me?" His voice was still light but his eyes, Margery noticed, were wary.

"Oh, Margery's been warning me against you. She says you're thoroughly—" But she paused. It seemed a long pause. Everything was very silent suddenly.

"Yes?" Pierre prompted, when the silence had lasted too long.

"Oh, she merely said you weren't to be trusted with women. But I think that's a recommendation."

Greta smiled, but her own voice was shaky.

"Oh, is that what she said?" But he didn't sound convincing, and the tension, curiously, didn't relax. "Come along, Greta. We'll push off now." A moment later they were off. Margery wondered why Greta hadn't told him the truth about what she had said. Also, when they were walking arm in arm out of the lounge, she noticed a look of fear in Greta's eyes.

**I**T was a coincidence that a short while after Greta and Pierre had left the house Robin called. Margery hadn't seen him for over a week.

"I suspected Master Pierre would be out," he said, "that's one reason I came. I've been wanting to see you for days. You understand why I haven't come?"

"Yes, I suppose I do," she said doubtfully, and burst out: "But Robin, surely we're good enough friends..."

"I know, I know, Margery, but I just don't want Greta to have anything extra to complain of. I thought I'd toe the line good and proper and see if she appreciated the fact. But she hasn't. She's been out with that French jockey nearly every night."

"You're—you're still engaged, Robin?"

"Oh, there's been no definite break. She says, and I suppose I agree, we both ought to have a little fling before we settle down. But, oh, heck, it's all so unsatisfactory! Margery, tell me. This Pierre, he isn't a bad chap?"

"I don't really know, Robin," she answered slowly. "He mayn't be, and yet I'm... I'm scared of him. I think Greta is too!"

He looked at her incredulously. "Scared of him?"



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"Yes, Pierre isn't—like you, Robin. Oh, I—I can't explain what Pierre's like! Perhaps I don't know. But I suspect . . ." But she broke off.

"What's the matter, you're shivering?"

"Was I? I—I suppose I felt cold suddenly. Please don't let's talk about Pierre!"

"If only I could get Grete away from here, but we're booked to go on to the tournament at Nice. I suggested we scratch, but she wouldn't hear of it. . . . Life can be pretty tough, can't it?"

It could be tough, but it could be good as well. When Fernley had held her in his arms, when he had kissed her lips, called her "my darling." When would he come back and why hadn't he written to her? It was the question she asked herself eternally.

**S**UDDENLY, even as she and Robin stood there in the large attractive drawing-room that was full of shadows, Margery had her answer. She had it dramatically and cruelly and in a way she never would have dreamt of having it.

There was, all at once, the sound of a car being driven up the twisting drive, and a few moments later Mlle. Labois rushed into the lounge.

"It is my brother-in-law, Fernley, he has returned," the Frenchwoman gasped out. "He has come in a hired car, possibly from the airport. But why did he not let us know? Pierre could have met him."

Then Fernley himself stepped through the french windows. He stood there, tall and lean, impeccably dressed. He didn't smile, his face was expressionless . . . as expressionless as it had been when Margery had first met him at the Employment Bureau.

Mlle. Labois broke the silence. — "My dear Fernley, how delightful to see you. Welcome home. But why did you not let us know you were coming? Pierre would have been at the airport to meet you."

"I thought I should like my home-coming to be a surprise," he said.

"But—but, of course, it is a surprise, but such a welcome surprise. We are all so happy to have you back. So v-ery, v-ery happy."

"I'm glad," he said. But his voice was toneless, and still he hadn't looked at Margery. "I'm glad," he repeated it. "I hope you will be equally pleased to welcome Denise, my future wife."

Incredibly he had said it. "I hope you'll be equally pleased to welcome Denise, my future wife."

And after that the silence held again. For the moment Mlle. Labois and Margery, at least, were incapable of speaking. Margery just stared at him stupidly. Sick with disillusion, she couldn't think clearly, nor notice anything . . . not even notice how anyone else was acting.

Mlle. Labois' pale face had taken on a look of insane, outraged fury. "You—you have brought this fiancée? Then it was true!" she cried.

"I should hate to tell you anything that wasn't true, my dear Yvette," Fernley returned quietly. "Let me introduce you to Denise. She's outside in the car. I thought I'd," he paused and something like a slight smile showed on his face, "pave the way, as it were."

He left the room as he had entered it, through the french windows, returning in a couple of minutes during which no one in the drawing-room had spoken.

A tall slim girl, not strikingly beautiful but with fine features, walked into the room with him. Margery found herself thinking Fernley and this girl were strangely alike. It wasn't so much a resemblance of features, but some indefinite quality they both had, and although she was smiling, she was smiling in the same curiously impersonal way Fernley often smiled.

"May I present my fiancée, Miss Denise O'Rourke? My sister-in-law, Mlle. Labois, Miss Redford, and . . ." He looked inquiringly in Robin's direction.

"Robin Craven," Margery supplied. But it sounded so unlike her normal voice that, a moment later, she wondered if she had spoken.

"Well, Yvette, aren't you going to greet Denise? Make her welcome?" Fernley's voice had sharpened.

"Yes, but naturally, by dear Fernley. It is only—we are all a little surprised, you must forgive us. How do you do, Miss—Miss O'Rourke. You are welcome." But it was difficult for her to control her voice, it was shaking badly.

Margery looked at her then, and for the time she forgot her own misery. She was frightened by what she saw in Mlle. Labois' face, and into her mind rushed the memory of that conversation she'd overheard between the Frenchwoman and her brother the other night. She'd felt then that Fernley was in danger. She felt that same danger for him now, for him and the tall girl who was looking about her in such a cool detached way.

"Thank you," Denise's voice was almost as impersonal as her bearing. Margery was again sharply reminded of Fernley's voice. How strange he should have fallen in love with a girl who in so many ways resembled himself.

"Show Denise to her room, if you please, Yvette. I'm sure she wants to wash after her journey."

His voice was curt with command and Margery could see that Mlle. Labois resented it. She said, her voice trembling more than ever: "I have no room prepared. You didn't tell me you were bringing a—a fiancée, or any guest, Fernley."

"As I said, I thought to surprise you might be pleasant." Once again Margery saw that slight smile on his face, but again it didn't reach his eyes. "But you can take Denise up to the golden suite, Yvette."

This was the first mention Margery had heard of the golden suite, she hadn't been in all the rooms in the villa. But if the golden suite had no significance for her, it evidently had a decided significance for Mlle.

Labois. Her face went almost bloodless and, for a moment, she steadied herself against the arm of the chair as though to prevent herself falling.

"You want this woman to have the golden suite, Adele's suite," she whispered.

"Yes, of course," Fernley's voice was impatient. "It's the principal suite. The suite my future wife should occupy."

But this was apparently too much for Mlle. Labois.

She cried: "But it is Adele's suite! Your real wife's suite, Fernley! No one occupies it. Not even a guest."

"You forget my second wife, Valerie, used it."

"Yes, but she—she—"

"She died, didn't she?" the tall girl's voice broke in coldly. "But don't worry, Mlle. Labois. I'm not superstitious. I'm quite willing to sleep in the golden suite. And I assure you I'm not going to die. Please take me up to it."

Mlle. Labois hesitated, then without a word she turned towards the stairs.

"Come down presently and I'll shake up a cocktail, Denise," Fernley said.

"I—I must be getting along," Robin said. "It's been nice seeing you, Margery."

Margery was glad of the excuse to leave the room. Then she ran up the stairs, and once in her room she flung herself down on the bed and her slight body shook with sobs. All her dreams lay about her, twisted, broken. She couldn't stay on here. She couldn't stay on here and see Fernley married to another woman.

Presently she got herself under control, washed her face and repowdered it, and went below to Robert. The little boy had fallen asleep with the book open across his chest. She knelt beside him, putting her arms about him, and kissed the soft cheek.

## FOOTSTEPS

**F**ootsteps sounded, and Margery turned sharply. Fernley had paused in the nursery door and was looking down at them. She sprang up.

"Margery, please don't run away. I . . ." But he didn't go on. He looked, for a moment, confused, uncertain what to say to her.

"I was going to change for dinner," she murmured. "I just ran down to see if Robert was all right."

"He's certainly all right. He's sound asleep. He looks—fine. You've taken grand care of him while I've been away, Margery."

"I've done my best, but now . . ." She paused.

"But now?" he prompted.

"I—I feel I'd like to go back to England if you could arrange for someone else to take my place, Mr. Thornton."

"Nonsense. You're not going. I'm not going to allow it. What would Robert do? What would I—?" He broke off.

"I'm sure Robert will be perfectly all right. And—and won't your new wife look after him? He's such a darling! I don't think any woman could help loving him!" She was



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trying to speak as calmly as possible. "And—and I haven't congratulated you yet, have I? I do congratulate you. I hope you'll be happy."

"I wonder if you mean that, Margery?" he asked.

Robert must have been disturbed by the sound of their voices for he suddenly opened his eyes, saw his father and shrieked, "Daddy!"

Fernley gathered the little boy up into his arms, hugging him to him closely, and Margery, watching them, thought: "At least I've done something. I've brought father and son together. I've made them love and understand one another."

She was about to turn and go when Fernley's voice stopped her again. He still held the little boy in his arms and was looking at her over the small tousled head.

"Don't go yet, Margery. Robert has something to say to you, something to ask you, Robert," he tilted the boy's face up and spoke very seriously. "Margery is threatening to go away and leave us, but she mustn't go, must she? You must tell her she mustn't. You must tell her neither of us." He emphasised it, "could get along without her."

"But Margery's not going to leave us, Margery's never going to leave us, are you, Margery?" Robert pulled himself out of his father's arms and flung himself at the girl, clasping her so tightly about the neck he was almost choking her.

"You tell her she can't go, Daddy. Tell her she's got to stay. Why don't you marry her, Daddy, then she'd have to stay? Wives have to stay with their husbands, don't they?"

That was altogether too much. She heard herself say in a tight, half-strangled voice: "But your daddy can't marry me, Robert. He's going to . . ."

But Fernley cut in on her. "Don't say any more, Margery. There's no need for him to know anything about what—what was said down in the lounge. It will only confuse him."

At that moment there was a rap on the door and Juan came in to say that dinner was about to be served, but would M. Thornton be requiring cocktails first?

"Heavens, I'm not changed," Margery said, and fled.

Margery was panting when she reached her room, and her cheeks were hot. What a humiliating, agonising conversation! But also—the thought made her pause as she was about to slip her dress over her head—what an incredible one. What had Fernley meant when he'd said there was no need for Robert to know about his approaching marriage?

On her way down she turned towards the door of Mlle. Labois' bedroom to go through to see if Robert had gone back to sleep, but the door was closed. She was hesitating outside, wondering if she should knock when she heard voices, one was Pierre's . . . So Pierre had returned. But she had thought Greta and he were going out for the evening.

She didn't knock but went on down the stairs to the lounge. Denise was standing over by the uncurtained french windows, but when Margery came into the room, she came swiftly

towards her and, strangely, took both her hands.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to meet you. I've heard so much about you from Fernley. So many complimentary things."

Margery stammered out something in confusion. It was not only startling that Denise should have said that, but her obvious sincerity was startling too. Margery felt her resentment melting. In surprise she found herself thinking: "She's so like Fernley. One can't help liking her."

Juan came in, wheeling the cocktail trolley. Fernley, who had changed into a dinner jacket, was down a few minutes later, and after him came Mlle. Labois and Pierre.

Pierre certainly looked far from pleased with himself, or with anybody. Mlle. Labois was tight-lipped and her eyes were calculating and wary.

Margery was standing by the mantel-shelf when Pierre came over and joined her, his cocktail glass in his hand.

He said moodily, almost angrily:

"You seem very pleased with yourself. But I've a feeling your pleasure is going to be short-lived. You won't get your Robin back after all."

She looked at him coolly. "No?"

"No. That little spitfire's not going to give him up." He said it through his teeth. "It appears she's been only playing with me."

**M**MARGERY felt her heart lift. So Greta had come to her senses. She sipped her drink and looked around at the others. Pierre might be glum and moody, but Mlle. Labois was bright-eyed, almost feverish looking. Once or twice before the thought had crossed Margery's mind that she mightn't be sane.

As a little later they all made their way into the dining-room Margery found herself wedged up against Fernley in the corridor.

"Thanks for being such a good sport," he whispered, and for a moment his hand closed over hers.

Conversation during dinner was forced, any gaiety there was seemed unnatural. Margery didn't remember much what was said, until they started to talk about Fernley's yacht. She supposed the mention of it caught her attention because ever since she'd been down here she'd heard references to it, but she's never seen it.

"You'll be glad to hear she's coming back to-morrow. I heard to-day when I was in the shipyard at Cannes," Pierre remarked.

"That's splendid," Fernley returned. "You'll enjoy going for a sail, won't you, Denise? If I remember rightly you're an expert skipper's mate. Do you remember the fun we used to have sailing in the old days?"

So they hadn't recently met, Margery's mind registered.

"You will be taking The Adele to-morrow, Fernley?" Mlle. Labois inquired.

"Yes, probably, what do you say, Denise?"

"Well, I was rather looking forward to spending the day in Cannes," she frowned, as though thinking about it,

"But why shouldn't we have a sail in the evening? I adore sailing about sunset. We might have a late tea and take our supper on board with us."

"Yes, why not? Capital idea."

"You will go on The Adele after tea—together?" Mlle. Labois asked slowly. "You will be taking some crew, Fernley?"

"No, I don't think we shall be," he returned. "What do you say, Denise? It's rather more fun if we sail her between us. Besides," he smiled, "two's company and three's a crowd. Denise and I want to be alone, don't we, darling?"

Mlle. Labois' high-pitched strident voice broke in. "You would go and make love with this woman on the boat you named after your real wife? Your only wife, Fernley! Why I . . ."

"Yvette, what are you saying? How could you say such a thing!" It was Pierre who broke in, and he looked across at her in a horrified, frightened way. Mlle. Labois was scarlet, the veins stood out and throbbed in her forehead.

"I . . ." Once again she seemed to pull herself together with an effort. "I am sorry, I am not myself. If you will excuse me." She got to her feet and left the table. Pierre sprang up, opened the door for her, then returned to his seat.

"I must ask you to forgive my sister, Miss O'Rourke," he said. "I suppose the sudden announcement of your engagement to my brother-in-law was something of a shock to her. She was very attached to her sister Adele, who, as you know, was Fernley's first wife, and, as a matter of fact, she hasn't been at all well lately . . . What were we talking about? Ah, yes, about you and Fernley going for a sail to-morrow evening."

"I'm looking forward to it," Denise smiled.

"Yes." Once again Pierre frowned. He sat tapping with his dessert knife on his plate. "But—do you know, Fernley," he glanced up at his brother-in-law sharply, "I'd be a bit careful."

"Careful—of what?" Fernley looked surprised.

Again Pierre hesitated.

"Well, you know, Fernley, things down here are not as they were. I don't know whether they're Communist activities or what, but there's a gang going about, intent not only on trying to kill the luxury trade, but doing definite damage to so-called rich people's property. Do you know, Miss Redford," he turned to Margery, "that gang may have had something to do with what happened to the car you and Major Durban were driving the other night."

"Here," Fernley interposed, "What's all this? Surely that was an accident?"

"Well, of course, it may have been," Pierre agreed. "But I seem to have heard a rumor the police think otherwise. Don't you think you'd better have a word with the police?"

"A word with the police about what?" For a moment Fernley looked completely startled.

"On, well," Pierre was now drawing patterns with the tip of his fruit



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knife on the heavy damask tablecloth. "A word in their ears that you suspect some sort of sabotage and would they keep an eye on the yacht? You can say you've had a friendly warning. I must say, my dear brother-in-law, I think it would be a wise precaution."

Margery couldn't help feeling it all sounded rather preposterous and she expected Fernley to laugh. But he didn't laugh. His grey eyes narrowed as he looked across at Pierre. "You think that would be a wise precaution?"

Pierre shrugged gracefully. "If I hadn't thought so, I would not have suggested it."

"I think I rather agree with M. Labots," Denise broke in, and her cool impersonal voice was suddenly serious. "I've read something about these acts of sabotage on luxury cars and yachts, undoubtedly due to Communists. It might be a good idea if Fernley had a word with the police in the morning. . . . After all, we won't want anything to happen to The Adele—or to ourselves," she added.

"I don't think anything is liable to happen to yourselves," Pierre said with a laugh. "It's rich people's property they are after."

"One doesn't seem to be sure of anything these days," Fernley interposed. "Look at the accident Miss Redford and Derek had in the car. That might have proved fatal."

"Yes, that's true," Pierre agreed soberly. "All the more reason why I think you should mention your suspicions to the police."

But surely they had been his suspicions, not Fernley's, Margery found herself thinking. But Fernley didn't seem aware of that. He answered: "Yes, all right, I will," and rising added: "Come along. Let's have coffee on the porch."

Margery excused herself. She wanted nothing but the cool darkness of her room, to be alone with her sense of heartache. She lay on her bed for a long time without undressing, just feeling numb with misery, but finally she must have slept for she awoke to find the light still burning, although dawn was pale in the sky.

Wearily she got undressed and got into bed. She seemed to have just dozed off again when Juan came with her tea, and the next day, which was to prove the most fateful of Margery's whole life, began.

Her waking thought was: Fernley doesn't love me. He is going to marry someone else. She dressed, went downstairs and dressed Robert, but all this was routine. It didn't keep her mind from her thoughts, though doing something practical helped.

Fernley and Denise left for Cannes after they'd had their petit déjeuner together on the porch. They drove off apparently in the highest spirits, calling good-bye to everyone. While Margery was reading with Robert on the porch a small enchanting yacht sailed into the private bay and dropped anchor.

Pierre went out, met the men who had sailed it around from the docks, and brought them up to the Villa for a drink before they left again for Cannes. Later Margery and Robert went down to the beach that

was just round the corner from the bay where the yacht was anchored.

Since Robert adored picnics they had taken a picnic lunch, and Margery had been delighted to be out of the Villa. The last thing she wanted was to sit down to luncheon with Pierre and Mlle. Labots.

After lunch she was vainly trying to concentrate upon a book while Robert played about the rocks when Robin suddenly appeared.

"I called at the Villa and they told me you were down her picnicking." He dropped down on the golden sand beside her. "I wanted to tell you some news, good news, Marjorie."

She had been lying on her back, but now she rolled over on her elbow. "What is it, Robin?"

"Greta and I are to be married at once. At the Mairie at Nice, can you beat it? She was terribly glad to see me last night and awfully touched to know I'd come back just because I thought she'd be alone. . . . Well, anyhow, to cut a long story short, we made everything up and decided to be married at once. Why waste this grand holiday? We can still play in the tournament at Nice and honeymoon there as well."

"I am glad," Margery said in all sincerity.

"So am I, you bet." He laughed boyishly. "And—I'm sure we're all going to be great friends afterwards."

"I don't think Greta likes me very much," she murmured.

**A**GAIN Robin laughed lightly. "You're wrong," he told Margery. "Greta said last night she'd been all wrong about you and she was sure you were an awfully good sort. She even said she was sorry she'd been mean about you, and she wants you to come to the wedding."

"I am glad," Margery murmured again. "I'm so happy for both your sakes, Robin."

"Thanks, I'm happy too. I," his square-cut, good-looking face sobered, "only wish you were happy too, Margie."

She said, shading her eyes and looking straight out to sea: "What makes you think I'm not happy, Robin?"

"Oh, don't try and kid me. We're too close for that." He reached across and took one of her hands. "I know you had a crush on your employer (Thornton), and I know what a nasty shock it must have been when he appeared last night with some girl whom he introduced as his fiancée. I could have given him a sock in the jaw. You poor kid."

"I don't need any pity!"

"All right, you won't get it!" He got off the sand and dusted himself. "But whether you need any pity or not you're a grand youngster, and I'm terribly fond of you. Good-bye, Margie, so long, the best always."

He went hastily, rather awkwardly, and kissed her, then he strode off the way he had come. As he disappeared Robert came back from a protracted sojourn on the rocks.

"Margery, I saw daddy!" he cried. "You saw your father? But you can't have. He's gone to Cannes."

"But I tell you I saw him, Margery, but he was dressed so funny. Like a fisherman and he was in a little rowing boat."

She laughed. "That wasn't your father! It can't have been."

"Oh, but it was. I tell you I saw him rowing in the little boat out of a cave. I know my daddy."

Of course he'd been mistaken, but there was no point in arguing. Anyhow it was getting time to go back to the Villa and get ready for tea.

Tea was going to be late, it had been arranged. Fernley and Denise were even a little later than the tea, which had been brought out on to one of the soft-terraced lawns. Mlle. Labots had reappeared, looking pale, but her eyes were alive and the adjective was in Margery's mind, madly alive.

Margery was surprised that she decided to begin tea before Fernley and Denise had joined them, but the Frenchwoman said: "There is no need to wait until our tea gets cold. I have the kettle boiling over the spirit lamp so I can make Fernley and Miss O'Rourke a fresh pot when they come."

While Margery drank her tea she kept thinking of Robert's story of the fisherman who had looked like his father. How on earth did the boy get hold of such an idea? That it had been absurd was proved a little while later when Fernley and Denise arrived, full of news of the day in Cannes, lunch at the Carlton, shopping at the principal stores.

Fernley said they would change into their yachting kit before they had tea and, a short time later when they appeared on the terrace, Denise was wearing linen slacks of a delightful shade of jade green with a short-sleeved tomato red pullover. She was one of those women who wear slacks perfectly and she looked delightful. Margery felt a stab of envy.

"I have a special pot of the sort of tea you like, my dear Fernley, and the water is boiling. I shall just pour it in," Mlle. Labots murmured.

It was a casual enough sentence and yet, afterwards, Margery found she could remember every word of it. And afterwards she knew, too, that from that moment the whole atmosphere of the tea-party changed. It was something she couldn't explain other than that from that moment she began to feel uncomfortable, and she was conscious, too, that the others seemed ill at ease, with the possible exception of Fernley and Denise.

They sat on the lawn to the back of the group, laughing and talking together, with their tea and small sweet biscuits.

She found herself full of an impulse to cry out to Fernley, to warn him—but against what?

"Have some more tea, my dear Fernley, and you too, Miss O'Rourke!" Margery started. Mlle. Labots' voice was so shrill, so—the adjective in her mind was vindictive, and that strange glowing look was even more pronounced to her eyes.

"No, thanks, Yvette. It was delicious though."

"I make very good tea, almost as



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good as the English, I'm sure you agree, Miss O'Rourke?"

"Certainly, Miss Labois. It was delicious."

"And now shouldn't you two be getting on to the yacht? You don't want to leave too late, or it will be dark." Miss Labois spoke urgently, more urgently than the situation could possibly warrant.

Pierre seemed aware of this, for he said with a laugh: "What's the idea of rushing them on to the yacht, Yvette? Anyone might think you wanted to break up this delightful little party."

"Yes, of course, no one wants to break up this little party but . . . her fingers were plucking the black lace silk afternoon gown she was wearing. "No one, only . . . it is getting late for a sail, don't you think?"

**FERNLEY** said, "Maybe you're right." He got to his feet and stretched, smothering a yawn. "Gosh, I'm sleepy. Must be a result of the journey yesterday. Perhaps you're right about it getting late, Yvette. We may not go sailing, after all, this evening."

Denise turned lazily towards Fernley.

"Let's go now since it's all arranged. Gosh, the journey must have tired me too. I'm sleepy as anything."

"Then we'd best get the boat under way before we both fall fast asleep," Fernley said and laughed. He turned usually towards the others. "Good-bye for the moment, everyone. I don't suppose we'll be out more than two or three hours."

"Did you mention that matter I spoke of to the police?" Pierre called after him.

Fernley turned back. "Oh, yes, I said they'd keep an eye on the yacht, but they didn't seem much worried about the possibility of damage."

"So long as you mentioned it," Pierre said.

Margery sat on the terraced lawn and watched the two of them stride through the gathering dusk towards the small pier. With their departure the tension should have lessened, but it didn't. With every minute she sat there on the darkening lawn it increased. And with it her sense of fear, of imminent disaster, increased too. Down in the bay she distinguished the figures of Denise and Fernley walking along the pier, watched them step into the small rowboat, row towards the yacht. . . . But it wasn't until the yacht was under way that Miss Labois made that loud noise, a small sound of exultation, of horribly evil exultation.

Margery's sense of fear increased. It was nameless fear that kept her fixed to the deck-chair, made her unable of moving although she knew that Robert should be getting ready for bed. No one else moved. Not Miss Labois nor Pierre. Yvette, too, sat motionless, watching the progress of the small dainty yacht as the white sails looked like moth's wings against a darkening blue-black

sky as the English, I'm sure you agree, Miss O'Rourke?"

The explosion was shatteringly clear even at this distance, and at that same moment the yacht seemed to blow up in pieces and disappear.

In the first moment of seeing it happening no one on the lawn moved. Margery sat stunned with a horror such as she had never known, a horror and a despair that was too deep, too awful for her even to cry out.

"Ah-a-a." It was Miss Labois who made the sound, and it was a long-drawn sound of extreme and awful satisfaction.

"Ah-a-a," she said it again. "That, then, is the end." But there was no shock or sorrow in her voice, nothing but an intense satisfaction.

And then Margery knew. She knew that once again murder had been done, deliberate cold-blooded murder, and this time the victims were Fernley's future wife and Fernley himself.

She swung round on Miss Labois. "You've murdered him. You've murdered both him and Miss O'Rourke!" She had no justification, no proof, she merely knew it.

And Miss Labois laughed. She laughed in a high-pitched insane way. "And why not?" she said unbelievably. "He deserved to be murdered."

"Yvette, what are you saying? You don't know what you're saying!" It was Pierre shouting at her, in a horrified agonised way. He came over and shook her wildly, as though she'd been a rag doll.

"Stop shaking me, Pierre. Why shouldn't I say I'm glad he's dead? I'm glad—glad. He tortured my poor Adele until she died and then he put that awful American woman in her place. . . . She had to die too. I drugged her, carried her out into the summer-house, and shot her, making it look as though she'd done it herself. . . . In the very same place where Adele had died. My beloved, beloved Adele."

"You're mad, you're insane!" Pierre had been desperately trying to stop her torrent of words. "Don't you know what you're saying. . . ? Miss Redford is listening to you. You're telling her."

"That I killed Fernley's second wife Valerie? But of course I did. I would have killed her too," she turned venomous eyes upon Margery. "It she'd been going to marry him. But she was saved when he brought that other woman down here as his future wife. Then it was she who had to die. . . . You know I would allow no one, no one at all, in my darling's place."

"But why did you murder him?" Margery cried. Her voice was shrill with the horror of it all, and the despair.

"Don't answer her, Yvette," Pierre tried to put a hand over her mouth, but the small sharp teeth, that were

so like rat's teeth, bit into the hand. With a hoarse cry of rage and fury he sprang away from her.

"Why did I murder him?" Miss Labois went on, that savage, gloating note back in her voice. "But why not? He made my beloved Adele miserable so she took her own life, he put someone else in her place, he was about to put another in her place. . . . And then there was the money. His money which Robert would have and I would have as Robert's guardian, I and you, Pierre."

This time Pierre's fist, smashing into her face, silenced her. She uttered a shriek and half fell back.

At that same moment a man's voice said: "Even though she's a murderer that does not excuse your hitting her, my dear brother-in-law."

It was Fernley's voice, and as he spoke he stepped from behind some bushes.

"Fernley!" Margery cried it out. She stared at him as though he'd been a ghost and the next moment she had tottered towards him.

His arms caught her and held her. Arms like bands of steel about her yet gently. "My darling, my darling," he said. Then she fainted.

Margery was lying on a couch in the lounge when she recovered consciousness. Fernley was kneeling beside her, forcing brandy between her lips.

"Oh, my sweet, you gave me such a scare," he muttered. "You've been dead out for some time, though the doctor said not to worry."

"The doctor?" She opened her eyes and stared at him. "Then it was true. You are alive!" she whispered. She raised a hand to touch his face, to caress it, then she remembered Denise, the girl he was going to marry, and the hand fell back to her side. But he caught up the hand and raising it to his lips he kissed each one of the fingers.

"My darling, I love you so much," he muttered.

**B**UT that was incredible, Margery thought stupidly. As incredible as everything that had happened to-night. Fernley had called her once again "My darling." He had said "I love you."

"Did you—did you say that, Fernley?" she whispered.

He nodded and his face was no longer expressionless, he was smiling. "I said it. I'll say it again. And now I can say it. I love you. I love you, Margery, my darling. I can shout to the whole world that I love you and want to marry you."

But still she couldn't understand it. "But—but Denise, Miss O'Rourke?" she faltered.

For answer he rose to his feet and called: "Denise, come here a moment, please?"

And the tall thin girl, still dressed in those attractive jade green slacks, came in from the porch.

Fernley went over and took her hand.

"Denise is my half-sister," he said. "She agreed to come down and pose



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as my fiancée, for she was determined to help me get rid of the awful shadow that lay over my life. She felt too that my life was in danger, and since the poisoning incident with the honey I, too, was sure it was. But there was nothing definite one could pin on either Mlle. Labois or her brother. Even that car accident you and Derek had might have been genuine."

"But—but why did she try to kill me?" Margery asked.

"I think the person she wanted to kill was Derek. By trying to pry into Valerie's death he was a danger both to her and to Pierre. And then you. . . . I don't think she minded getting rid of you either. For one thing she was jealous of your influence over Robert, whom she loved in a mad, possessive way, and for another she believed, rightly, that I was interested in you."

"She had determined I shouldn't marry again, for one thing she had an obsession about her dead sister, and, for another, and this was the reason which, of course, induced Pierre to help her, there was the money. If I died unmarried all my money went to Robert. Since he wasn't of age she could practically have done with it what she liked. Adele induced me to make that arrangement years ago, and Mlle. Labois didn't know I'd since altered it."

"She—she was mad, wasn't she?" Margery found she was shivering. "On the lawn . . . the dreadful things she said, admitted to. No sane woman would have. Where—where is she?"

Once more he dropped on his knees and put an arm about her. "She's in hospital, unconscious. Incidentally, she's under arrest and a gendarme is sitting beside her bed waiting to take a statement, should she recover consciousness. I hope she doesn't. When she saw the game was up, that I'd brought the police with me who'd overheard what she'd been saying, she swallowed the powerful drug she had with her, some of which she had already put in Denise's and my tea."

"Your tea? It was drugged?"

"We suspected it might be, we weren't taking any chances. We didn't drink it. You see, we'd seen through her plan, it was simple and yet it might easily have succeeded. Pierre put me on the track of it at dinner last night with all his talk about Communist sabotage and suggesting I speak to the police. He was, of course, trying to plant in the minds of the police a motive for what was going to happen, to wit, for a time bomb to blow up the yacht once Denise and I were on board, both of us too groggy with the drug to do anything about saving ourselves."

"But—but I saw you on board," she stammered. "In the flash!"

He laughed. "You saw two stuffed figures. Denise got those made-to-day in Cannes while I came back here and reconnoitred. I saw Pierre board the yacht and a little while later I boarded the yacht after him and was successful in locating the bomb. I rendered it harmless. The bomb which eventually went off was one Denise and I took on board with us. It went off

after we'd left the boat, under cover of the darkness."

"But—but why did you have to do that? Why did you have to blow up the yacht?"

"Because I felt if she didn't think she'd been successful we'd never get a confession."

"And Pierre?"

Pernley's long lean face hardened. "He's dead. He was shot resisting arrest and died less than half an hour ago. It's much better. I should have had to give evidence against him. That would have been—unpleasant. Whatever he'd done he was, after all, Adele's brother."

"Adele, your first wife," Margery whispered it. "Did she—die by her own hand?"

He nodded slowly and once again his face was bleak and expressionless. In the pause Denise murmured: "I think I'll go and see about some tea. Brandy's all very well, but I think we all need some tea. Real tea."

**D**ENISE left the room and still the pause held. Pernley had risen to his feet. He was looking past Margery, out to where the night shadows were thick and black on the porch.

"I'll tell you about Adele," he said slowly. "I think you've a right to know, both about her and Valerie. I was very young when I fell in love with Adele's childish simplicity. In so many respects she always was a simple child, she never grew up. . . . A child in the way she was not only influenced by her elder sister but mentally and morally dependent upon her."

"Yvette had brought her up. She adored Adele in a mad, possessive way. She wanted to keep her a child, she wanted to keep her entirely dependent upon her, she wanted," he paused again and drew a long breath, "to torture her."

"Torture her?" Margery jerked the words out half incredulously.

"There can be no other explanation. From the moment of our marriage she never left Adele alone. She was fiendishly jealous of me, and she set to work to poison Adele's mind against me. She persuaded her I was unfaithful, that I was always running after other women, every vile thing she could think of. Adele was never very strong minded and as a result she fell into a deep melancholia one night—well, she took a revolver I kept in the house for emergencies and shot herself."

Margery stretched out one of her hands to him, to offer sympathy, but he didn't appear to see it. He cleared his throat twice before he went on: "I swore I'd never marry again. When the war was over I would travel, devote myself to Robert, but . . ."

"But you met Valerie and fell in love with her?" Margery supplied slowly.

"No. It wasn't like that. Valerie was my wife merely in name."

Again he paused, and it was some little time before he resumed: "I had a great pal in the war, Clive Hanson. One night we were lying in a shell hole together during a

bombardment and he told me he was in love with an American nurse named Valerie Durban. They were planning to be married when they both got leave, but now, well, now the wedding would have to be put forward because of something he'd just learned. The wedding had, in fact, been arranged for the day after."

"I hope I get out of this alive. I can't bear to think what will happen to Valerie if I don't," he kept saying. 'She's the dearest girl, the finest girl, but in war, when one feels one may be killed any moment, you know how these things happen.' Well—to cut a long story short, the shell did for him but left me alive, although, for the time being, a physical wreck. The last thing he muttered was: 'Take care of Valerie.'"

"I thought the best way I could take care of her was to persuade her to marry me. She took a heck of a lot of persuading, but I finally managed it. She said at least she could nurse me, for at the time it looked as though I might always be an invalid. In the short space we were married we learned a great respect for one another, but that was all. I don't know if anything else might have grown out of our marriage if—if she hadn't been murdered." His voice rasped.

"How awful! I'm—I'm so sorry." She broke off, at a loss for words, at a loss how to express herself.

"I suspected there'd been foul play somewhere, but I was an invalid and could do nothing. The police seemed satisfied with the suicide theory, on the surface it just seemed that two wives preferred death to going on living with me." He smiled slightly, bitterly.

"But I've never believed Valerie committed suicide, and then when that attempt on your and Derek's life was made, I was sure she hadn't. That was why I couldn't risk letting it be known how I felt about you. I was pretty certain if I did you would be the next victim, but if I could convince Yvette that I was, on the contrary, going to marry someone else, I felt you'd be reasonably safe while I was away. I got Denise to pose as my fiancée for I felt all costs matters must be brought to a head."

"Thank heavens it has been cleared up at last, my darling," she whispered and held out her hand. "Oh, thank heavens. I . . . I don't believe I could live if I didn't marry you!"

"My sweetheart." He knelt beside her again and his arms closed about her. He was kissing her lips, but he'd never kissed them before . . . because now he was free to love her to kiss her. . . .

"The tea's simply stewed," Denise announced as she walked calmly into the room carrying a tray. "I can't stand out in the hall with it any longer."

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